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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXV.—JANUARY-MARCH, 1912—No. XCV

BALLADRY IN AMERICA¹

BY H. M. BELDEN

WHEN I first learned, about seven years ago, that genuine old British ballads were still alive in the hearts and on the tongues of old-fashioned folk in the State in which I was living, I hastened with all the enthusiasm of the novice to publish a plan² for the systematic collection and comparison, chiefly through the students in our schools and colleges, of all balladry in America. I knew very little of the work that had already been done in the same field, or of the controversy that had grown up concerning the nature and history of ballads; I had, indeed, no very strict notion of what a ballad might be; but it seemed to me that co-operative collection of traditional song from the mouths of the people would do more than anything else to resolve our doubts as to the origin of ballads, their special character if they had one, their relation to print, to social conditions, and to book poetry; and with the valor of ignorance I asserted that ten years might see the whole problem, so far as America was concerned, cleared up,—collections completed and conclusions drawn. Naturally, a closer acquaintance with the problem chastened my presumption. Seven of the ten years are gone, considerable effort has been expended, and there are still plenty of questions unanswered. I recall my early indiscretion here, only because the plan still seems to me in the main a right one. Considerable progress has in fact been made, and the value of co-operative collection has been demonstrated. Our Annual Meeting seems a suitable occasion for a review of the work of collectors in America since the completion of Child's work, with such inferences regarding the results that may be looked for from the study as our progress justifies.

¹ This paper in its original form was read as the President's address at the Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society in Washington, December 28, 1911. As here printed, however, it has been carefully revised and considerably supplemented by Mr. Phillips Barry, to whom the author is indebted for much of the bibliographical matter both in the text and in the notes.

² "The Study of Folk-Song in America," *Modern Philology*, ii, pp. 573 ff.

Balladry, in the wide sense of the term, is found to be restricted to no one part of America. North and South, East and West, new settlements and old communities, populous centres and sparsely peopled regions, seem almost equally to love and to have preserved traditional popular song. Perhaps the most surprising development in the period under review is the amount and quality of traditional balladry found by Mr. Barry in the New England and Middle States.¹ Nearly four years ago he printed a list of "Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States" that he had collected. It contains 84 items, 28 of which are forms of the ballads admitted to Child's collection. Doubtless it has been very much increased since that time; indeed, several new items have since been made public in the *Journal* and elsewhere. Mr. Barry has found these ballads not only in the woods and remote villages of Vermont and New Hampshire, where one might expect to find them, but likewise in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and close to the shades of Harvard and the Boston State House. Still farther up the coast ("down," I suppose I ought to say), in Nova Scotia, Professor Mackenzie has found a store of ancient British ballads, of which he has printed some interesting specimens, as well as a highly significant account of the status of ballad-singing there and of the provenience of the ballads.²

No less favorable to the perpetuation of ballads are conditions in the Southern States. In Professor Child's time, ballads had been reported here and there from Virginia and the Carolinas. A few from the Cumberland Mountains were published in the year 1893;³ six years later, two "poor buckra" ballads appeared in print;⁴ and in 1904, still other songs and ballads of the mountain-folk were made known to the world.⁵ In the following year a writer in the *Berea Quarterly* called attention to the notable prevalence⁶ of ballad-singing

¹ P. Barry, "Some Traditional Songs," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii, pp. 49-59; "Traditional Ballads in New England," *Ibid.*, pp. 123-138, 191-214, 291-304; "King John and the Bishop," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi, pp. 57-59; "Folk-Music in America," *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 72-81; "Native Balladry in America," *Ibid.*, pp. 365-373; "Irish Come-all-ye's," *Ibid.*, pp. 374-388; "The Origin of Folk-Melodies," *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 440-445; "A Garland of Ballads," *Ibid.*, pp. 446-454; "The Ballad of the Broomfield Hill," *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv, pp. 14-15; "Irish Folk-Song," *Ibid.*, pp. 332-344; "New Ballad Texts," *Ibid.*, pp. 345-350; "The Ballad of Earl Brand," *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xxiv, no. 4, pp. 104-105.

² W. R. Mackenzie, "Ballad-Singing in Nova Scotia," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 372-381; "Three Ballads from Nova Scotia" (*Child*, 4, 46, 81), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 371-380.

³ L. W. Edmunds, "Songs from the Cumberland Mountains" (*Child*, 85), *Ibid.*, vol. vi, pp. 131-134.

⁴ C. E. Means, "A Singular Literary Survival" (*Child*, 12, 73), *The Outlook*, Sept. 9, 1899.

⁵ E. B. Miles, "Some Real American Music" (*Child*, 79), *Harper's Magazine*, 1904, pp. 118-123.

⁶ "Mountain Minstrelsy," *The Berea Quarterly*, April, 1905, pp. 5-13.

in Kentucky, and printed three typical folk-songs. Professor Henne-man, at the meeting of the Modern Language Association in 1906, read eight old ballads recorded from tradition in North Carolina; in 1907 Professor Kittredge published in the *Journal* a very instructive sheaf of ballads gathered by Miss Pettit in Kentucky,¹ and in 1908 a ballad from West Virginia.¹ In the next year, Miss Bascom published in the *Journal* a collection of "Ballads and Songs of North Carolina."² In the year 1910, J. H. Combs published a fine specimen of Old English balladry from the Cumberland Mountains.³ Later, at the meeting of the Modern Language Association, came the announcement by Professor Shearin that he had collected in that region over a hundred traditional songs, about thirty of them ballads of British origin.⁴ He has now just published⁵ a list similar to that of Mr. Barry, comprising "337 titles, exclusive of 117 variants," of traditional songs gathered in central and eastern Kentucky, 21 of them being versions of ballads found in Child.

In the Southwest, Mr. J. A. Lomax has devoted himself with great success to the collection of a special type of popular song, — or, rather, of the popular song of a special occupation, — that of the cowboy. His "Cowboy Songs,"⁶ published last year, contains many of the pieces found in Professor Shearin's list, and still more of those in the Missouri list presently to be described. It shows, I believe, only one of the ballads in Child;⁷ but, as it is professedly only a selection from Mr. Lomax's gathering, it is safe to assume that the whole collection, when published, will show a larger number of the old ballads. As it stands, however, "Cowboy Songs" is a very valuable contribution to ballad study. It is drawn not simply from Texas, but from the cowboys of the South and West as far as New Mexico and Montana.

A considerable collection has also been made in Missouri since 1904, of which a partial list,⁸ containing 145 titles, was printed last year. Checking up the collection a few days ago, I found that it contained 347

¹ G. L. Kittredge, "Ballads and Rhymes from Kentucky" (*Child*, 53, 68, 73, 84, 243). *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, pp. 251-277; "Two Popular Ballads," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi, pp. 54-56.

² L. R. Bascom, "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 238-250.

³ J. H. Combs, "A Traditional Ballad from the Kentucky Mountains" (*Child*, 74). *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 381-382.

⁴ H. G. Shearin, "British Ballads in the Cumberland Mountains," *Sewanee Review*, July, 1911, pp. 312-327.

⁵ "A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs," *Transylvania University Studies in English*, ii, Lexington, Ky., 1911.

⁶ *Cowboy Songs*, collected by John A. Lomax, New York, 1910.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 110 (*Child*, 278).

⁸ *Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*. Printed for the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, Columbia, Mo., 1910.

more or less distinct pieces, besides 293 variants. Only 18 of them are versions of ballads found in Child; a much larger number are descended from British (English, Scotch, Irish) broadsides and stall ballads. Most, though not all, of them have been found in Missouri; some are from Arkansas, some from Illinois, a few from other States.

In the North Central States no great amount of traditional song has been collected. A few ballads from Ohio and Illinois were published by Mr. Newell in 1900.¹ Professor Beatty of Wisconsin presented at a recent meeting of the Modern Language Association eight old ballads that had come to his hands, all but one of them, however, from Kentucky;² two years earlier a pupil of his had secured from a Scottish woman visiting in Wisconsin versions of four of the ballads in Child.³ Miss Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska has made an effort to collect ballads in that State, and has a considerable number; but most of them, she tells me, were learned outside the State, — in Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Colorado. Professor Tolman of Chicago has collected some versions. Dr. H. S. V. Jones of the University of Illinois printed one from that State (learned by his informant in Virginia) in a recent issue of the *Journal*.⁴ The number, however, of the ballads in the Missouri collection that are reported to have been learned in Illinois or Indiana from thirty to sixty years ago, and Professor Miller's recollections⁵ of "play-party songs" in the latter State in his boyhood, convince me that ballads are still to be found there, if one knew where and how to look for them.

The Pacific coast has contributed only two;⁶ but no one familiar with the conditions of traditional popular song in New England, Kentucky, and Missouri, and with Professor Lomax's account of the cowboys' poetry, will be able to persuade himself that a region that was pioneer country of the most romantic description fifty years ago, and has since then been the home of the highwayman, the hunter, the lumberman, and, above all, of the miner, is without its quota of traditional balladry. Several of the pieces in the Missouri collection are the direct result of the movement that peopled California in 1849.

And what is this traditional popular song that has thus been gathered

¹ W. W. Newell, "Early American Ballads" (*Child*, 12, 93), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, pp. 241-255; vol. xiii, pp. 105 ff.

² Arthur Beatty, "Some Ballad Variants and Songs" (*Child*, 4, 53, 84), *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 63-69.

³ Arthur Beatty, "Some New Ballad Variants" (*Child*, 26, 27, 40, 181), *Ibid.*, vol. xx, pp. 154-156.

⁴ H. S. V. Jones, "Robin Hood and Little John" (*Child*, 125), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 432-434.

⁵ "The Dramatic Element in the Popular Ballad," *University of Cincinnati Studies*, Ser. II, vol. i (1905), pp. 30-31.

⁶ Mrs. R. F. Herrick, "Two Traditional Songs" (*Child*, 2), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 130-132.

by students from Nova Scotia to New Mexico? Frankly, it is a very heterogeneous collection. Of the hundreds of pieces having some claim to separate identity, Mr. Barry has reckoned up fifty-two as being American representatives of ballads admitted by Child to his collection.¹ The rest are of the most varied character and content, having only this in common, — that they are popular song existing in oral tradition. The Missouri collection is, I believe, typical of all the rest, save that it lacks the parodies of recent book-poetry that make up so large a part of the cowboy's repertory in Mr. Lomax's book; and I shall therefore give here a brief analysis of it.

Of the eighteen ballads in the collection that are found also in Child, all but two have been printed in the *Journal*.² It does not appear that they belong to any special order of balladry. Most of them are simple ballads of romantic tragedy ("The Pretty Golden Queen" [4], "The Old Man in the North Countree" [10], "Thomas and Ellender" [73], "William and Margaret" [74], "The House Carpenter" [243]), or of a sentimental cast ("Lord Lovel" [75], "Barbara Allen" [84]); one ("Black Jack Daley" [200]) is romance without a tragic outcome, at least in the imperfect version that has come to hand; one ("The Jew's Garden" [185]) is a relic of mediæval calumny of the Jews; one ("Georgia" [209]) is the story of the efforts of a horse-thief's wife to rescue her husband from the gallows; three ("The Yellow Golden Tree" [286], "Shipwreck" [289], "Andy Barden" [250]) are ballads of the sea; one ("The Cambric Shirt" [2]) is a riddle ballad; one ("Bangum and the Boar" [18]) tells of a fight with a monstrous boar in whose cave lie "the bones of a thousand men;" one ("The Lone Widow" [79]) is a ballad of mother-love and the visiting spirits of the dead; and two ("Dandoo" [277], "A Woman and the Devil" [278]) are *fabliaux*.³ Naturally there are no "border ballads;" we are too far removed in time and place for anything so locally British. Neither are there any heroic ballads, in Professor Hart's sense of the term. Ballads in Missouri are sung, not said, and very seldom (those corresponding to ballads in Child's collection, never) have epic breadth. Indeed, the most noticeable facts about these eighteen ballads are all negative facts. One of them is that themes repulsive to our moral sensibilities are dropped. There is

¹ *Child*, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 12, 13, 18, 20, 26, 27, 43, 45, 46, 47, 49, 53, 68, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 84, 85, 93, 95, 105, 106, 110, 125, 155, 162, 181, 188, 200, 209, 210, 214, 221, 243, 250, 274, 277, 278, 279, 281, 285, 287, 289, 295.

² "Old-Country Ballads in Missouri" (*Child*, 4, 10, 18, 73, 74, 75, 84, 155, 200, 243, 277, 278). *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 231-240, 281-299; vol. xx, p. 319 (*Child*, 209); "Three Old Ballads from Missouri" (*Child*, 2, 79, 286), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 429-431.

³ The titles given are those by which the ballads are known in Missouri. The corresponding numbers in *Child* are given in brackets.

nothing like "Lizzie Wan," "Sheath and Knife," or "Child Waters." Even among the *fabliaux*, apparently, lewdness is taboo. Another is that ballads which in their British forms present more or less distinctly supernatural elements lose these elements in America. The Elf-Knight of the British ballad has become just a seducer and murderer of royal maidens, who at last meets his match and gets his deserts; it is Margaret herself, not a ghost or a dream, that comes to William and stands at his bed's feet; it is the returned lover, not his ghost or the devil in the lover's form, that entices the House Carpenter's wife away from husband and child to perish at sea when the ship has "sprung a leak." Simple human tragedy unadorned with picturesque superstition is all that is left of these ballads in Missouri. The one exception is "The Lone Widow" ("The Wife of Usher's Well"), which of course would lose all significance as anything but a story of the returning dead. Even a bit of old superstition has been preserved in the last stanza of this:

"The tears you have shed, my mother dear,
Would wet our winding-sheet."

But this ballad seems to be almost extinct; only after some years of investigation was any one found in Missouri who knew it. The third generalization that may be made about these ballads is that they tend to lose the full ballad style. There is a certain modicum of ballad commonplaces (often misplaced), and there are traces of incremental repetition, but nothing like the artistic sequences and climaxes of "Edward," "Child Waters," or "Babylon." Not that they are in the style of the broadside or the ballad hack, — they are as guiltless of the vulgarizing particularity of Buchan's blind beggar as they are of the banal moralizings of the typical broadside, — but they are worn, withered, shrunk almost to the skeleton of their former beauty, even when all the essentials of the story are preserved.

It is merely for convenience that I have described these eighteen ballads found in Child as though they were a distinct division of the popular song of Missouri. As a matter of fact, they are only a portion, though probably the oldest portion, of a much larger body of romantic narrative preserved in oral tradition. Of these I shall endeavor to present some leading types.

The themes are largely those of the broadside balladry of the last two centuries in England. A favorite is that of the returned soldier or sailor lover. This is represented by a number of pieces,¹ all of them known as stall ballads in England in the last century. They range in style from the rude simplicity of "Young Johnny," — which, despite its reference to Ireland, smacks strongly of Wapping Old Stairs, —

¹ Ten of them were printed under the heading "Popular Song in Missouri—The Returned Lover," in *Herrig's Archiv*, vol. cxx, pp. 63 ff.

Saying, "How much do I owe you?
 I'm ready for a call."
 "It's twenty for the new score
 And forty for the old."

Then Young Johnny he pulled out
 His two hands full of gold.

.

"I did n't speak in earnest,
 Neither was I just,
 For without any exception
 She loves you the best."

Then Molly came a running down,
 Gave him kisses one, two, three;
 Saying, "The great bed is empty,
 And you may lie with me."

"Before I would lie in your green bed
 I would lie within the street;
 For when I had no money
 My lodging I might seek.

"Now I have money plenty, boys,
 We will make the taverns herl [*howl?*]
 A bottle of good brandy
 And a better looking girl!" •

Another favorite theme is that of the girl who follows her lover — generally a soldier or a sailor — disguised as a man. Of the almost countless variations upon this theme that have been circulated by British ballad-printers since Mary Ambree's time, "Jack Munro" has lasted best in Missouri. The versions of it in our collection show interesting stages of historical and geographical confusion. In one, Mollie's father is "a wealthy London merchant;" Jack is drafted to "the wars of Germany," he goes to "old England," and the wedded pair return from Spain to "French London," wherever that may be. Another version has the merchant still in London, but (perhaps by association with the mention of Spain) has Jack, now become a farmer, drafted into the army "for Santa Fé," where he is cut down by "a bullet from the Spaniards." In still another version the transference to America, though vague, is complete. The wealthy merchant "in Louisville did dwell;" Jack "has landed in New Mexico, in the wars in Santa Fé;" whereupon Mollie "harnessed up a mule-team, in a wagon she set sail [a prairie schooner, evidently], she landed in New Mexico on a swift and pleasant gale," where presently "the drums did loudly beat and the cannon's balls did fly," and Mollie rescues her lover as

before. "William Taylor" — whose sweetheart follows him in disguise, finds that he has married another woman, and shoots him dead — is also known in Missouri; and a third piece, in which the heroine, disguised as a boy, follows her lover the captain, shares his bed without revealing her sex, and marries him next morning.

In most of the printed ballads on the Female Soldier (or Sailor) theme, emphasis is laid upon the contrast between the heroine's tender beauty and the rough offices she must perform. In "Jack Munro" this takes the form of a dialogue which may be said to be the poetic core of the piece:

"Your waist is slim and slender,
Your fingers they are small,
Your cheeks are red and rosy
To face a cannon-ball."

"I know my waist is slender,
My fingers they are small,
But I have a heart within me
To face a cannon-ball."

No printed ballad that I have seen has developed this motive in so ballad-like and effective a fashion. The nearest approach to it is in certain forms of a popular farewell dialogue between the sailor or soldier and his sweetheart, often printed by the broadside press, and represented by what I might call "The Nut Brown Maid" of our collection. William must leave for the wars. Polly begs him to stay with her; if he will not, she says, —

"My yellow hair then I'll cut off,
Men's clothing I'll put on;
I'll go 'long with you, William,
I'll be your waiting man.
I'll fear no storm or battle,
Let them be ne'er so great;
Like true and faithful servant
Upon you I will wait."

Whereupon ensues the following dialogue: —

"Your waist it is too slender, love,
Your fingers are too small,
I'm afraid you would not answer
If I should on you call
Where the cannon loudly rattle
And the blazing bullets fly,
And the silver trumpets sounding
To drown the deadly cry."

"My waist is not too slender, love,
 My fingers not too small,
 I'm sure I would not tremble
 To face the cannon-ball
 Where the guns are loudly rattling
 And the blazing bullets fly,
 And the silver trumpets sounding
 To drown the deadly cry."

"Supposing I were to meet with some fair maid,
 And she were pleased with me,—
 If I should meet with some fair maid,
 What would my Polly say?"
 "What would I say, dear William?
 Why, I should love her too,
 And stand aside like a sailor
 While she might talk with you."

The last test having been thus satisfactorily met, William straightway marries her, and now together they are "sailing round the main." The stanzas which this piece shares with "Jack Munro" are probably borrowed by the latter, since they do not appear in the British prints of "Jack Munro," whereas an inferior form of them does appear in British prints of the "Nut-Brown Maid" dialogue.

Another favorite theme, both of the ballad press and of traditional song in Missouri, is that of the man who entices the girl he has promised to marry away from human help, either to the forest or to the water-side, and there kills her. Familiar stall-ballads upon this theme are "The Wittam Miller," "The Gosport Tragedy," and "The Bloody Brother." The forms of it found in Missouri are most like "The Wittam Miller;" they have no ghost, and they characteristically avoid the motive of incest; yet they are often in other respects close to "The Bloody Brother" both in temper and in language. Most widely known is "The Jealous Lover" (so it is generally called; but it is known sometimes by other titles, — "Abbie Summers" in Pike County, "Emma" in Bollinger County, "Down by the Drooping Willows" in Lafayette County, and in Scotland County as "Florilla," which is a variant of the names under which it has been found by Mr. Barry in New Hampshire, and by Miss Pettit and Professor Shearin in Kentucky). "The Jealous Lover" might be described as "The Bloody Brother" with the motives of incest, "double murder," and supernatural detection of the crime left out, and an elegiac note introduced. It commonly begins, —

One evening, when the moon shone brightly
 There gently fell a dew,
 When out of a cottage
 A jealous lover drew.

Says he to fair young Ellen,
 "Down on the sparkling brook
 We'll wait and watch and wonder
 Upon our wedding day."

In the next stanza they have evidently wandered some distance, for she asks to be taken home. But he has already drawn his knife, and, despite her pleadings and assurances of faithfulness, into her

fair young bosom
 He splunged a daggered knife.

And now

Down yander in the valley
 Where the violets are in bloom,
 There sleeps a fair young damsel
 All silent in the tomb.

Another piece, which has come to me without a title, is a reduction of "The Wittam Miller." He takes her out for a walk, knocks out her brains with a fence stake, and throws her body into the mill-pond; and when, upon his return home, his mother asks him how he got blood on his clothes, he answers that it came from "bleeding at the nose." Still another form is "Pretty Oma,"¹ which opens in quite the characteristic ballad style:

"Come jump up behind me and away we will ride,
 Till we come to Squire Gardner's and I'll make you my bride!"

She jumped up behind him and away they did ride,
 Till they came to deep waters by the river's divide.

Thereupon the lover beats her into insensibility, and drowns her "just below the mill-dam."

It would hardly be worth while here, even if it were possible, to list and classify all the items in the collection that seem likely to have been derived, mediately or immediately, from the printed ballads of the Old World. Many of them have lost any distinct narrative content and become mere popular lyrics, most often of disappointed love, lacrymose or rebellious. Others are remembered only as fragments. Some, in the form in which they have been taken down, are compounded of many simples, — broken memories strung together in unconscious or half-conscious poetic joinery by a process familiar enough, however little understood, to students of balladry. It is impossible to say, for instance, how many different pieces the collection contains upon the theme of the Forsaken Girl, because so many of them seem to be merely individual or temporary composites of imperfect memories. A few old favorites, not yet mentioned, which hold their story

¹ Two versions of "Pretty Oma" have been recorded by Miss Pettit in Kentucky (see Kittredge, "Ballads and Rhymes from Kentucky," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, pp. 265-267).

pretty well, are "Kate and her Horns," "Dog and Gun," "The Driver Boy," "The Soldier's Wooing" (i. e., "The Masterpiece of Love-Songs"), "The Silvery Tide," "Mary of the Moor," "Johnny Sands" (in two forms), and "Darby and Joan;" and the Irish ballads of "William Reilly," "Ranordine," "The Croppy Boy," "Brennon on the Moor," and "St. Helena."

Besides the representatives of Old World balladry so far considered, there is a considerable number of what may fairly be described as American ballads. Some of them, to be sure, are plainly derived or adapted from British vulgar ballads, but they have been so far made over as to have acquired a perceptibly American coloring. I shall speak first of those that seem not to have had, or to have lost, any definite historical connection, and later of those the origin of which can be ascribed to known political or industrial movements.

Two domestic tragedies may be mentioned first. "Little Orphan McAfee" is quite in the spirit of English and Irish gallows-pieces; but I do not know it in print, and suppose it to be of American origin among immigrants of the ballad-loving sort. McAfee was piously reared by an uncle, but, refusing good advice, married a wife, then fell in love with another woman, poisoned and strangled his wife, and is now awaiting his end upon the gallows. More clearly American is "Sons of Columbia" (otherwise "Fuller and Warren"), — the story of a girl who, having promised herself to one of her two suitors, throws him over and marries the other, whereupon the rejected kills the accepted lover and is sentenced to death. This piece always closes with a warning against the wiles of "fickle-minded maids," for

Woman has always been the downfall of man
Since Adam was beguiled by Eve.

"Fair Fannie Moore" is, so far as I know, an American product, though it would not surprise me to find that it came from Ireland. Fannie rejects the advances of the rich and haughty Randal, and marries Edward, a youth of low degree. Randal finds her alone one day at her cottage, and gives her the choice of yielding to his love or dying on the spot. She chooses the latter alternative. Later Randal is caught and

hung in chains on a tree beside the door,
For taking the life of the fair Fannie Moore.

There is a crudely literary tone about this piece, which yet has not prevented its being pretty widely current as a "song-ballad." No such charge, however, can be brought against "The Silver Dagger," which tells of two lovers parted by hard-hearted and worldly parents, of the girl's wanderings, despair, and final suicide, of her lover's ar-

rival in time to catch her last words, bidding him

"Prepare to meet me on Mount Sion
Where all our joys shall be complete,"

and of his following her example in self-destruction; still less against "The Butcher Boy," whose forsaken sweetheart goes upstairs and hangs herself with a piece of rope. This ballad — known, I believe, all over the country — is an example of a kind of composition frequently represented in British stall-ballads, but not, I think, the work originally of writers for the ballad press; rather, I believe, printed from oral tradition because it is already known and liked and will sell. It has the incongruity found in some traditional versions of "Barbara Allen," of beginning as a story told by the heroine herself, and passing unconsciously to the narrative of her hanging herself and being cut down by her father.

American in origin and currency are "Springfield Mountain" and "Young Charlotte." The former — the story of a young man bitten in the hay-field by a rattlesnake — originated, according to the investigations of Mr. Newell, in Colonial times in Massachusetts;¹ but it has lost any local significance in the two forms of it known in Missouri. The latter, a favorite from Nova Scotia to Oklahoma, was composed, Mr. Barry believes, by a rural poet named Carter, in Vermont, about two generations ago. It has, however, no marks of time or place beyond such as are inherent in the tragic motive, — a young girl, taken by her lover to a Christmas or New Year's dance in a distant town, freezes to death by his side on the way, because she would not wrap herself in a blanket and hide her fine clothes. Unlike the Returned Lover or the Female Soldier theme, unlike even the Americanized "Butcher Boy" or the American "Springfield Mountain," this ballad is essentially the same wherever it is found. Not only certain striking or significant stanzas, as in the case of "Black Jack Daley" and "Jack Munro," but others, of merely reflective or descriptive character, hold their place, with slight verbal changes, from Canada to the Southwest. For example, the opening stanzas, —

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side,
In a wild and dreary spot,
There were no other dwellings for five miles round
Except her father's cot.

And yet on many a winter's night
Young swains would gather there,
For her father kept a social board
And she was young and fair, —

¹ W. W. Newell, "Early American Ballads," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xiii, pp. 105-112; P. Barry, "Native Balladry in America," *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

far as they are from what we think of as the "ballad manner," are as persistent as the more vivid and ballad-like —

"O daughter dear," her mother cried,
 "This blanket around you fold,
 For 'tis a bitter night abroad;
 You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" young Charlotte cried,
 And she laughed like a gipsy queen,
 "To ride in a blanket all muffled up
 I never will be seen,"—

or those containing the tragic centre of the story, —

"Such a dreadful night I never saw;
 My reins I scarce can hold"—
 Young Charlotte faintly then replied,
 "I am exceeding cold."

.

Spoke Charles, "How fast the freezing ice
 Is gathering on my brow!"
 And Charlotte still more faintly said,
 "I'm growing warmer now."

"Young Charlotte," by virtue of its wide currency, the absence in it of a distinctly "vulgar ballad" or "popular ballad" style, and its persistency of form in spite of what appears to have been exclusively oral transmission, constitutes perhaps the most interesting and problematical phenomenon in American popular song.

History as such, ballad students have long since observed, soon fades out of popular song. War and politics are too remote and complex in their originating motives, too transitory in their bearing upon individual experience, to maintain themselves in balladry. Few traces of song-ballads dealing with American history before the Civil War have been preserved in Missouri. "Marching to Quebec," which Weston described as a favorite amusement of rural Americans eighty years ago, is still remembered as a "play-party" song. An incident of the War of 1812 is preserved in "James Bird," and the battle of New Orleans in "Packingham." At least one widely-known song must have had its origin in a famous battle,—"The Texas Rangers," which, despite its mention of Indians and the Rio Grande, is surely an echo of the great fight at the Alamo on March 6, 1835.

I'm a Texas ranger,
 I know you know me well.

About the age of sixteen
I joined that jolly band,
We marched from Western Texas
Down by the Royal Grande.

Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right,
"Before we reach the station,
Brave boys, we'll have to fight."

I saw them Indians comin',
I heard them give the yell,
My feelings at that moment
No human tongue could tell.

Our bugle it was sounded
And the captain gave command:
"To arms, to arms!" he shouted,
"And by your horses stand."

I saw the dust arisin',
It seemed to touch the sky,
My feelin's at that moment,
"Oh, now's my time to die."

We fought them full nine hours
Before the strife gave o'er,
And like the dead and wounded
I never saw before.

Five hundred noble rangers
That ever trod the West,
Now dyin' in the evenin'
With bullets in their breast.

Certain resemblances suggest that this was modelled on the British ballad "Nancy of Yarmouth."

The Civil War had its quota of camp-ballads as well as of pathetic and sentimental songs, but few of them can be said to live in tradition at the present day. The collection I am describing has a considerable number — rambling narratives of the fight at Springfield, of Sterling Price's cavalry exploits, of the Vicksburg and Gettysburg campaigns — bearing sufficient internal evidence of having been composed and sung around the camp-fire and on the march; but they come mostly from manuscript ballad-books of war-times or shortly after, or at best from the memory of old soldiers. Somewhat more persistent are the sentimental ballads; for instance, "When this Cruel War is over," which, it may be remarked in passing, found its way to the London stalls, having been printed by Such with the heading "Weeping Sad and Lonely, A Song on the American War." "The Guerrilla

Boy," sung presumably in the camps of the bushwhackers (it is preserved in a manuscript ballad-book compiled in the seventies), is merely an adaptation to the life of the Missouri guerrillas of a British stall-ballad entitled "The Roving Journeyman."

New social conditions and industrial movements come closer to the consciousness of the common people than do war and politics; at least, so one would infer from our song-ballads. "The Hunting of the Buffalo," originally an emigrant's song, and frequently printed by the British ballad press in the last century, persists as a children's singing-game. "Pretty Maumee," a song of the frontiersman's Indian sweetheart, probably preserves in its title and refrain the name of the Miami tribe of Indians. The rush for the California gold-fields in 1849-50 gave birth to "Joe Bowers," which everybody knows, and to its less familiar counterpart, "Betsy from Pike;" also to two soberer song-ballads, "Come All Ye Poor Men of the North" and "Since Times are so Hard." A later mining-fever produced the mournful tale of "The Dreary Black Hills."

Those picturesque frontiersmen of the very recent past, the cowboys, had, as Mr. Lomax has shown, a considerable poetry of their own; and some of it has become part of the traditional song of Missouri. The two best-known of the cowboy-songs are "The Lone Prairee" and "The Dying Cowboy." Both, it is worth remarking, are adaptations of pieces that had originally nothing to do with cattlemen or the Western plains. "The Lone Prairee" is "The Ocean Burial," a sailor's ballad of uncertain authorship, that has been current in New England for about two generations, made over to meet cowboy conditions. In the original the dying sailor begs that he may not be buried in "the deep, deep sea," where the sea-snake will hiss in his hair, and the billowy shroud will roll over him; in the Western adaptation the dying cowboy begs that he may not be buried "on the lone prairie," where the rattlesnakes hiss and the coyote will howl over him. "The Dying Cowboy" has a less reputable origin, being a plainsman's version of an Old World, possibly Irish, soldier's ballad known as "The Unfortunate Lad."¹

The career of Jesse James made a deep impression upon the popular imagination in his native State, and is recorded in a widely-known ballad in which his exploits of robbing the Gallatin bank and holding up the Danville train are celebrated.² The chief emphasis, however,

¹ G. F. Will, "Songs of Western Cowboys," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 258-259; J. A. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 74; P. Barry, "Irish Folk-Song," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 341.

² L. R. Bascom, "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," *l. c.*, p. 246; J. A. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 27. In the latter volume are versions of other song-ballads current in Missouri: to wit, "The Lone Prairie," "Joe Bowers," "Texas Rangers," "Love in Disguise," "Fuller and Warren," "Sam Bass," "MacAfee's Confession," "The

is laid upon the treachery of Robert Ford, the Ganelon to this band of outlaws:

It was Robert Ford,
That dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel;
For he ate of Jesse's bread
And slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in the grave;

and the refrain goes, —

That dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard¹
And laid poor Jesse in the grave.

Jesse James has had, so far, no successor who can dispute with him the title of bandit hero in Missouri. But song-ballads of untraced authorship continue to appear and to pass into oral circulation. There is one on the murder of Garfield; one on "The Iron Mountain Baby," a child thrown out by its mother, in a hand-satchel, from a train on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and found and brought up by one of the railroad men; and, by no means the least interesting, one upon the wholesale murder of the Meeks family by the Taylor brothers, cattlemen, in Sullivan County, about twelve years ago.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of "godly ballads" in Reformation times and the presence of certain old biblical pieces in Child's collection, it is customary nowadays to think of ballads as dealing only with secular themes. No such predisposition governs the singer of song-ballads in Missouri. "The Romish Lady" (sometimes "The Roman Lady"), whose popularity is attested by several copies from different localities, is a piece of aggressive Protestantism that carries us straight back to the Book of Martyrs. The Roman lady has somehow got hold of a Bible and come to realize the wicked idolatry of the Popish religion. Her mother upbraids her, tries to force her back into submission, and, failing in this, hands her over to the Inquisition, by whom the girl is burnt at the stake, calling upon God with her last breath to receive her soul and to "pardon priest and people" for their blindness. Another religious ballad, known as "The Little Family," tells the story of the raising of Lazarus. Others are rather doctrinal than epic. One of these presents the terrors of damnation with a vigor not unworthy of Michael Wigglesworth, and must have been a valued ally of the preacher in his long and losing fight against cards, dancing, and other wiles of the Devil. It exists in two forms, — one for man, and one for maid. That for man begins, —

Dreary Black Hills," "Jack Munro," "Fannie Moore," "Young Charlotte," "Betsy from Pike," "Rosin the Bow," and "Springfield Mountain."

¹ The assumed name under which James was living when he was shot.

Death is a melancholy call,
A certain judgment for us all;
Death takes the young as well as old
And lays them in his arms so cold.
'Tis awful — awful — awful.

I saw a youth the other day,
He looked so young, he was so gay;
He trifled all his time away
And dropped into eternity.
'Tis awful — awful — awful.

But that for maid will be sufficient:

THE WICKED GIRL

Young people hear and I will tell,
A soul I fear has gone to Hell;
A woman who was young and fair,
Who died in sin and dark despair.

Her tender parents oft did pray
For her poor soul from day to day
And give her counsel, good advice,
But she delighted still in vice.

She would go to frolics, dance and play,
In spite of all her friends could say;
"I'll turn to God when I am old,
And then he will receive my soul."

At length she heard the spirit say:
"Thou sinful wretch! forsake thy way;
Now turn to God, or you shall dwell
Forever in the flames of Hell."

"No, I'm too young," thus she replied,
"My comrades all would me deride."
The spirit then bade here farewell,
And thus consigned her soul to Hell.

It was not long till Death did come
To call this helpless sinner home;
And while she was on her dying bed
She called her friends and thus she said:

"My friends, I bid you all farewell.
I die, I die, I sink to Hell!
There must I lie and scream and roll,
For God will not receive my soul!

"My tender parents," she addressed,
"I hope your souls will both be blessed;

But your poor child you now may see,
But soon shall be in misery.

"My weeping mother, fare you well!
The pains I feel no tongue can tell!
Dear Parents, your poor child is lost,
Your hopes they are forever crossed."

These are not hymns, but religious song-ballads. One more may be mentioned, "The Railroad to Heaven."¹ It was perhaps composed for revival meetings of railroad-men, but is certainly not restricted to them. By a quite elaborate allegory, the process of salvation is presented under the figure of a railway journey in which Christ is the engineer. The piece exists in widely varying forms.²

I fear that I have exhausted your patience with this long account of a not very inspiring collection of popular song. I shall therefore pass over the "play-party" songs,³ the riddles, the sectional satires, and the few items of negro song contained in it, and devote a few minutes at the close to pointing out some of the problems that arise, and the way in which co-operative collection may help, and has helped, in their solution.

Upon the general and basic problem of classification — the question whether we shall classify ballads according to intrinsic qualities of tone, style, and structure, or according to theories (more or less insusceptible of demonstration) as to their origin, or according to their known history and vogue — the work of collection in America will throw, perhaps, little direct light. But it may be expected to throw considerable light upon certain problems preliminary to the solution of the general problem, and chiefly upon these: —

- I. The relation of print and manuscript to oral tradition.
- II. The interrelation between oral tradition and the "popular ballad" style.
- III. The origin of "authorless" balladry.
- IV. The function of music in the origin and perpetuation of ballads.
- V. The social and geographical distribution of ballads.

I. Hogg's mother I believe it was who protested that when ballads were reduced to print they were killed; and Professor Gummere seems to be of the same opinion. But Professor Mackenzie's investigations

¹ Several religious song-ballads have appeared in print from time to time, describing the Christian's way to heaven under the similitude of a railway journey or a voyage on shipboard.

² Religious song-ballads are current in North Carolina. See Emma M. Backus, "Early Songs from North Carolina," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xiv, pp. 286-294.

³ Mrs. L. D. Ames, "The Missouri Play-Party," *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv, pp. 295-318.

in Nova Scotia point to the importation of printed ballads from Scotland as an important element in the perpetuation of ballads in that region. Professor Shearin tells me that country newspapers bear a part in the dissemination of song-ballads in Kentucky;¹ and I have found that Trifet's *Monthly Budget of Music*, and such printed collections as "The Forget-Me-Not Songster" and "Old Put's Songster," have been known and used — in one case used up — in Missouri. Even the stall-ballad is not unknown. I have seen a copy of "The Wicked Girl" printed on a small sheet, "price five cents," in the possession of a negro washerwoman.² Moreover, the fact that a great many of the "vulgar ballads" recorded from tradition in New England, Kentucky, and Missouri — though commonly declared by the singer to have been learned, not from print, but from the singing of another — are yet to be found in the output of the nineteenth-century ballad press in London, is certainly not without its significance. Of the importance of manuscript copies, in the form either of single ballads or of ballad-books, in preserving and spreading popular song, there can be no question. These are not the work of scholars and antiquaries, nor, like Mrs. Brown's manuscripts, written out at the request of scholars and antiquaries, but rather, like the Percy Folio, the simple ballad-lover's method of securing and preserving the ballads that he likes. Curiously enough, they are very often just the ballads that are most frequently found in the output of the Seven Dials presses; showing apparently that it was easier to write out a desired ballad, whether from oral rendering or from print, than to get another printed copy.

These facts suggest that the function of print and handwriting in the perpetuation of what the singers themselves commonly think of as purely traditional song has been underestimated, and should be further looked into. On the other hand, there are some ballads that seem to owe nothing to print. The most striking case is that of "Young Charlotte," already mentioned. It was composed, as Mr. Barry's investigations have led him to believe, about seventy-five years ago in Vermont, and was probably carried by its author to Ohio and Missouri, where his wanderings as a Mormon took him. In these and other States it is pretty widely known, with surprisingly little variation in matter or manner; and there is nothing to show that it ever circulated in print.³ If its stability of form, as compared with

¹ Even city newspapers maintain a folk-singers' exchange,—"Notes and Queries," in the *Boston Transcript*; "Everybody's Column," in the *Boston Globe*; and "The Forum," in the *Philadelphia Press*. Many excellent ballad texts have thus been preserved.

² Stall-ballads were printed in Boston by N. Coverly in the first decade of the nineteenth century; during the latter half of the century, broadsides in great numbers were published by DeMarsan, Wehman (New York).

³ Since this was written I have seen it in a newspaper clipping (from *Good Stories*, undated, but comparatively recent). This print of it, however, is clearly the effect, not the cause, of its traditional circulation.

"Jack Munro" or "The Jealous Lover," owes nothing to print, then it is an evidence of the faithfulness of oral tradition even in the nineteenth century; and the further inference is suggested, at least to those familiar with the printed balladry of the last century, that variation and decay may be due rather to print than to oral transmission.¹ None of the ballads taken down from oral tradition in Missouri show as incoherent a jumble as do some of the patchwork ballads issued by Such and Pitts and Catnach and their kind. Evidently there is still much to be learned concerning the part played by print in the perpetuation and variation of ballads, and the way to learn it is to trace back from present conditions.

II. "Young Charlotte" is also very instructive in regard to the relation existing between oral tradition and the "popular ballad" style, as we have now learned to define it. Mr. Barry is himself presenting to you to-day his conclusions as to "communal re-creation" in this ballad, as he has formerly done in the case of "The Lone Prairee," and I shall not repeat them here; but I may add that a good deal might be found in support of his position in other ballads in the collection described, especially those that have their originals (or counterparts) in printed balladry. The American traditional versions of these ballads have commonly more of the ballad style than the printed versions. There is, of course, always the possibility, in the case of such a poem as "Young Charlotte," that the changes in the direction of the "ballad style" are due simply to the presence, in the people's repertory, of old ballads to which the new are unconsciously assimilated; in other words, that "communal re-creation" explains, not the origin of the ballad *style*, but why traditional ballads assume that style. Even so, the doctrine, if confirmed by a number of well-developed cases, will go far to set at rest the controversy that has raged so long about the talismanic words *das Volk dichtet*.

III. The problem of the origin of anonymous and apparently authorless popular song can be studied to special advantage in living, contemporary instances. Take, for instance, the song-ballad of "Jesse James." Everybody (loosely speaking) knows it; nobody knows where it comes from. It is as authorless and traditional as "The Two Sisters" or "The Demon Lover." But it is only a few years ago that the events it celebrates happened. Can it not be traced from one living singer to another up to its source? Or take the still later ballad of the Meeks murder, which happened about a dozen years ago. Miss G. M. Hamilton informs me that half her class in the Kirksville Normal School know the piece; most of the people who lived at the scene of the tragedy are living there still; a cousin of one of her pupils

¹ Of course it is not meant that the ballads were purposely altered, but only that the versions printed by the ballad press seem often to have been supplied by persons who did not fully know or sympathize with the true ballad tradition.

helped pull the dead bodies from under the haystack. Yet the piece is already an authorless ballad, — as much so, apparently, as any of the old British ballads. Has it "jes' growed," like Topsy, or is it the work of some obscure rhapsodist like Carter of Bensontown? Surely these questions can be answered, for a ballad whose whole history lies within the memory of those who now sing it, with a completeness and detail impossible for ballads that come down from earlier generations.

IV. Our fourth problem, the function of the melody in the origin, spread, and development of ballads, has received far too little attention from students of balladry in this country. The ballad in its true estate is sung or chanted, not spoken, still less read; certainly in America it is always a "song-ballad." Without the tune, a ballad is indeed "a very dead thing;" and ballad-lovers generally, I suppose, make up a sort of chant, as I do, for ballads that come to them without a tune. The ballad demands it. Yet too many of us attempt to study the development of a ballad, or the relation of one ballad to another, merely from the written words, with no knowledge or thought of the melody with which those words were winged. For the older records this procedure is often inevitable, inasmuch as the air of a ballad was seldom set down in manuscript, and in broadsides was indicated by a name which the reader might or might not be able to interpret. But in contemporary balladry the melodies may be studied in living relation with the words — how fruitfully, let Mr. Barry's papers in recent numbers of the *Journal* bear witness.¹ It is true that music is less circumscribed than words, and may be transferred from one ballad to another; it is true also, unfortunately, that many enthusiastic ballad students are unable to put the tune on paper along with the words. But at least the tune is there for those able to record it. And from the study of this ballad music we may confidently look for much light upon the genesis, perpetuation, and mutation of ballads. What, for instance, is the limit of variation of a ballad tune before it loses its identity? How does the same ballad come to be sung to quite different tunes? Is the tune more persistent in the case of a ballad that has spread only by oral tradition than in the case of one that has circulated only in ballad print? What part has the melody, traditional or improvised, played in the formation of new ballads out of fragments of old ones? How does the same ballad come to have widely different refrains? To the answers to these significant questions, all who can record the music of our living song-ballads, whether by the ordinary notation or by phonograph, can contribute.

V. And finally, the co-operative study of living balladry is sure to enlarge our knowledge of the social and cultural conditions from which

¹ See the articles listed in Note 1, p. 2, especially those on "Folk-Music in America" and "The Origin of Folk-Melodies."

ballads spring, and under which they flourish. We shall learn whether a given ballad is an inheritance from the days of the first settlers, or came in with immigrants in the nineteenth century; whether it is of English, or Scotch, or Irish provenience. If it is of native origin, we shall find, as Mr. Barry has done in the case of "Young Charlotte," into what parts of the country it has travelled, and why; perhaps even the particular people or sort of people, and the particular geographical paths, by which it has travelled. We shall find what, if any, special types of balladry thrive in particular regions, or among special occupations or classes of people. We shall be able to check, by first-hand, living, verifiable evidence, theories regarding the essential conditions of balladry that have been derived in great part from fragmentary, sometimes prejudiced, sometimes ignorant, and in all cases now dead and unverifiable evidence of past centuries.

It is clear, I think, that the solution, or even an advance toward the solution, of the problems here reviewed, will be of the highest value in solving the general and basic problem, — the definition and classification of ballads. A good beginning has been made, but it is only a beginning. Some regions have scarcely been touched, none have been exhausted. Believing, as I do, that the spirit of balladry is not dead or dying, but as immortal as romance itself, I cannot incite collectors, as ballad-lovers have been doing for the last century, with the cry of "Now or never;" but I can and do urge upon all who care for ballads and ballad problems the value of the collection of living balladry in America.

NOTE.—*The Publication of Ballads.* To make the investigation of ballads in this country effectively co-operative, it is of course necessary that each collector's findings should be available, for study and comparison, to all other students of the subject. As has been shown, a considerable body of ballads—largely versions of those included in Child's collection—has already been printed in the *Journal* and elsewhere; but it is scattered through many issues, and the sum of it is but a fraction of the significant material that has been gathered. For three of the collections, lists of titles, with brief descriptions of the pieces included, have been printed. These are helpful, and have contributed not a little to the progress of the work; but they are not adequate. In the study of a subject so elusive and complex as balladry, nothing can take the place of the texts themselves. It is therefore much to be wished that a way might be found of getting together and publishing in a single work, with so much classification as may be feasible and with an exhaustive index, all the traditional balladry known in America. Such an undertaking would involve much labor, and could not be expected to bring a monetary return to the publishers; but it would doubtless find, like the "Wordsworth Concordance," workers ready for the task; and it would be richly worth while from the point of view of scholarship, of criticism, and of social history.

COLUMBIA, MO.

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF CONVERGENCE IN
ETHNOLOGY¹

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

GRAEBNER'S POSITION

IN a recent work on the methods of ethnology,² Dr. Graebner once more expounds the theoretical position familiar to readers of his former writings.³ The central problem of ethnology is for him the determination of cultural connections. Resemblances in culture must be primarily accounted for by historical connection, — in the first place, because the existence of such connection stands unchallenged for a large part of the phenomena; secondly, because there are no objective criteria of independent development. Lack of historical relationship cannot be established by the most intense feeling that such a relationship is improbable, for this feeling is of a purely subjective character. Neither can the absence of proof for historical connection be interpreted as a stringent demonstration that an historical relationship does not exist. It is indeed conceivable, that, after determining all cultural relationships, we may still be confronted with independent partial similarities; but obviously this conclusion would result, not from the application of definite criteria of independent evolution, but solely from the non-applicability of the criteria of cultural connection. "So bleibt denn als erstes und Grundproblem der Ethnologie wie der ganzen Kulturgeschichte die Herausarbeitung der Kulturbeziehungen."

What, then, are the criteria of cultural connection? Two such are recognized by Graebner, — the criterion of form, that is, of the coincidence of characteristics not necessarily resulting from the nature of the objects compared: and the criterion of quantitative coincidence. In innumerable cases the form-criterion is self-sufficient. Nevertheless, Graebner notes instances of its misapplication, through fanciful affiliation of heterogeneous forms. Here, it seems, the quantitative criterion should have been used; that is to say, as it is one of the cardinal doctrines of Graebner's philosophy of ethnology that the diffusion of isolated cultural elements — even of myths — is impossible (*kulturgeschichtliches Nonsense*), the doubtful parallelism of two forms can be immediately established if they are recognized as elements of the same or related cultural complexes. So far as continuous areas are concerned, these criteria have not been challenged: they are gen-

¹ Presented at the annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society in Washington, Dec. 28, 1911.

² *Methode der Ethnologie* (Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung, Heidelberg, 1911).

³ More particularly, "Die melanesische Bogenkultur und ihre Verwandten," *Anthropos*, iv (1909), pp. 726-780, 998-1032.

erally employed in establishing linguistic relationship, and have proved valid in the study of European culture. Graebner sees no reason for limiting the criteria to continuous areas: he does not hesitate, for example, to use them as proofs for a far-reaching connection between Old-World and New-World culture. The only objection advanced against such applications of the criteria has been the improbability, under primitive conditions, of diffusion over the tremendous distances dealt with. On the one hand, this argument is refuted by the migrations of the Malayo-Polynesians and the occurrence of Asiatic tales in South America. But, in addition, the contrary argument may be strengthened by two auxiliary principles. The supposed lack of continuity between two areas may prove deceptive. There may be found cultural features bridging the geographical gap between the areas compared (continuity-criterion); and there may be such a diffusion of cultural elements, that geographical proximity varies directly with the degree of cultural relationship (criterion of form-variation), — a result manifestly not to be expected on the theory of independent evolution of parallel forms.¹

The foregoing account already describes by implication Graebner's position on the subject of convergent evolution. From his point of view, it matters little whether similarities are believed to result from a psychology common to mankind or from the convergence of originally distinct phenomena. In either case, there is an assumption of independent development; and as positive criteria of independent development are, according to Graebner, non-existent, both theories are on a methodologically inferior plane as compared with the doctrine of historical connection. In particular, Graebner criticises Ehrenreich's definition of "convergent evolution" as the result of similar environment, similar psychology, and similar cultural conditions. Similarities in natural conditions, he contends, have been considerably overestimated. The psychology of different branches of mankind shows as much differentiation as their physical traits. As a matter of fact, the psychological unity of mankind, which is invoked to explain cultural resemblances, has really been inferred only from the observed resemblances. If peoples of distinct geographical areas reveal far-reaching psychical resemblances, the question arises whether these are not ultimately due to genetic relationship or cultural contact. So far as the similarity of cultural conditions is concerned, Graebner insists that, if independent development be assumed, similarity of cultural conditions could result solely from the natural environment, and that similarity of cultural conditions would presuppose a high degree of psychical resemblance. Against Ehrenreich's statement, that in spite of various parallels with Old-World culture, the culture of America bears

¹ Graebner, *l. c.*, pp. 94-125.

a distinctively American stamp, Graebner declares that it is not clear how heterogeneous cultural conditions could lead to parallels, which, according to Ehrenreich, must be due to a *similar* cultural environment. An *a fortiori* argument is used to clinch the discussion. European civilization has developed a remarkable similarity of cultural *milieu*. Nevertheless the number of well-authenticated instances of independent parallel development is exceedingly small. In the majority of instances we find merely combinations of thoughts and motives already extant in the culture common to authors, inventors, or thinkers. But even the residual cases lose their force as to convergent development among primitive races: for, on the one hand, these modern instances rest on a peculiarity of modern culture, — the conscious striving for progressive development; on the other, the same thought may indeed be *conceived* twice, but the literature of science indicates that the same thought does not necessarily become socially and culturally significant in more than one case. If a cultural similarity resting on close genetic relationship has produced so small a number of independent parallels of social significance, it may reasonably be doubted whether the relative psychological unity of mankind, and the resemblance of natural conditions, could produce such absolute identity of culture as to result not merely in the conception, but in the social acceptance and further development, of the same thoughts.

Two questions confront the reader in connection with the views presented above. In the first place, does Dr. Graebner correctly define the logical standing of the antagonistic theories of independent development and genetic or cultural relationship? Secondly, does Dr. Graebner grasp the essentials of the doctrine of convergence as it has been employed in ethnological practice? The following pages will be devoted to an examination of these questions.

LOGICAL STANDING OF THE RIVAL THEORIES

The supposed methodological superiority of the theory of contact and relationship rests, as indicated above, on the assumption that it is distinguished by positive, objective criteria, while the rival theory lacks such criteria.¹ Indeed, the argument that independently evolved cultural similarities could be detected only by the non-applicability of Graebner's criteria (p. 107) involves the strongest conviction that criteria of independent development not only have not been found, but that it is impossible to discover them.

In the first place, the objectivity of Graebner's criteria is in large measure illusory. He himself points out that the form-criterion is liable to fanciful subjective interpretations (p. 118). In all doubtful

¹ This point of view also appears in Graebner's brief reply to a critique by Haberlandt, *Petermanns Mitteilungen*, 1911, pp. 228-230.

cases, however, he counsels testing by the second, unconditionally objective (*unbedingt objektiv*) criterion of quantity. It may at once be admitted that this criterion does provide a quantitative measure for the degree of relationship between two cultural complexes. This relationship, however, cannot be established except by demonstrating the relationship of corresponding elements in the two complexes. Each equation can be made only by the application of the form-criterion. In each particular comparison there will thus admittedly be a subjective factor, hence it is quite illogical to argue that a summation of parallels will eliminate the subjective element. Apart from this, what we know of the psychology of investigation does not justify us in the belief that a student who discovers intensive morphological resemblances — though other investigators fail to note them — would ever feel the necessity of resorting to a test by another criterion; and, if he did, he doubtless would have little difficulty in propping up his fanciful parallel by others not less whimsical. Indeed, the quantitative test leads to curious results in Graebner's own case. Against Haberlandt, — who reproaches him with classifying together such diverse objects as the "male" and the "female" spear-thrower, nay, even the Maori sling-stick, — Graebner urges that, if a complex has once been established on the basis of well-defined elements, even a morphologically indeterminate element, such as the spear-thrower, must be regarded as part of the complex, provided its distribution coincide with that of the other elements.¹ This is undoubtedly a vicious principle. From the identity of even an indefinitely large number of corresponding elements in two series it does not follow that certain other associated elements are genuine parallels and must be brought into a genetic relationship. The "male" and the "female" spear-thrower might reasonably be grouped together as conceivable differentiations from a common prototype; but to argue that so heterogeneous an object as the sling-stick is related to them if it occurs in a similar combination of elements, is not testing the criterion of form, but sacrificing it.

While Graebner's criteria of genetic relationship are thus found to lack the strictly objective character claimed for them, independent development need not be defended on purely subjective grounds, even where a stringent demonstration is impossible. Graebner criticises Ehrenreich for holding that the same mythological ideas may develop independently a great number of times from universally observable natural phenomena.² This, he contends, is an *a priori* position lacking in sanity, because from the ready conceivability of independent development we cannot infer the *fact* of independent development (p. 97);

¹ *Petermanns Mitteilungen*, 1911, p. 229. Graebner, of course, does not neglect the differences in spear-thrower types except in his theoretical speculations (see *Anthropos*, iv, p. 736).

² *Allgemeine Mythologie*, p. 266.

that is to say, Graebner considers the theory of independent development inferior, because it leaves the door open to the arbitrary individual judgment of psychological probability. Now, it may at once be admitted that no amount of psychological investigation can actually demonstrate that two given cultural phenomena, possessing as they do the unique character distinctive of historical happenings, originated independently. A demonstration could be given only if we knew the actual history, which we generally do not. As a matter of fact, however, the theory of independent development is not one whit worse off in this respect than its rival theory; for it is an utterly mistaken notion that the psychological factor is excluded by the assumption of cultural relations. The comparison of form can never do more than establish the identity of forms; that such identity is to be explained by a genetic relationship is an hypothesis of varying degrees of probability. That the details of the crutch-shaped Melanesian paddle should occur in South America is to Dr. Graebner a sufficient proof of common origin (p. 145). Why? Because he cannot conceive how such similarity could result independently. But what is inconceivable for him is perfectly conceivable for Ehrenreich and others. From the inconceivability of independent development by a single student we certainly cannot infer the fact of a common origin. We are dealing with probabilities, not with certainties in either case; the only point is to increase the probability of either theory, and here I cannot find that the doctrine of independent development is in a less favorable position. It seems to me, on the contrary, that a number of observations in individual psychology, as well as a number of social facts, well-nigh establish the independent development of certain simple cultural traits; and that in other cases the probability of such development, while not as yet determined, can be readily investigated at the present time.

As an example of the former kind I should regard certain observations on the re-actions of children in the dark. If the widespread fear of the dark which enters into primitive belief were exclusively the result of tradition, it might be reasonably argued that it had developed from the same source of origin. This theory, however, becomes improbable as soon as we find that the distinctive feeling of uncanniness appears in equal force where all traditional beliefs tending to foster dread of the dark have been rigorously excluded from the child's curriculum.¹ An element not altogether negligible in primitive belief is thus shown to be an element of our psycho-physical constitution. The psychology of dreams furnishes additional material bearing on the question. If certain physiological conditions, say retinal irritations, are regularly correlated with certain dream images which coincide

¹ Mach, *Die Analyse der Empfindungen*, 1906, p. 62. These observations are confirmed by Dr. Petrunkevitch in an oral communication to the present writer.

with widespread mythological conceptions, then such conditions must be considered as constituting a *vera causa* for the explanation of the mythological ideas. Thus, the widespread conception of a grotesquely distorted countenance may be plausibly traced to Wundt's "*Fraitzenträume*." Of course, we do not know, and never shall be able to know with certainty, that these dreams formed the foundation of the corresponding beliefs. But to disregard them entirely, to deny that they affect the merits of the case, would be to indulge in that form of sterile hypercriticism with which Graebner not infrequently reproaches his own opponents. In other directions, systematic observations could at least be planned and instituted. For example, psychological child-study might establish the fact that children of different countries re-act in an essentially similar way on the every-day phenomena observable in the heavens. With the same reservations as before, due to the unique character of historical happenings, we should then be justified in attaching a high degree of probability to Ehrenreich's conjecture as to the independent origin of simple nature myths. In other fields, the study of individual psychology from this point of view might present greater practical difficulties: it might, for example, prove impossible to disentangle the influence of traditional art-forms in an inquiry into the development of drawing and design. On the other hand, the inquiry into types of association, such as Galton was the first to conduct on a large scale, seems full of promise, especially so far as color and number symbolism are concerned. The contention that an apparently very odd association common to two distinct regions must have travelled from one to the other, must immediately lose its force if we find the same association arising with a certain frequency among ourselves. The objection might indeed be raised, that, in order to become a cultural phenomenon, the individual association would have to be socialized; this would, however, apply in equal measure on the supposition of borrowing.

So far, then, as the objectivity of the criteria is concerned, the inferiority of the theory of independent development stands unproved. In determining genetic relationship on the ground of formal resemblance, the influence of the personal equation is unavoidable; on the other hand, the arbitrariness of speculations on independent development can be limited by the results of scientific (as opposed to popular) psychology.

If there is any difference in the value of the two theories, it must rest on the alleged absence of historical proofs for independent development, in the face of the universally admitted existence of such proofs for historical connection. It remains to be shown that this allegation is erroneous, that there exist unexceptionable instances of convergent evolution. For this purpose it is necessary to examine somewhat more closely the concept of convergence.

DEFINITION OF "CONVERGENCE"

The fundamental error in Graebner's critique of convergent evolution lies in the fact that it entirely ignores the group of phenomena to which the principle criticised has been most successfully applied. Taking into account only Ehrenreich's *definitions* of "convergence," and disregarding completely Ehrenreich's further remarks on the subject, Graebner is led to reject the theory because, for the explanation of identities, it seems to involve the assumption of a mystic psychological unity (p. 145).

To be sure, it must be admitted that, if we found *exact* parallels of very complicated phenomena, their occurrence in two areas, no matter how widely separated, could not reasonably be explained by convergence. Let us assume for a moment that we found on the northwest coast of America a social system duplicating such Australian elements as four-class exogamy, belief in lineal descent from the totem, elaborate rites for the multiplication of totems, and the like. If this were the fact, an explanation by the psychic unity of mankind would be lamentably deficient, as may readily be shown by examination of a concrete case. Ehrenreich writes, "Wo gleiche Geistesanlage sich vereint mit Gleichheit der Wirtschaftsform und der gesellschaftlichen Stufe, wird die Cultur im Allgemeinen überall einen gleichen Charakter, einen gleichen Typus tragen, und wir dürfen uns nicht wundern, wenn solche gleiche Typen auch in Einzelheiten grosse Übereinstimmung zeigen und Convergenzen hervorbringen."¹ Let us test the explanatory value of the principle, as thus defined, by a single example. Ehrenreich finds a surprising resemblance between the Dukduk masks of New Britain and the Fish-Dance masks of the Karaya, as well as between the correlated usages. Granting the resemblance, nay, even the exact identity, of the features in question, what meaning can we associate with the statement that the parallel is due to psychic resemblance linked with like economic and sociological conditions? The identity to be explained is not found except among the two above-mentioned representatives of two distinct racial types. What are the psychic traits and cultural conditions common to these two tribes, which are *not shared by those of their geographical neighbors and racial congeners lacking the cultural homologues under discussion*? The principle of continuity is in fact not less essential to a sane theory of independent development than to a sane theory of transmission. There is at least no logical difficulty in assuming that certain laws of evolution are immanent in human society, and must lead *everywhere* to the same results. But to say that psychic affinity and cultural similarity have

¹ "Zur Frage der Beurtheilung und Bewerthung ethnographischer Analogien," *Korrespondenz-Blatt der deutschen Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*, 1903, pp. 176-180.

produced in two or in a few instances the same result, is logically admissible only if it be shown at the same time for what specific reasons the same result is not noticeable in all other cases, even where psychic affinity is re-enforced by racial relationship, and cultural affinity by geographical and historical contact. So far, then, as Graebner's attack is directed against Ehrenreich's explanation of supposed identities, it is entirely justified: such an explanation is indeed nothing but a mystification. Granted the existence of identities, they are inexplicable.

But the entire aspect of the question changes if we do not interpret the given parallels as identical or homologous, but merely as analogous. In the brief but profound paper quoted above, Ehrenreich has treated this problem with the greatest possible clearness. Over and above what he regards as genuine convergences, he distinguishes "false analogies," due to the inadequacy of our knowledge, to the premature classification of diverse traits under the same concept, labelled with the same catch-word. It is merely necessary to conceive all parallels of any degree of complexity as "false analogies," — to explain them as Ehrenreich himself explains, in exemplary manner, the various forms of totemism, of the belief in metempsychosis, of the swastika and eye-ornament, — and the mystical element in the theory of convergence disappears. The observation of similarities, especially in the absence of obvious paths of diffusion, then leads directly to the query whether the similarities are not purely classificatory, and hence, from the standpoint of genetic relationship, illusory.

In a review of Graebner's recent book,¹ which has been published since the writing of the preceding paragraphs, Professor Boas says, "Nobody claims that convergence means an absolute identity of phenomena derived from heterogeneous sources; but we think we have ample proof to show that the most diverse ethnic phenomena, when subject to similar psychical conditions, or when referring to similar activities, will give similar results (not equal results), which we group naturally under the same category when viewed, not from an historical standpoint, but from that of psychology, technology, or other similar standpoints. The problem of convergence lies in the correct interpretation of the significance of ethnic phenomena that are apparently identical, but in many respects distinct; and also in the tendency of distinct phenomena to become psychologically similar, due to the shifting of some of their concomitant elements — as when the reason for a taboo shifts from the ground of religious avoidance to that of mere custom" (*l. c.*, p. 807). As is shown by a preceding quotation from Ehrenreich, Professor Boas goes too far in his initial statement, for Ehrenreich's conception of genuine convergence does practically involve a belief in an absolute identity derived from heterogeneous

¹ *Science*, 1911, pp. 804-810.

sources; but his utterance indicates that in America, at all events, convergence has been treated in a manner which entirely escapes Graebner's attention.

It is now necessary to discuss convergence as resulting from modes of classification, to show what form of classification gives rise to the appearance of identical results from diverse sources, and to illustrate the point by a number of special instances.

PREMATURE CLASSIFICATION

Premature classification appears in ethnological literature in two principal forms: the ethnologist may either infer from the undoubted identity of certain elements in two different complexes that the complexes themselves are identical; or he may fancy identity of elements or complexes where none exists. The first type of premature classification has wrought considerable mischief in the consideration of ceremonial complexes, such as the Midewiwin and the Sun Dance. The psychology of this fallacy is not unlike that of illusions. A complex such as the Midewiwin is described for some particular tribe; and some conspicuous feature, say, the shooting-ritual, acquires a symbolic function; so that whenever this feature appears in another tribe, it is at once supposed to indicate the presence of the residual elements of the complex first described. This would indeed be a justifiable inference, if a complex invariably represented a quasi-organic unit; but this is precisely what is not ordinarily the case. For example, Dr. Radin has recently shown¹ that the Midewiwin of the Winnebago and that of the Central Algonkin are not identical, because in each there has been a secondary association between the common elements and a preponderant group of specific elements, which in large measure can be shown to result from the specific character of Central Algonkin and Winnebago culture respectively. I have suggested elsewhere² that what Dr. Radin has successfully demonstrated for the Midewiwin applies in like measure to the Sun Dance of the Plains tribes. We cannot reduce to a common prototype the various forms in which the ceremonies grouped under this catch-word appear. All we can do is to ascertain the relatively few common elements which have acquired the symbolic function mentioned, and to investigate their varying combinations in different cases.

It is clear that the form of erroneous classification treated above, however large it may loom in ethnological discussion, has nothing to do with convergent evolution; for in the cases mentioned the genetic

¹ "The Ritual and Significance of the Winnebago Medicine Dance," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv (1911), pp. 149-208.

² "The Assiniboine," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. iv, Pt. I, pp. 77 et seq.

relationship of the identical features has never been challenged, while apart from these features there is obvious *divergence*. It is Ehrenreich's group of "false analogies" that supplies us with illustrations of the second type of classificatory error, and this has a direct bearing on the principle of convergence.

Comparing the two types of inadequate classification, we may say that the first type involves the assumption that an organic relationship exists where it does not exist, while the second type of error results from the failure to note that the supposedly parallel elements are organically related to two distinct complexes. In this latter case, then, the parallelism is between logical abstractions rather than between psychological and ethnological realities. Some concrete illustrations will make the matter clearer.

Owing to their theoretical interest, the so-called age-societies of the Plains may properly serve to introduce the subject. J. O. Dorsey reports that among the Omaha there were three feasting societies, composed of old men, middle-aged men, and youths respectively. In tribes of the same cultural area (Arapaho, Blackfoot, Mandan, Hidatsa) other writers have found series of dancing societies evincing a more refined classification by age, admission into any one society being contingent on a payment. Schurtz assumes that the existence of age-grades among the Omaha and other Plains tribes is due to an innate tendency of human society towards an age-grouping, which leads everywhere to similar results. From Graebner's point of view, the existence of so marked a feature as age-grades in a practically continuous area must be explained as due to historical connection. If, on the other hand, we here applied the principle of convergence in the sense defined by Ehrenreich, we should say that the resemblance between the Omaha age-classes and the age-societies of the other Plains tribes is due to the union of general psychic and specific cultural similarities of all the tribes concerned.

As a matter of fact, each of these three interpretations is erroneous. The Omaha feasting organizations are age-classes properly so-called; that is to say, a man belongs to one of the three classes by virtue of his age. But the fact that, say, the Hidatsa societies present the appearance of age-classes, is due to the mode of purchase obtaining in this tribe. The age factor is indeed active, inasmuch as it is customary for age-mates to purchase a society in a body; but there is no established division of Hidatsa society into age-grades, no correlation between age and membership in a certain definite organization. The correlation is, instead, between membership and *purchase*: an Hidatsa belongs to every society of the series which he has purchased, but which has never been purchased of him. A man of ninety may thus hold membership in a young men's society, and under abnormal circumstances a

group of men may acquire a membership which ranks superior to that of an older age-group. To call both the Omaha and the Hidatsa organizations "age-societies" is therefore admissible only if we regard this term as a convenient catch-word which may denote neither psychologically nor genetically related phenomena. The age-factor that we isolate in studying the Hidatsa system is, of course, as a logical abstraction comparable to corresponding abstractions, whether derived from the Omaha system or that of the Masai. In reality, however, it forms part of a context which determines it, and from which it cannot be wrested without completely altering its character. What we find in comparing the Omaha and the Hidatsa systems is therefore a convergence of a type different from that defined by Ehrenreich, but coinciding absolutely with that of his "false analogies," which result from our relative ignorance of the phenomena compared. So long as we knew only that the Hidatsa had societies composed of men of different ages, it was possible to classify them as age-grades proper. With the additional knowledge of the subjective attitude of the natives towards these societies, the justification for such a classification disappears.

What has just been shown for age-grades may be similarly shown for the much-discussed phenomenon labelled "exogamy." It has commonly been assumed that the regulation against marriage within a certain group, no matter in what part of the globe such a regulation may be found, is uniformly the same in principle. Dr. Goldenweiser has recently shown that this is by no means the case. Clan exogamy may indeed be the expression of the feeling that marriage within the clan as such is incestuous; but it may also, as among the Toda and Blackfoot, be a secondary development, the fundamental fact being an objection to marriages between blood relatives. From Dr. Graebner's standpoint there is no reason to differentiate between the primary and the secondary type of clan exogamy. The form-criterion merely tells us that two groups are both exogamous; that in point of exogamy they are identical, and in so far may reasonably be supposed to be genetically related. So far as the criterion of quantity is concerned, nothing would be easier than to bolster up the parallel exogamy by other resemblances. Thus, the Crow social units, which exemplify the clan of "classical" ethnological literature in being exogamous in their own right, bear nicknames of similar type to that of the Blackfoot. Here again the identity of the facts compared is logical, while the facts we are really interested in studying are psychological. The exogamous conduct of the Blackfoot is inseparably linked with his feeling towards blood relatives; the exogamous conduct of the Crow is part of a quite distinct psychological complex. Only by disregarding the characteristic features of exogamy in these two instances do we get an identical *Gedankending*.

In this connection it is interesting to discuss the two-phratry system (*Zweiklassensystem*), as Graebner himself makes an extensive use of this concept, suggesting, for instance, an historical connection between the two-phratry organization of Oceania and that of the Northwest Coast Indians and the Iroquois.¹ Before considering such a suggestion, we should have to be convinced that the term "two-phratry system" invariably labels the same phenomenon. Serious doubt is thrown on such a supposition by a consideration of the data collected by Rivers among the Toda. In this tribe the numerical preponderance of one clan is such, that its members can follow the exogamous rule only by marrying most of the members of the other clans, "leaving very few to intermarry with one another." Out of 177 marriages, only 16 were between members of the other clans. As Rivers recognizes, there has thus developed the closest conceivable approximation to a two-phratry system.² Yet this result has been achieved by unique historical causes quite distinct from those which brought about such a system where there are merely two intermarrying phratries without any lesser exogamous units.

An instance of similar suggestiveness is furnished by the recent history of the Crow. A visitor to this tribe some forty years ago would have found the male members of the tribe grouped in two social units,—the Foxes and the Lumpwoods. Without any real feeling of mutual hostility, these two units were constantly pitted against each other; for example, taking opposite sides at games, and constantly attempting to outdo each other in warlike deeds. To a superficial observer this division would have appeared similar to that of the Iroquois phratries, though, as a matter of fact, the Lumpwoods and Foxes were not social units with inheritable membership, but military societies. At all events, even a more careful investigator might have been struck by the phenomenon as one comparable with the tendency to the formation of dual divisions, as evidenced in civilized life by the frequency of two dominant political parties. Nevertheless, forty years prior to the hypothetical investigator's advent, he would have found no less than eight societies of the same type.³ A detailed study of the development of military societies among the Crow shows beyond a doubt that the presence of but two military organizations forty years ago was not due to a primary dual organization, but came about solely through the elimination of the other organizations. A comparison of the Crow conditions with those still more recently found among the Gros Ventre is of the utmost interest. In this tribe the old ceremonial grouping of the men in a

¹ *Anthropos*, iv, p. 1021.

² "Totemism, an Analytical Study," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 246.

³ Maximilian Prinz zu Wied, *Reise in das innere Nord-America in den Jahren 1832 bis 1834* (Coblenz, 1839), v. i, p. 401.

rather large number of small companies representing probably six age-grades has been completely superseded by a division into two organizations, — the War Dancers and the Star Dancers. The tribal and social functions of these societies bear close resemblance to those exercised by the Lumpwoods and Foxes of the Crow, and the spirit of rivalry is equally prominent in the Gros Ventre organizations. But while the dual grouping of the Crow men resulted from a process of elimination, precisely the reverse process took place among the Gros Ventre. The War Dance "is universally stated to be a recent importation from the Sioux, apparently within the present generation;" while the Star Dance is probably an old ceremony independent of the age-series.¹ In the two cases under discussion, then, a dual grouping is beyond a doubt the result of convergent development.

To revert to Graebner's own concepts, we may next consider his category of drums with skin drum-heads.² He is careful to enumerate the several Oceanian forms; but as soon as his extra-Oceanian speculations begin, differences of form seem to become negligible. The skin drum of the West African culture-area is described as one of the elements connecting it with Melanesian culture. It is said to appear with all the characteristic modes of securing the drum-head, — viz., by thongs, pegs, and wedges, — though the hourglass shape of the instrument is less frequent.³

Probably it would be difficult to find a more offensive example of the misapplication of the form-criterion. The very reference to the hourglass-shaped forms of Africa involves an error of the worst kind. Graebner's authority defines the hourglass drum of Africa as composed of two skin-covered bowls connected by a cylindrical tube. Three sub-types are distinguished, of which two recall the shape of a dumb-bell, while the third differs radically from the two others by the presence of four lugs and profuse decoration, and by the width of the connecting cylinder, which approximates that of the bowls.⁴ For convenience of description, Ankermann is certainly justified in creating an hourglass type. But it would be unjustifiable to draw any inference as to genetic relations between the third and the two other sub-types; for quite apart from the elaborate decoration and the four lugs, the third sub-type is not at all similar to the dumb-bell form. It is a psychological commonplace that even congruous geo-

¹ Kroeber, "Ethnology of the Gros Ventre," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, v. i, pp. 234-239.

² "Ein Element von sehr typischer Verbreitung bieten zum Schlusse noch die *Musikinstrumente* in der einheitig bespannten, meist sanduhrförmigen, bisweilen zylindrischen Felltrommel" (*Anthropos*, iv, p. 770).

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 1011 et seq.

⁴ Ankermann, "Die afrikanischen Musikinstrumente," *Ethnologisches Notizblatt*, 1901, vol. iii, pp. 98 et seq., 53-55.

metrical forms may produce very different psychological effects. It is a fact known to field-workers in America that identical patterns are sometimes not recognized by the natives as identical if executed in different colors. *A fortiori*, we cannot assume without proof, that, where the divergence of form is very great, the native still assembles the varying forms under the same concept. Artifacts differ from organic forms in lacking an innate tendency to variability. If, therefore, we suppose that the lugged (Barotse-Amboella) sub-type developed out of the dumb-bell form, or *vice versa*, we introduce either the hypothesis that some external condition determined the change, or the psychological hypothesis that both forms were originally conceived as of one type. For neither of these suppositions is there the slightest foundation.

If the foregoing argument applies within even a relatively continuous area, its force surely does not diminish when "hourglass drums" of different continents are compared. Indeed, the hourglass drum of New Guinea, as described and pictured by Finsch, Biró, Schlaginhaufen, and others, bears no resemblance to the African sub-types. We must regard the term "hourglass drum" as merely a convenient classificatory device by which may be described objects of diverse origin. The geometrical abstraction defined by the term corresponds to no cultural reality; it develops in different areas by convergent evolution.

As a matter of fact, the hourglass type which at least presents a semblance of morphological classification plays a very subordinate part in Graebner's treatment of the skin drum; for under the category of skin drums—and accordingly as evidence of a cultural connection between Oceania and North America—are cited the ordinary dancing-drum and the Midewiwin drum of the Ojibwa.¹ Thus the form-criterion is completely abandoned by its champion.

It is true that Dr. Graebner, in his treatment of this subject, attaches considerable weight to the method of securing the drum-head,—whether by thongs, pegs, or wedges (*Schnur-, Pflock- und Keilspannung*). This leads to an important question. How many ways of fastening a skin membrane to a drum are conceivable? Very little reflection is required to show that the number is exceedingly limited. Indeed, the wedge system, being only a sub-type of the *Schnurspannung*, is not entitled to a special position on logical grounds, though from a comparative point of view it is incomparably the safest criterion of relationship. We must here apply what Dr. Goldenweiser has called, in conversation with the author, "the principle of limited possibilities," which has recently been thus defined: "The theory of convergence claims that similar ways *may* (not *must*) be found. This would be a

¹ *Anthropos*, iv, p. 1021.

truism if there existed only one way of solving this problem; and convergence is obviously the more probable, the fewer the possible solutions of the problem."¹ In the case at hand, it cannot be taken as a sign of genetic connection that some African and some Oceanian tribes use pegs for fastening a drum-head, because the number of available ways is very small *if classified in a manner that abstracts from all definite characteristics*.

This point is illustrated most clearly where the logical classification involves a dichotomy of the universe. A well-known writer has discussed the origin myths of primitive folk, and found that some involve a theory of evolution, others one of special creation. No sane ethnologist would infer from this that all the myths of either type were historically connected. To choose a somewhat more drastic illustration. Acquired biological traits must either be inherited or not inherited: consequently an expression of opinion, whether consciously or unconsciously bearing on the subject, must fall into either category. Many primitive tribes have myths recounting how in the remote past a certain animal met with some adventure which caused it to assume some biological peculiarity now noticeable in its descendants; nevertheless it would be absurd to accept this tacit assumption of transmission as a parallel of anti-Weismannism. Countless examples of a mode of classification rivaling in absurdity the hypothetical instance last cited are furnished by histories of philosophy. Too frequently the historian utterly neglects the processes by which conclusions are reached, and groups thinkers exclusively by the nature of their conclusions, which are labelled by descriptive catch-words. The identification of a philosopher as a monist or dualist, idealist or realist, is undoubtedly a labor-saving mode of characterization; but unfortunately it precludes a deeper comprehension of the thinker's philosophic individuality. A differentiation of social systems on the basis of maternal and paternal descent, such as Graebner has undertaken, is justifiable within a limited area, where historical connections can be definitely demonstrated. Outside such an area it can have no comparative significance, because descent cannot be reckoned otherwise than in either the maternal or the paternal line, or in both.

THE POSSIBILITY OF GENUINE CONVERGENCE

The foregoing discussion has indicated the nature of the errors due to premature classification. The frequency of such errors, and the readiness with which they are committed, surely justify the greatest caution in identifying apparent homologies in the cultures of tribes not known to be historically related. The first question we must ask is, not how the trait could have travelled from one region to another,

¹ Boas, in *Science*, 1911, p. 807.

nor even whether it could have originated independently through the psychic unity of mankind. Our first duty is rather to ascertain whether the resemblances are superficial or fundamental. For example, if we discover that the *manang bali* of the Sea Dyaks corresponds in the most striking manner to the *berdache* of the Plains Indians,¹ we should not straightway identify the two institutions and invoke the principle of psychic unity or that of historical connection. Psychic unity would only explain the fact of a pathological variation, which seems to occur everywhere with a certain frequency. It does not explain why in but two particular areas this variation should lead to a marked social institution. Neither can historical connection be postulated in the absence of a tittle of evidence for either genetic relationship or transmission. The advocate of convergence in the sense here proposed will simply await a fuller determination of the facts. If closer investigation should establish an absolute identity, the fact of identity would stand, but would stand unexplained.

But in many instances the identity of the cultural elements compared seems to be far more than an abstract possibility. The eye-ornament of the northwest coast of America is identical with that of Melanesia. For all practical purposes the star-shaped stone club-heads of New Guinea are identical with those from Peru. To put the case in the most general form, wherever we are dealing with objects which can be fully determined by an enumeration of their visible or sensible traits, there is the possibility of proving objective identity, as indicated by the examples just cited. However, there is an important consideration which cannot be neglected in this connection. The sensible traits of an ethnographic object may completely determine its character from the standpoint of the curiosity-dealer, but never from that of the scientific ethnologist.² For the latter a material object has a purely symbolical function: it represents a certain technique, an artistic style, a religious or social usage. In this sense it may be rightly said that "material" culture does not exist for the ethnologist, for the very word "culture" implies a psychological correlate, or rather determinant, of the material object. According to Pechuel-Loesche, the same representation of a human figure that in one West African specimen is nothing but a product of art industry, becomes, when endowed with certain magical powers by virtue of incantations or the application of sacred substances, a fetich. Exactly the same purpose, however, may be served in the same tribes by the most inconspicuous objects of nature. A purely objective comparison would here lead to an utterly erroneous classification. It would wrest the factors

¹ Gomes, *Seventeen Years among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo* (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1911), pp. 179 et seq.

² Cf. Boas, in *Science*, vol. xxv (1907), p. 928.

studied out of their organic context in quite the same way as an identification of the cultural traits discussed in the preceding section; it would neglect the very factors that we are most interested in studying.

As has been pointed out by American archæologists, the application of the form-criterion is insufficient in determining the antiquity of an archæological object; for the latter may not be at all the completed object designed by the worker, but a mere "reject."¹ Yet objectively the rejects coincide absolutely with the finished products of a lower culture. The difference lies in the cultural contexts of which the objects are elements: the resemblance may be perfect from a purely external standpoint; nevertheless it represents, in Ehrenreich's terminology, not a genuine convergence, but a false analogy. A most suggestive fact pointing in the same direction has been ascertained in Central Australia. The natives of this area use implements, some of which fall morphologically under the category of paleoliths, while others are neoliths. Investigation has shown that this morphological difference is a direct result of the material available for manufacture. Where diorite is available, the natives manufacture "neolithic" ground axes, in other cases they make flaked implements practically as crude as those of the ancient Tasmanians.² The manufacture of "neolithic" implements in Central Australia and elsewhere thus forms another instance of convergence, — a classificatory resemblance due to heterogeneous conditions. It is true that Graebner does not ignore the possible influence of material on form,³ but he fails to show under what circumstances the ethnologist should seek to correlate morphological resemblance with the nature of the material. The form-criterion by itself does not tell us that diorite lends itself to "neolithic" workmanship, that bamboo bows are necessarily flat, that basalt furnishes the only material available for axe-manufacture in certain regions. Under what conditions should we be satisfied with formal coincidence as a proof of genetic relationship, and under what conditions should we inquire as to the possible influence of the available material?

The case of the eye-ornament adds force to the general argument. As Graebner might have learned from Ehrenreich's article (*l. c.*, p. 179), Boas has shown that the eye-ornament of Northwestern America results from a peculiar style of art, which, so far as we know, does not occur in Oceania; that is to say, the objective identity is again deceptive, because it is an identity established by wresting a part of the phenomenon studied (the visible pattern) from the midst of its cultural context. Here it must again be stated that Graebner does not unqualifiedly uphold the omnipotence of the morphological principle.

¹ Mason, *The Origins of Invention*, p. 124.

² Spencer and Gillen, *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, 1904, p. 635.

³ *Methode der Ethnologie*, pp. 145, 117.

He rejects Von Luschan's speculations on the head-rests of New Guinea; he regards Schurtz's theories of the eye-ornament as "weniger phantastisch, aber doch auch übers Ziel geschossen;" he stigmatizes Stucken's attempt to trace all celestial myths to Babylon as an example of the neglect or unmethodical application of the form-criterion (p. 118). Unfortunately, he does not explain what is meant by an unmethodical or fantastic application of the form-criterion. As has been shown, the criterion of quantity is a measure of the historical connection between cultures, but can never decide as to the identity of doubtful traits. If all the other elements of Oceanian and north-west American culture were identical, the fact would prove nothing as to the identity of the eye-ornament in the two areas.

We are not always, indeed we are very rarely, in the fortunate position of knowing most of the determining conditions of an ethnological phenomenon. In the case of the rejects, of the central Australian "neoliths," and of the eye-ornament, we happen to be in possession of the facts; and from these instances we learn that morphological identity may give presumptive, but does not give conclusive, evidence of genetic relationship. It is conceivable that if we could determine the history of the South American paddles, which Graebner connects with Indonesian and Melanesian patterns,¹ we should find them to be genetically related; but we cannot bar the other logical possibility of independent origin, for it is likewise conceivable that each of the homologous features of the paddles originated from distinct motives and distinct conditions.

CONCLUSION

The doctrine of convergence, as here advocated, is not dogmatic, but methodological and critical. It does not deny that simple ethnological phenomena may arise independently in different regions of the globe, nor does it deny that diffusion of cultural elements has played an important part. It does not even repudiate the abstract possibility of the independent origin of complex phenomena (genuine convergence of Ehrenreich), though so far the demonstration of identities of such a character seems insufficient, and their existence would be unintelligible. The view here propounded demands simply that where the principle of psychic unity cannot be applied, and where paths of diffusion cannot be definitely indicated, we must first inquire whether the supposed identities are really such, or become such only by abstracting from the psychological context in which they occur, and which determines them, — whether, that is to say, we are comparing cultural realities, or merely figments of our logical modes of classification. A rapid survey of the field has sufficed to show that in many cases where some would invoke the principle of psychic unity, and others that of

¹ *Methode der Ethnologie*, p. 145; *Anthropos*, iv, pp. 763, 1016, 1021.

historic connection, the problem is an apparent one, which vanishes with a better knowledge and classification of the facts.

Dr. Graebner's ambitious attempt to trace historical connections between remote areas cannot be dismissed wholesale, on the basis of the foregoing criticisms. What has been shown is simply the necessity for a critical use of ethnological concepts, and their occasionally quite uncritical use of Graebner. Even tangible specimens, it appears, cannot be studied apart from the culture of which they are a product. In the investigation of social and religious usages, where the subject-matter is itself psychological, the exclusive consideration of the form-criterion, to the detriment of the subjective factors involved, can lead only to disastrous results. Ethnology is a relatively young science, and it is natural that the mode of classification in vogue among ethnologists should have a pre-scientific tang. But the time has come to recognize that an ethnologist who identifies a two-class system in Australia with a two-class system in America, or totemism among the Northwestern Indians with totemism in Melanesia, sinks to the level of a zoölogist who should class whales with fishes, and bats with birds.

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NEW YORK CITY.

ARAPAHO TALES

BY H. R. VOTH

IN looking through some old note-books, the author came across the following tales which were told him by different members of the tribe, while he was a missionary among the Arapaho from 1882 to 1892. As none of them seem to have been published, — at least not in this form, — it was thought best to publish them as an addition, however brief, to the valuable publications of Dorsey, Kroeber, and others on the Arapaho.

I. THE BOY THAT WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE WIND

Once a man and a woman had two boys: they were twins. These boys often took their bows and arrows and went out to hunt. One time when they were hunting, they found an eagle's nest. The old eagles were not at home. The boys asked the young eagles what kind of clouds generally came when their mother was angry. The young eagles said black clouds. Then the boys cut off the heads of the young eagles; and when they were about to cut off the last one, the clouds got black, and it began to storm. The boys ran home. One got into the tent, but the other one was taken by the storm just as he was about to enter the lodge. The door of the tent, of which the boy had taken hold, was also carried along. When the boy, as the wind carried him along, would grasp at something, — for instance, the branch of a tree, — it would break off. So the wind carried him way off to some other camps. Here the wind dropped him. He was all covered with dirt. An old woman, who came to cut grass, found him. She took him to her tent and took care of him, and he grew up to be a young man.

One time a little red bird was sitting on the poles of a tent. Some men, of whom this young man was one, tried to shoot it. One old man said, "Whoever shoots that bird shall marry one of my daughters." All tried hard, and this young man hit it. Then a Raven came and took that bird away from him, and showed it to the father of those girls. When the young man heard of it, he told the people that it was he who shot the bird; and so he got the younger daughter, and the Raven the older one.

One time the young man went to shoot buffalo, and once he drove a herd to the camp. Many came to take part in the hunt. The Raven had nothing to do, but flew around and picked out the buffaloes' eyes.

When they had killed the buffaloes, the women took home some blood in their shawls on their backs. Those two young women were jealous of each other because one had a nice man, and the other a Raven. When the Raven's wife went home, that young man went and cut her shawl, so that the blood was spilled and the shawl spoiled.

The younger woman was nice-looking, but her husband sometimes looked filthy. During the night, however, he would get handsome again. Once the couple wanted to go and get wood. The older sister wanted to go along, but the younger would not allow her to do so.

2. THE FROG AND THE WOMAN

A woman once went to a river to get water. When she dipped the water, a frog jumped into the pail; and when the woman got home, that frog all at once became a man. He was standing in the bucket, and then jumped out. Afterwards this man married that woman, and after a while they had two children. After this the man once got very hungry and ate up his wife, after which he turned into a frog again and lived with the other frogs in the river.

3. THE WOMAN AND THE BUFFALO

A woman went to get water, and saw what she thought was a man standing near the water. She ran away with that man; and after they were gone away a short distance, the man turned into a buffalo. The woman then wanted to return, but the buffalo would not let her. She tried to hide away, but could not do it. When they came to the buffalo-herd, the buffaloes were sleeping. The woman's mother by this time began to look for her daughter. Her other daughter told her that her sister had run away. The mother then told a Mouse that she should go under the ground and hunt her lost daughter, and that if she should find her, she should put her head out of the ground and stick two arrows into the ground beside the woman, so as to mark the place where she was sitting. In the morning, when the buffaloes got up, the (man) Buffalo saw that his wife did not get up, and went to hit her, but found only her shawl. Then they followed her, but could not find her. She had gone home.

4. THE MAN WHO GETS ADVICE FROM THE SKUNK

There was once an Indian who had an old rifle which he had owned a long time. He had a wife and only one child. Once they were very hungry, but the man had no cartridges. No other Indians were near. The man then went eastward and saw a herd of reindeer. Not having any cartridges, he did not know what to do. So he prayed to the Skunk, and the Skunk told him to take some mud and mould it into bullets. He did so, put one into his gun, took aim at a reindeer, and shot and killed it. He then went back and told his wife that he had killed a reindeer. In the mean while some bears had taken the reindeer that he had killed. This made the man so angry that he took his knife and cut his own throat.

5. THE ORIGIN OF THE PLEIADES

Once seven men went on the war-path. A bear got after them, and they did not know how to escape. Then they took a little ball, kicked it upward, and a man ascended with it. This they repeated several times, a man going up with every ball they kicked up. When the last one was about to go up, the bear was just about to take him; but he quickly kicked the ball and went up too, and those are the seven stars up in the sky.

6. BAD-ROBE RESURRECTING A BUFFALO

When the Arapaho still lived north in a village, an Arapaho named Bad-Robe wanted to make medicine to see if he could not get the buffalo to come. He told Cedar-Tree to go westward and see if he could not find a buffalo.

Cedar-Tree went; and when he had gone a short distance, he saw some black objects in the distance, but could not say whether they were buffaloes or not. He made up his mind that he would not tell the Indians a lie, and say he saw buffaloes when he was not sure about it. All at once he saw those black things fly up, and noticed that they were ravens. He went back to camp and told the Indians about it. So Bad-Robe would not make medicine, but scolded Cedar-Tree for not believing that what he saw were buffaloes. If he had believed, they would not have changed into ravens. One man got so angry at Cedar-Tree and his failure, that he killed his own wife. The camp was then broken up, and the Indians scattered.

The mother of the murdered woman, her two sisters, and an uncle, started in pursuit of the murderer. They pursued him a while, but got hungry, so that they had to return. When they came near their home, they put up their tent and staid there. One of them was very hungry; and, as they had nothing else to eat, her folks cooked moccasin-soles for her. Early in the morning her uncle went west to hunt, but had no bow or gun. He met Bad-Robe, whom he asked to loan him his gun because his folks were very hungry. Bad-Robe gave it to him, and said that in the morning he would be at their tent and try to find some dried buffalo (cadaver). The man whose name was Trying-Bear went northwest and found a dry buffalo. He went to his tent and told others about it. Bad-Robe, who was already there, had a white pony. This he painted, put a buffalo-robe around himself and a fine eagle-feather on his head. This was in the morning. He now started off for that buffalo carcass, telling the uncle, Trying-Bear, to follow him after a while. But the man followed him right away, because he was curious to know what would be done. About noon Bad-Robe got there. He got off from his pony, took his eagle-feather, threw it at the carcass, and all at once it became alive. Bad-Robe then turned around and saw Trying-Bear, whom he told to shoot that buffalo, skin it, and take everything eatable about it to the camp and eat.

7. ORIGIN OF THE BUFFALO

Once the Cheyenne lived at the head of a stream which emptied into a hole or cave. One time they were nearly starving, and they consulted with one another as to whether they ought not to explore the cave once. No one wanted to undertake it. At last one got ready, painted himself up, and when he came to the cave, he found two others there ready to descend. He first thought those two only wanted to fool him; but they said no, they wanted to go in. So they all three jumped in. Soon they came to a door. Upon their knocking, an old woman opened and asked what they wanted. They said they and their people were starving. "Are you hungry too?" she asked. "Yes!"—"See there!" and they beheld a wide prairie covered with buffaloes. She then handed them a pan with buffalo-meat. They thought that was not enough to satisfy the great hunger of even one of them, but they ate and ate until they were "just full;" and then the old woman said they should take what was left and give it to their people in camp, and she would soon send them the buffalo. They did so, and the whole camp had enough of what they brought. Everybody ate and was filled. And when they awoke the next morning, they beheld around them great herds of buffalo.

8. ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE ARROWS

A long time ago some Cheyenne were out to hunt buffaloes. When the chase was over, a number of young men went to the hunting-ground to eat some of the meat, such as the kidneys, liver, etc. One young man, seeing a buffalo yearling which one of the chiefs had shot, said he wanted to have the hide of that yearling, and skinned it. Soon the chief, who had killed the yearling, came and claimed the hide. A controversy arose. All at once the boy took the lower part of the buffalo's leg and clubbed the chief almost to death with it. He then ran to his grandmother's tent, she being the only relative he had. Here he lay down and slept. She put the kettle on the fire to cook a meal.

In the morning the men of the tribe came to the lodge where the young man was. His grandmother told him about it. He said he did not care, and remained in bed. They called to him that he should come out, but he would not do it. They repeated the command, but in vain. At last they began to cut up the tent. He quickly upset the kettle, pouring the boiling water into the fire, and going up into the air with the steam and ashes that arose. All at once they saw him way off, just going over a ridge. They followed him; but before they overtook him, they saw him farther off again; and so it continued. They could not get him.

The next morning some women, going after water, saw him under a river-bank, and went and told the men. They went and chased him again, but in vain. When they were upon his heels, they would all at once see him way off. Sometimes he would disappear, and then re-appear again in a different costume. The last time he appeared dressed in a fine buffalo-robe costume. He went over a ridge, and they saw him no more at that time.

With that young man the buffalo had disappeared too, and the Indians soon began to starve. They finally had to live mostly on mushrooms. Once some young men wandered away from the camp; and all at once they saw a young man, nicely dressed in a buffalo-robe, coming towards them. It was the young man who had so mysteriously disappeared. He asked them the condition of the Indians in their camps, and they told him that they were nearly starving and had to live on mushrooms. He told them to hunt a "dry buffalo" (skeleton). They did so; and he hunted out of the decayed remains the "book" of the stomach, and gave it to them to eat. He also broke some of the bones, and, behold! there was some marrow in them. This he also gave to them. He then sent them to camp, and told them to tell the medicine-men to have a lodge ready for them in the centre of the camp. In the evening he came, bringing with him four arrows that he had brought along. He now made "arrow-medicine," and sang arrow-songs with the chiefs all night; and in the morning the buffalo had re-appeared, and the Cheyenne had plenty to eat again. Since that time the Cheyenne celebrate the "medicine arrow medicine," which is one of the most sacred and most severe medicines. Later the Pawnees got two of the arrows in a war; one, however, the Cheyenne recovered again.

9. ON THE WAR-PATH

Five young men and two boys (all Arapahoes) once went on the war-path. They started from home about noon, and travelled about ten miles, when they stopped for the night. It was dark. The leader asked

each one to get water. They all refused. At last the youngest one went. When coming near the water, he was all at once caught by the leg by a man who had no scalp. It was an Arapaho. This man said, "Where do you come from?"—"Oh, we are just stopping here for the night," the boy answered. The man then said that the Pawnee had been fighting them, and had killed many. The boy said, "Wait, I will just get some water, and then we will go to our camp together." When he had gotten the water, he helped the wounded man up, took him close to the camp, and carried the water in. He then asked the leader of the party, "Are you strong, and will you not become frightened at anything?" He answered, "I am strong, and am not afraid of anything." The boy then put this same question to each one of the party, and each one answered the same way. Only the youngest of the party, the boy, said, "I do not know, I might, and might not. This is the first time that I am on the war-path." They were all wondering why they were asked these questions. The boy (who had gotten the water) then went out and got the wounded man, and took him into the tent. All five of the warriors became frightened and huddled together in a heap. Only the two boys proved to be strong. The wounded man then told them that the Pawnee had been fighting them, and that his friends were all lying around there dead.

They prepared a supper, and, when they were through eating, went to sleep. In the morning the boy who got that man said, "Now, my friends, I thought you were strong and would not be frightened, but I see you are not strong. It would be bad if we should go and hunt up a war. To-morrow we start back, because it would be too bad if other tribes should kill us all." The wounded man then said to them, "My friends, you will have to leave me here. Make a strong hut for me to sleep in, and get me a good supply of drinking-water." So the young men went home, and the boy told his friends about them. The scalped man soon died.

10. THE ALLIGATOR BOY

Once upon a time some Indians moved to a new place. After having made their camp, two boys were riding out and got into the woods. Here one of them found two large eggs. They did not know what kind of eggs they were. They took them across the river, where they erected a small tent. The younger boy said he had once tasted big eggs, and then he cooked these. After he had cooked them, he offered one to the larger boy, who refused to eat it. The younger boy ate his, and in the night he took sick. He soon noticed that he began having green spots and small raised parts all over his body. He began to cry. His brother said, "I told you not to eat that egg, but you would not listen." By that time the boy had turned into an alligator, all but the head. He told the older brother, who by this time was crying too, to go and call his friends. This he did. All came to see the unfortunate boy. The alligator boy said, if they ever wanted to talk to him, they should whistle, and he would then come out from the water. The Indians then went back; and the boy, who now had entirely become an alligator, went into the water.

II. THE CANNIBAL AND THE FOX

A man once went into some tents and told the women there were many plums across the river, and they should go and pick them. He would stay, and in the mean time watch their babies. So they went; and while they were gone, the man cut off the babies' heads, and left them in their cradle swings. The bodies he took away. Presently the women came back and told some of their girls to go in and see how the babies were. They came running out, and said that only the heads were in the swings. The women came crying; and when they looked, they saw the man at a distance. They pursued him; and when he saw them coming, he wished there were a big hole there. At once the hole was there. He ran into the hole; and when the women came there, they sat around the hole and cried. The man, finding some paint in the hole, painted his face, and then came out and asked them why they were crying. The women, not knowing him, said a man had killed their babies, and they thought he was in that hole. He came out, and said they should go in and see. They did so; and when they were in the hole, the man threw fire in, and thus killed them. He then got out the bodies, built a large fire, laid the bodies around it, and roasted them, in order to eat them. Just then a Fox came there, and said he was sick and wanted to get something to eat. The man proposed to the Fox that they go on a hill and then run towards the fire. Whoever should get there first should eat first. To this the Fox agreed; and he got there first, and ate up all the bodies. When the man got there, he found nothing, and went home.

12. THE MOTHER'S HEAD

At a certain place there was once a single tent, in which lived a man with his wife, daughter, and little boy. The man always used to paint his wife's face; but every time when she would get water, the paint would disappear. So one time the man concluded that he would go and find out once why his wife always went after water so late, and why the paint was always gone. After he had painted her again, she went after water; and he followed her, and hid himself in the bushes. Soon she whistled, and he saw an alligator come out of the water and lick her face. He at once shot both, cut off the woman's head, took it home, cooked it, and he and his children ate of it. The little boy always said it tasted like their mother. Afterwards the man told the other Indians that the children had eaten their mother. They at once all left the place, leaving the children alone. The children followed, but a head would always roll after them; and when they came near to the other Indians, the latter would run away from them. All at once the children came to a river, laid a board across, and walked over. The head followed them; but when it was on the middle of the board (i. e., halfway across), they turned the board, the head fell into the water, and did not follow them any more.

The girl then covered her face and wished that she had a nice house, a lion and a tiger, and many other things. When she uncovered her face, the house and many nice things were there, and under the bed were also a lion and a tiger. They then had much meat to eat; and they called the Indians, and they came and ate. The father of the children also came, and they gave him meat to eat too. The girl told the two animals to kill their father when he went out of the house, because he had killed their mother

and then given them her head to eat, and then had accused them of it. The animals did as they had been told. The Indians afterwards would always come to these children to eat.

13. THE BEAR GIRL

At a certain place there was once an Indian village. At one time some children were playing some little distance from camp. One girl had a sister who was a Bear. This Bear girl was playing with the children, and told her sister to take their little sister home, which was refused. The Bear girl then scratched the face of the one who refused to take the little sister home, and said, if she would tell their father and mother, the dogs would bark, and she would come and tear up all the tents and eat up all the people. The girl then went and hid in a dog-tent. The Bear girl hunted, and at last found her and threatened to eat her up. But the girl begged for her life, and promised that she would live with the Bear girl, get water for her, and work for her; and so the Bear girl let her alone. The two then lived together in a big tent. One time, when the girl was getting water, she met three men, who gave her a rabbit, and told her to go and give it to the Bear girl, and say to her that she gave her that rabbit. The girl took it home, and, giving it to her Bear sister, said, "Here, I killed this rabbit for you." The Bear girl took it; and while she was cooking it, the three men came and placed themselves, one on the north, one on the south, and one on the west, side of the tent, and shot and killed the Bear girl. They then took one of the Bear girl's leg-bones and put it on the girl's back, telling her if she should lose it, the Bear girl would come to life again and come after her. They then took the girl along; and while they were walking along, the girl lost the bone three times. Every time she would see the Bear girl coming at a distance, but every time she found the bone again before the Bear girl would overtake them. The last time they were just climbing up a high mountain when the Bear girl was near; and while the travellers got on the mountain all right, the Bear girl would always roll back, and finally asked the parties on the mountain to come down, as she would not hurt them. But they staid on the mountain; and finally the Bear girl went away, and the party, including the girl, went to an Indian camp on the other side, where they remained.

14. WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

Once an old woman was walking by a river, and all at once she saw a red Fox. She said to him, "My grandson, come here! I want to tell you a story about my folks at home. I am walking along here to hunt my grandson, and I have been very lonesome for my grandson, and at last I see him. Now, come here and sit down by my side, and listen to me!" She then began to tell him a story, which never ended. She had already been talking quite a while, and the old Fox began to sleep. She went on telling her story until the Fox was fast asleep. The old woman then got up while the Fox was sleeping, and took a knife and cut off his head. Then she made a fire and roasted the Fox. After he was done, she took him off the fire and went to get some more wood. While she was gone, a bear came and carried the Fox away. Soon the woman returned; and when she did not find the Fox, she asked a Tree, "Who has taken away my fox?" The Tree told her that a bear had taken it. The woman said, "Now, this is bad, what the bear

has done to me. Now, I will say this: 'Bears shall have bob-tails.'" And that is the reason why bears have short tails.

15. HOW A BIRD AND AN ALLIGATOR SAVED TWO CHILDREN

Once there stood at one place a number of tents. Outside some children were playing. A white man who came along "sat down" not far away. The children saw it, and said, "Look at that white man! He is 'making something.'" When the white man heard it, he got angry, and went to the tents and demanded of the Indians that they should move away, but leave the children, which they did. Soon some of the girls who had been playing outside told their sisters to go and get something from the camps. They went, but found no tents. An old Dog was tied at the place where the tents had been standing. Then the children asked the Dog where their friends were. He told them they had gone away, and then went with the children to hunt them. While they were going, they came to a little tent where an old woman lived, whom they asked whether she had seen their mothers pass by. The old woman said, "My grandchildren, my grandchildren! You can sleep here during the night." So they slept there, all in one row. While they were sleeping, the old woman sharpened her knife and cut off all the children's heads. Only one large girl awoke and begged for her and her little sister's life, promising the old woman that they would love and help her. In the morning the old woman asked the children if they wanted to eat of the bodies of the children which she had just cooked. They refused, saying they were not hungry. During the next night the smaller girl wanted to go out. The old woman told the larger girl to just let her sister do it in the tent. But she said no, because it would get "muddy" in the tent; and so they went out. In a little while the little girl again had to get up. The old woman again protested against their going out; but the larger sister said, "There will be a little hill in the tent," and the woman again let them go out. When they were outside, a little Bird told them they should run away, as the old woman would cut off their heads too. So they ran away. Meanwhile the old woman kept calling from the tent that they should hurry up or else she would come out. The Bird kept answering, "Wait!" The girls, in the mean time, had come to a river. On the shore lay an Alligator, who told them to go around him four times. Then he asked them to sit down by him and see if they could find something on him. They did so, and found frogs, which the Alligator told them to crack as they crack lice that they hunt on each other. Then the Alligator told them to get on his back; and when they did so, he carried them across the river. When they were across, they ran, and saw a very nice tent at a distance, in which they lived.

PIMA AND PAPAGO LEGENDS

BY MARY L. NEFF

[The following legends were written at the instance of Dr. Mary L. Neff in 1907, by Pima and Papago children attending the Industrial School at Tucson, Arizona. They are printed here without any change, as an interesting record of the form in which the young Indian of that region takes the remains of his tribal past into his future life. Unfortunately the exact tribal relations of the writers were not given. —Ed.]

HOW THE EARTH WAS MADE

Before this world was made there was nothing but darkness. And the darkness rolled about in the air, and out of the darkness a black little ball was formed.

It flew about in the air for many centuries, increasing its size until it was about six or seven times as large as a basket-ball.

Finally this big black ball turned itself into a man. This man flew around in the air until once he determined to make something to dwell on. So he gathered all the dust in the air and formed a little ball.

This he threw up into the air, hoping that if his plan should succeed, this ball would in some way stay in the air.

The first trial was a failure. This he repeated several times, but every time he failed.

The last time he threw it up, it staid in the air, and was held by some magic power.

This Chuewut Ma-cki (or Earth Doctor) went and sat on it, and stretched it out as far as it could be stretched, until it reached the horizon.

The earth did not stay very steady, for it balanced, and so he sent a spider to run along the edge and spin its thread, so as to keep it steady. [They believe that the earth was flat.]

When this was done, he made the sun to rise in the east. When it was set, it was so dark as before, and so he made the moon and the stars.

He then made the fruit-bearing trees and vegetables; and after that, the beasts, and the fowls of the air.

The last that were made were the inhabitants. He then appointed the man Seaher to be the leader of the people. He was to rule the people, the authorities of Chuewut Ma-cki.

But this man, after ruling for quite a while, sinned against Chuewut Ma-cki.

He ruled the people in his own power, and led them to sin against their maker.

Chuewut Ma-cki at once decided to destroy the people; and so he

sent out a man to go all over the world, but he did not tell him what to do. But the man obeyed, and started out; and as he was going, he got a little baby on the way, and he carried it with him.

As he approached near where Seaher lives, he left the baby under a tree and went over to him. Seaher heard the baby crying, and he asked where the baby was. "Go bring him here!" he said.

The man went; and as he came near to pick him up, he sank up to his knees, for the ground was softened by the tears of the baby, that ran down to the ground. He went back, told Seaher that it was of no use, the ground around was wet and soft. But he told him to go and get him some way.

And again he started out for the baby; but lo! the ground was more soft, and little streams of water began to flow out of this place, and the flood arose from it. The Pima Indians fled, and took refuge on the mountains east of Phoenix or north of Florence.

It is on this mountain where the great transmutation took place.

As they were up there on that high mountain, they were anxious to know whether the water was going down or coming up.

Once a man went down to see the water with his dog; and when they returned to the crowd on the top, the dog spoke, and the people turned into stone.

When the water was abated, Chuewut Ma-cki made more people.

The Indians now living in the United States are descended from them.

Images of stones may still be seen on the top of this mountain, and also the dog may be seen standing beside its master.

This is the origin of the Indians which so puzzled the white people.

Johnson Azul.

ORIGIN LEGEND

The Indians of my race once believed this story.

There was a person that they called their creator or their sister. She saw that the world was getting so bad, so the sister thought to destroy the earth with water. She made an olla out of a kind of sap that comes from the grease-wood, in which to save herself. Fox had heard about this; so he got a trunk of a tree and made a hole through, and left the one side open, so as to go in from. But, as he did not know how to shut the other side, he began to cry. The sister came and asked what was the matter. The fox told her his troubles. The sister told him how she had made hers. So the Fox took some of that, and made a door for that side.

The Fox then said, "Now, if you or I get out first, shall roll this world." There was the bluebird, red-bird, and ksop (the smallest bird), who thought that they would go up to the sky and hang themselves. So, as the water came, the sister went into her olla, the Fox in his place, and the birds flew to heaven and hung on to the blue sky.

While the water was upon the face of the earth, the sister's olla went east, and the Fox's south.

As for the birds, the water was high enough that their tails were in the water. The bluebird was crying, and could not be comforted. At last the little Ksop said, "I am the smallest one, yet I am not crying." Then the bluebird stopped crying. They staid for some months, and the water was not all gone yet. When the sister got out, she went and saw the birds coming down. She hunted for the Fox, who was not out yet. All the water was gone. He took mud and put it on his legs and his body to make believe he had been out a long time. As he saw the sister, he shouted, "I was the first out!" The birds said they had been out first. But the sister said nothing. So they went their way. But the sister went to a pond near by, and was getting some mud, when the Fox came and asked what she was going to do. The sister said that she was going to make some people to live on the earth. The Fox asked to help, and began to get his mud. When they got ready to make them, the Fox said, "Let us not show each other until we are through!" He turned his back, and began to make dolls with one arm or one leg, one eye, one of each part of the body, laughing at the same time.

When they got through, they showed each other what they had made. The sister asked many questions about how they were going to work. The sister told him to take the dolls and put them behind the Ocean in another world. She did not care to have people like that. So he took them and put them there. The Indians still believe that there are people who are like that; and the sister breathed into those people that she had made, and they were alive. The Indians call the Fox our brother for fun.

Louise.

THE FOX'S JOURNEY

Once there was a Fox who was going toward the east. He passed by a cottonwood-tree.

As he went on a little farther from the tree, he heard a voice, saying, "Rough-edged ears, long paws, sharp mouth, long tail, gray eyes!" Whoever was saying this was kind of singing.

When the Fox heard it, he thought to himself, "Why, the person meant me," and was kind of mad.

So the Fox went back to the place where the sound seemed to be, but found nobody.

He went on his way again. Pretty soon he heard the same voice, saying the very same thing again.

Then he was so angry; and he said, "If I find you, I am going to do something to you." So he went back to the same place, but this time he looked and looked, till at last he turned the leaves of the cottonwood-tree upside down, which were on the ground.

they got their water. The Duck went and sat on it where he could see himself in the water. So when the Fox came, he asked his wife where she had saved the head of the Duck. "Did the Duck come that I sent to tell you to cook him?" he said; and she said, "Yes, he came, but told me to cook these things, so I did." The Fox was very much displeased. And as he was going to get some water, there he saw the Duck, and he said, "There you are! I am going to eat you." So he went to his house and got a mortar, and tied it around his waist, and went into the water to get the Duck; but it was not heavy enough, so he came up and got a grinding-stone, and that was just too heavy. He sank into the water, and never returned. But he never reached the bird that he was after, because he was just up in a tree, while the Fox thought he was in the water. So he got drowned.

Mary Williams.

THE EAGLE

There once lived a man who is said to have been good for nothing.

But one day he metamorphosed himself into an Eagle. He went and lived upon a high steep mountain, and, coming down, killed people every day.

One day a little man decided to kill him, and so went up; and finally, when he came to the place where the Eagle lives, the Eagle was away, but his wife was at home.

The woman told him that he must hide himself, for it was about time for the coming of the Eagle.

The little man at once transformed himself into a fly, and hid himself under a pile of dead bodies.

In a few hours came the Eagle with more dead bodies. After eating his dinner, being weary from his long journey, he lay down and went to sleep.

The little man came out from his hiding-place, cut off the Eagle's head, and poured warm water over the dead bodies, and they came back to life again. But some had been there so long, that they turned white; and when the little man tried to talk to them, they talked a different language. So he separated them from the Indians, and called them white men.

These legends are no longer believed, as the Indians are coming out of their superstition into a better knowledge.

Johnson Azul (7th Grade).

CASA BLANCA

There is an Indian legend told by the Indians about the early inhabitants of this country.

These people that are supposed to have lived a long time ago did not know how to make adobe.

They did nothing but work, because they were friendly, and they never fought each other.

They went to work and put up a building many stories high.

They did not have anything to carry the mud with, nor did they have any tools to use; but they carried the mud in their hands, and put it on the wall, and packed it till it staid on firmly.

They worked on it for a long time, and they finished it at last.

The walls were thick, and it contained many small rooms. This was their protection against the hot sun and rain.

And there was a man whom they all depended upon in everything.

This man had power to do anything he wanted, and all these people were afraid of him; and if anything happened, they would go to him, and he settled the matter.

One time they were discontented with him, and began to think of killing him. Many plans were made how to kill him.

They were in a house talking over the matter, and some one was found who could do it.

This was a friend of the Sun. Four days were given him, and at the end of that time he was to try.

After four days were over, he went eastward, where the sun rises; and in the morning, as the sun was coming up, he joined it, and followed it all the way till it set; and the next day he came home and told the people that within four days this man should die.

This powerful man was thinking of no danger. After four days, the sun came up brightly, and it was hotter than ever. He could not stand it any longer.

He had a bed which was always cold, a pond, a chair, and a rod. These were always cold.

He went to his chair and sat on it, but it was hot, as if it had been heated. Then he went to his rod, and it was just as hot; then to his pond, and it was hot; and last he went to his bed, and there he died.

When some of them knew it, they went and picked him up and threw him outside.

Many years after, nothing was left of him but bones.

All these years the people were happy, and their children always went every day to these bones, and played about, and jumped over them.

Forty years passed after his death. One day these children went again, and found that his flesh was growing again. They ran back and told the people of this; and they told them to let him alone, for something would happen soon.

On the next day they went again, and found that there was a white spot on his breast; and when they returned, they told their parents about it. And the third day they went, and he was sitting up fixing

his canteen; and they told their parents that the old man was alive again, and was getting ready to take a long journey. The fourth day they found him gone. He sank into the ground, and went to the other side of the world, and there he told the people how his friends had treated him at home. And he wanted them to go and destroy them.

A man who was a chief of that tribe called the people, and told them that a man had come from a strange country, and wanted to say something to them all.

In the evening they all gathered around him; and he told them of his wishes to fight these people, and they all agreed with him.

A few days later they found themselves starting off, — men, women, and children.

And as they came, he told these people that no one should look back as they were travelling along. Nobody was carrying anything except weapons. The Fox was foolish, and he looked back and saw that there were many. He said, "How are we going to fight them, for we are too many, and some of us might not kill any?"

As soon as he stopped speaking, the place from where they came up was shut off, and many others did not come. They scolded him for looking back.

And after going a little ways, he saw the babies as they were going by themselves. He said, "How is it that these babies are running by themselves? What will our people think of them?"

And suddenly they all stopped, and the women had to carry them on their backs.

They began their fighting. They killed every one of the people. Finally they came to this large strong building which was full of people. They could not do anything with it, but stood around it and looked at it for a long time. They tried to get inside, but they could not do it.

A little Snake who was an orphan was brought before them all. He said, that if they would let him, he could do the work.

They all looked upon him as he went to it and stretched himself around it, and pulled it with such force that the walls began to fall little by little. This was continued till the whole building fell into ruins, and the people that were in it were buried.

They continued their journey all over the country, and killed people.

A Rattlesnake who could not run very fast never killed any one, because those that run fast would have killed all before he came.

And finally he asked an animal that dug its hole in the ground to help him. And this creature dug into the ground, and the Snake followed him till they came to a village where the chief stands and calls the people when anything happens. There the Snake waited all night under the stone on which this chief stands.

Early in the morning the chief came along, and was standing on this stone. Rattlesnake raised his head and bit him on the heel, and there the chief died.

In the morning, when they came to that place, they found that the chief had been killed by the Rattlesnake; and they thought much of him because he had killed the great man of that village.

They passed on till they had killed every one, and none were left.

They took their land, and lived in it many years.

This great building that was ruined is supposed to be the one which is now known as Casa Blanca.

Miguel.

THE TRANSFORMED GRANDMOTHER

Once far away there lived an old woman, with her two grandchildren in a lonely place near a very high and steep mountain.

One day she told her grandchildren that there was a plant that the Indians use for food, that grows on the mountains, and that she had made up her mind to gather some of it.

She started at once toward the mountain near them. When she got to the bottom of the mountain, she looked up, but could not see the top; but she determined to climb it, so she took her cane in one hand, and sang her song. With these she continued to climb the steep mountain. She grew weary, and sat down, and looked up above; but still the top did not seem any nearer, so she began her climbing again.

She had to rest many times before she could see the top she was aiming for. The poor woman had to rest again, as before, near the top. It was evening before she came to the top of the place. She had suffered all the way; for her feet were bleeding, being cut by rocks and thorns, till at last she stood before the plant itself.

She began pulling the plant out of the ground, and she pulled it too hard; and away she rolled down the mountain-side, and the plant with her.

Great stones and rocks rolled over her, and almost smashed her before her body could reach the bottom. She was killed on the way; but it was said that the bones picked themselves up and started toward home, singing a song.

In the mean time the children began to get anxious for their grandmother to return. So, as they sat around the little fire they had built, they heard some one singing or talking far away. Nearer and nearer the sound came; and the younger one began to ask what it was that was making the noise. The older one knew this sound was made by her grandmother, so she told the younger one that they must go into the house and close the doorway with a kind of blanket that is made or woven like a basket. The material used for this is a kind of weed

that grows in the river sometimes, and is used to sleep or sit on, when cloth or blanket is not to be had, as it was at this time of my story.

They went inside and held the "*mine*" over the door, as it is called in Pima, so that the woman might not enter. At last she came and ran around the house many times, singing as she ran. The children were planning what they would do if she should break in through the door. One of them said she would turn into a blue stone, and the other said he would turn into a stick burning at one end. So they dropped the "*mine*" they held in their hands. When the woman entered, there was nobody to be seen — only the blue stone and the burning stick. She stood calling, but no answer came.

Lucy Howard.

AN OLD WOMAN AND HER GRANDSONS

Once there lived an old woman with two grandsons of hers. It happened one day that there was a cow killed behind some hills. When she heard about it, she went to see if they would not give her a piece of meat. When she got there, the people were getting meat and going off; and before long everything was gone, and the poor woman was left with nothing. After everybody had gone away, she gathered two lumps of blood, and she placed them under some rocks near by. When this was done, she started home. When she got there, she told her boys that they must go every day and see the blood till it turned into animals. One day the boys went again to see the blood; and, to their great surprise, there were two little animals instead of blood. One was a little bear, and one was a little lion. They took them home to their grandmother, and she told them that each one could have one for a pet.

One day the Indian women were going to play sticks, — a game which the Indian women used to enjoy so much; and the grandmother and her boys were going.

The boys took their pets along. When they got there, the people liked their pets, and some wanted to buy them; but neither was willing to sell his pet. Some of the men said that they could have them, even if the boys did not want to give them up. They made a plan to kill the grandmother and take the animals away from those boys. When she found out the plan, she started right home with her boys and the animals. When they got home, she told her boys to run to the mountains to save their pets; and she also told them that when they came back, they would find her dead body lying by the wall, and that they must bury it in a big ditch near their house. After a while a tobacco-plant would grow on top of her grave for them to smoke. So the boys started to run. It was not long before the men appeared behind them. Every time they came nearer, the boys would throw the poor things

forward; then, when they got there, they would pick them up again. It was evening, and the men stopped and started back home.

The boys were on the mountain. They could not come down, so they decided to spend the night up there. They found a nice place among the rocks; and the oldest went to sleep right away, but the younger one was afraid. After a while he heard somebody saying, "One was a little bear, one was a little bear;" and the foxes were crying, and the owls were also helping. The little boy could not stand this, so he woke his brother up; but his brother told him that he must have some sleep, or he would not reach home. So the little fellow fell asleep at last.

In the morning they started home all safe. When they got home, sure enough, they found their grandmother dead and stiff. And they did as she wished, buried her in the ditch; and the tobacco grew on top of her grave, and they smoked it; and the big Black Beetle saw them, and he did as they had done; but he smoked too much. That is why the black beetle holds the hind part of its body way up in the air, and also gives out such a bad smell.

Mariana García.

THE BROTHERS

Long, long time ago there was a family who were living on the bank of a river. They had two boys. One of them was a fine-looking boy, and the other was an ugly-looking boy.

One day their father thought that the two boys ought to get married. So he made a little house, into which he put his sons, and then he went around and told the people about it. Lots of the women wanted to get married. So they went and came to the place where that house stood. The father went in there and painted the boys' faces. He painted the boy's face that was an ugly-looking boy all around, and made it look very nice; and when he painted the fine-looking boy's face, he did not paint it so nice as the other boy's, because he thought, when the women saw that fine-looking boy, all would want to be his wife. So he took them out and put them in each corner of the house, and told the people that all the women should take their choice. So one by one the women went to that ugly-looking boy whom his father had painted very nice, and they thought he was a fine-looking boy. And not one of them went to that fine-looking boy.

His father was very sorry, for he wanted that fine-looking boy to get married.

The ugly-looking boy took all the women that he had married, and went to the side of a mountain and lived there as a tribe of Indians. The other boy went with his father and mother and cousin to their home on the bank of the river, where they raised crops.

The boy and his cousin would go to that field and work there all day, and come home in the evening.

The way they went across the river was to get into a basket and whirl it around.

One day when they were going again, their father was very sad, for he knew that his other son was coming to kill them, but he did not tell them.

So they went again, and staid over there in the field; yet the father and mother got ready and fled away to the ocean, and then crossed it and made a home on the other side.

While his son was working with his cousin, they saw dust going up. It was his brother coming to kill him. So he told his cousin to get into that basket and go away. She did so, and the boy staid there. And his brother came and killed him, took off his head and took it back to their home, where they played a game in which they rolled around that boy's head.

The girl that had crossed the river went to her home, but she did not find the folks there; so she got some things that she thought she would need, and started to follow the old folks that had left their home and fled. She would go to rest where they had been resting; and when she had rested enough, she would go again until she came to the place where the other folks had slept. She would stay there and sleep, and early in the morning she would go again.

One day she got a baby. She staid under a tree; for she did not know what to do, for it was very hot. She looked around and saw a hawk that was lying dead on the ground. She picked it up and made a cradle of it, and put her baby in there, and then she went on. As she was going, she thought she would give him a name; so she called him Hawk-Feathers-Cradle. When she came to the ocean, she got across; and when she was in sight of her home folks, the father and mother saw her coming and danced with joy. The mother ran to her, and took the baby in her arms and went to their home.

When the baby was old enough, his grandfather made him a stick and bent it, and let him play with it all day for a long time, until he was a little older. Then his grandfather tied a string to that stick, and gave it to him, and he played with it until he was an older boy. Then his grandfather made a nice bow and arrow for him.

Hawk-Feathers-Cradle would go to the seashore and pick up things that he thought good to eat. While he was standing on the shore, large fish would pass by him. Sometimes he tried to shoot them. One day he went to the shore again. There was a tree standing near the shore. He went under it for a rest. He sat down; and as he looked up, he saw a bird sitting on a branch. He took his bow, aimed at it, and shot it in the leg. The bird fell to the ground.

The bird said, "Cure me, Hawk-Feathers-Cradle, for I will save you some time when you are in danger."

Hawk-Feathers-Cradle took the arrow off, and cured the bird's leg. Then the bird said, "If there is something I can do for you, it is that I can turn you into a bird when you are in danger and want to become a bird for a while." Hawk-Feathers-Cradle was very much pleased, and went back home.

The next day he came again to the shore. As he was standing by the shore, that fish that was not afraid came again. He got ready to shoot it. When that fish came near, he aimed at it, and shot it in the back. He quickly jumped in and took it out, and ran to his mother and told her about it.

So they all went and got it.

One day he went to the place where that other tribe of Indians lived on the mountain-side. He sat on the mountain, and watched them playing a game in which they rolled about the boy's head. So he thought about the bird that he had shot in the leg one day. He became a bird and flew down to where they were playing that game. He flew over that head. The people were scared. They got their bows and arrows and tried to shoot him. He went off, but he came back again. The men got their bows and arrows again, and one of them shot him in the leg, where the bird had told him he would be shot if he was not careful. Hawk-Feathers-Cradle went on the mountain and took off the arrow. He was very angry. He went and told all kinds of animals to help him fight the people on the mountain-side. They were all wanted to help. They all went and destroyed the people.

Herbert Schurz.

THE FIRST WHITE MEN SEEN

It is said by the Pimas that a long time ago, when they never saw any white man, they were all living at Casa Blanca. Nobody lived at Salt River or Sacaton or Black Water. Once they saw great smoke rising from the ground about a mile away from where they lived. They did not know what it was. They were so scared, that they were about to run away. The chief said, "I will go and see what it is." He went on horseback, and saw people just like them, but they had white skin. He did not show himself to them, but he just looked at them from some distance away. He went back and told the Pimas what their appearance was. And about seven o'clock they were passing near their homes. All the Pimas went to see them. The Pimas were standing on one side, watching them going along. They were white men that they saw. A great many of them were cutting trees before them. They were making the road. Many of them were soldiers, and many were riding on horseback. Cattle were going along with them. Many were just walking. There were about three hundred of them. About three o'clock they had all passed. The white people saw that the Pimas wore no clothes, so some of them tried to give them clothes. Some

of them tried to give them money. But when the Pimas got it, they did not know that it was worth anything. They thought they were just stones. So they threw them on the ground, and the white people took them back. The Pimas never troubled the white people; but the Apaches made war against the white people.

Edward Nelson (5th Grade).

THE DOG WHO BEFRIENDED A FOX

Once upon a time there lived some people, and they had a dog that would never bark at foxes. His master had many chickens, and they were caught by the foxes. The dog lay around the house asleep all the time. And so one time his master did not feed him, and scolded the dog, who went away from the house. At last he made friends with a fox. They said to each other that they were very hungry. The Fox said they would go near the man's house, and stay a little distance from the house. And the Dog would go and lie down somewhere near his master's house, and the Fox would run and try to catch a hen. Then the Dog would bark at him, and run after and pretend to bite him. The Dog ran after the Fox a long distance, and then let him go, and came back to his master, who saw that the Dog had chased the Fox away. His master gave some meat to the Dog, who took the meat and followed his friend where he had chased him away. At last he found him under a bush. They divided the meat. After they got through, the Fox said that they would stay there until midnight, and then they would go and steal something to eat, when the people would be asleep and could not see them. So at midnight both went to where the Dog's master lived. They went to the house just next to where the people slept, and began to dig a hole at the bottom of the house. They made the hole through the house, and they both got inside.

They hunted up the food, and they found some cheese. The Fox made a belt out of the string, and made holes through the cheese, as he cut it into little pieces.

When the Fox had put the cheese all around his waist, he stopped. After a while he found a bottle. The Fox asked the Dog what it was. The Dog said that was whiskey and made people crazy when they drank it.

The Fox wanted to take a drink. The Dog tried not to let him, because he might get drunk and be caught; but the Dog could not keep him from drinking. So at last the Fox took a drink. The Fox wanted to drink some more. The Dog tried his best not to let him take any more drink; but at last the Dog gave it up, and so the Fox drank some more. And after a while the Fox said he would yell just a little, but not loud. So he yelled. The Fox said again he would yell again,

and that would be just a little louder than before. The Dog tried his best not to let him yell, but could not hinder him, and at last the Fox yelled loud. His friend the Dog ran out of the house and barked at him, and all the rest of the dogs came and barked around the house.

The Dog's master heard this yell. He came out of his house and went around the other house where he kept things to eat. There he found a hole at the bottom of the house, and then he got in the house and killed the Fox in there. Then he went to bed again; and in the morning, when he went where he had killed the Fox, he found him lying on the ground with a belt of cheese. He called his family, and they had a laugh at him, and then threw him out of the house. And from then on, the Dog's master liked his dog and always treated him kindly.

The dog never licked from now on.

This is all.

Jones Williams.

THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND OF THE TEN'A

BY JOHN W. CHAPMAN

IN the year 1887 the writer was left at a little Indian village on the lower Yukon River. The natives of this region are variously designated as Ingiliks, Tinneh, or Ten'a. They are of Athapascan stock, and are related to the Apache and other tribes in the United States. Twenty years ago they were living in a nearly primitive condition. Stone implements had been discarded but a short time; and their legends, customs, and traditions were nearly all of a primitive character. On a hill overlooking the village was one of the ancient burial-sites; and the graves were, and still are, objects of interest to visitors. Beside each grave, attached in some manner to a stake or to a tree, was an implement that had been used by the dead, or some utensil intended for his use. These were invariably broken or in some way rendered unserviceable. New tin pails would be thrust through by a stake, and nearly every grave had one of these to mark it. Guns, snowshoes, and other implements of the chase, were to be seen here and there. During the warmer months, and especially in the spring, the doleful crooning for the dead could be heard almost any morning from the hill-top; and if one cared to go up, he might find a man sitting in an attitude of dejection by the grave of his wife, or a widow, with her hair cut short at the neck, mourning by the grave of her husband.

Such marks as these, indicating a tender regard for the memory of the dead, and probably a belief in their continued existence, could not fail to excite the curiosity of a resident among a people so lightly touched by civilization, and to lead him off into the pursuit of that phantom which has tantalized so many students of primitive races, the real status of their belief in a future existence. In the present instance, the extreme reticence of the people with regard to this subject, and the vagueness of their expressions concerning it, had produced the impression upon me that they had no settled belief. Yet there was a legend, and, after nearly a quarter of a century of daily intercourse with its guardians, it was run to earth in a dug-out on the bank of a tributary of the Yukon. There were some things that kept curiosity alive; notably, the "parka" feasts given every year in the fall, in memory of deceased relatives. At these festivals the resources of the host are taxed to the utmost, and often the accumulations of years are given away. We learned, in a general way, that it was done for the benefit of the dead; and that the food which was offered the

guests, and the parkas or fur garments which were presented to them, in some manner fed and clothed the spirits of those who were gone. We also heard of a belief that the soul goes downward into the earth at death, and that it finds a trail leading up the Yukon to some city of the dead near its sources; and we found that the expression, "He has gone up the river," would nearly always provoke a smile, and sometimes some laughing comment. Little by little it came out that there was a tradition of a woman who in some way had been taken to the city of the dead, and had returned to her own people; and at length the whole story was told. I give it below, without embellishment.

"There was once a family living upon the Yukon, which consisted of a man and his wife, several sons, and a daughter. Since the girl was their only sister, her brothers were very fond of her, and did everything that they could think of to make her happy. Among other things, they made her a little sled for her own use.

"It came the time of the spring hunt, and the whole family prepared to go out into the mountains. When all was ready, they started out, each one pushing his sled; the girl coming last, and so getting the benefit of the trail made by the rest.

"As they went along, she lagged behind, and the rest of the family passed out of sight. She hurried to overtake them, putting her head down and pushing with all her might, looking up occasionally to see whether she could catch sight of them. At length she saw some one; but when she came near, it proved to be, not her own friends, but two men who were strangers to her, standing beside the path. Their forms were vague and shadowy, and she was afraid to approach them, but they called to her to come on; and since there was no other way for her to go, she went forward and tried to pass them; but when she reached them, they seized her, and she was caught up and hurried somewhere,—in what direction, or for how long a time, she could not tell, for she lost consciousness, and did not come to herself until she found that she was being set down in front of a house. The two men were still with her. She looked around, and noticed that there were no tracks about the house, except directly in front of the door. The men told her to go in, and take her place in the middle of the room. When she entered, she found that it was so dark that nothing could be seen except one little ray of light, that came from a long way through the darkness overhead. She stood for a long time watching this, with her face turned upward, when she heard the voice of an old woman saying, 'Why did they bring that woman here?' The girl did not know that there was any one in the room, and she tried to discover some one in the darkness, but could not see anything. Another voice said, 'Why don't you fix her?' and she heard the old woman coughing as she came toward her. It was a very old woman, with a wand in her hand. She led the girl over and stood her with her face toward the door, and made passes around her and over her clothing with the wand, when suddenly it became light, and she saw that the room was full of women, all looking at her. The place was so crowded, that there was no place vacant but one, which was reserved for the two men. She ran to that place and covered her face with her hands, for she was ashamed

to think that she had stood so long looking upward in the presence of so many people. She remained there until evening, when the two young men came in. They staid but a little while, and then went out again, saying that they were going to the kashime.

"Presently some one started a fire in the house, and the girl was hardly able to breathe on account of the stifling atmosphere. She pulled her parka up over her mouth, and found that in that way she could get a little breath. She looked down at the fire and saw the sticks moving about of themselves. She wondered at this, and jumped down and ran to the fire and poked the sticks together. The flame leaped up, when a voice at her feet said, 'What did you do that for? You are burning me.' Another voice said, 'These down-river women have no shame about anything. They do whatever comes into their heads.' When she heard that, she looked more closely, and saw the outlines of the figure of an old man sitting by the fire, with his parka pulled up, so as to warm his back. It was he who had complained of being burned. The reason that the sticks had moved was, that there were a great many women from the village outside, getting fire from that place, but she was unable to see them. She heard one of them asking her why she did not let them get fire, instead of poking the sticks down. After the fire had burned down and the curtain had been drawn over the smoke-hole, the women told her to go out of doors and look around. She did this, and found that the house stood in the midst of a village, larger than any that she had ever seen. The place was full of people walking back and forth; and the houses stretched away as far as she could see, and farther.

"She stood looking upon this scene for some time, and then turned and went into the house. The young men presently came in from the kashime, and their mother sent them a bowl of fish that she had prepared for them. They invited the girl to eat with them; but she was nauseated by the very sight of the food, as well as by its odor, and she could neither eat it, nor drink the water that they offered her. So they took their meal without her. Every day this was repeated. Food was always offered her, but she was never able to touch it; and her only entertainment was to walk outside.

"The other women also made fun of her, probably because they were jealous. Day by day she became weaker from the want of food, until her strength was almost gone. It became more difficult for her to breathe, too, and she sat with her face under her parka nearly all the time. One day, when she was at death's door, she sat as usual, with her face under her parka, and thought of the clear water that she used to drink at home, and it seemed to her as though there were nothing else in the world that would taste to her so good. She felt that she was about to die, and she lifted her face to look around, when she was delighted to see at her side a bowl of water, clear and good, and beside it another bowl filled with mashed blueberries mixed with seal-oil, and on this were laid the finest kind of dried white-fish. She caught up the bowl and drank eagerly, and afterward ate some of the food. When the young men came in, she asked them if they would not like some of her food; but they turned away from it, as she had done from theirs, and went to eating their own distasteful food. This kept up for half a year. She did not know where the food and water came from, which she found by her side from time to time. It was really her parents, who were making offerings for her, thinking that she was dead.

"As winter drew near, the people among whom she was staying began to talk of the winter hunt, and to make preparations for it. The women who lived in the house, and who were jealous of her, teased her by telling her that there was a hill on the way to the hunting-grounds, which she would be unable to climb, and that she would be left behind. The mother of the two young men assured her that this was so, but she told her that she would tell her what to do; and under her direction she made a great quantity of clothing, — mittens, boots, and ornamented moose-skin coats, — which she stowed away in bags, keeping the matter a secret from the young men. These things she was to take with her when they set out upon the hunt.

"At length the time came for them all to start. The people of the village streamed out in a great crowd, and the trail was crowded with figures as far as the eye could reach. The family to which the girl was attached were the last of all to start, and the girl and the old woman were in the rear. As they went on, the hill of which they had told her came in sight; and she saw that the trail led up a steep precipice, which it would be impossible for her to ascend. Those in front of her made nothing of it, going up as lightly as they walked upon level ground; but when she attempted to do the same thing, not only was she unable to imitate them, but her feet stuck fast, and she could not lift them. The young men had gone up, and were out of sight; but the old woman had remained behind with the girl, who finally found that when she attempted to turn around and retrace her steps, she could do so. Now the old woman showed her good-will; for she told the girl that the men would come back looking for her, and that they would search for her four days before giving her up, and that if they found her they would kill her. If she wished to go on, she would allow herself to be killed, and then she would have no difficulty in getting up the precipice; but if she wished to return to her own people, she must go back to the Yukon by the trail that they had come, and by following it she would come out at a fishing-camp, where there were great numbers of fish-nets, and racks upon which to dry the fish. She was to remain there until the spring; and when the water was open enough for her to fish, she was to catch as many fish as possible, and to hang them on the frames and dry them. When the ice had left the river, means would be provided for her to finish her journey.

"So the girl chose to go back to her own people; and the old woman dug out a great hole in the path by which they had come, and made the girl get into it, with her sled and the bags full of clothing, and then threw the snow back upon her, trampling it down with her snowshoes, so that it was impossible to tell where she was concealed. The men came back and looked for the girl, as the old woman had said they would do. Four days they searched for her; and when they finally gave it up and went away, she came out from under the snow, and went down to the fishing-camp, as she had been told to do. Spring came, and her catch of fish was excellent; but she could not use them, for they affected her in the same way that those in the house had done. Notwithstanding this, she kept on fishing, and hanging the fish up to dry, according to the directions that she had received.

"One night, after the ice had stopped running in the river, she went to bed as usual; but in the middle of the night she was awakened by a great noise, and, running out, she saw an enormous log, which had grounded in front of her camp. It was a green spruce, still covered with branches.

Among these she made a hiding-place for herself, weaving them in and out; and when this was done, she went to the house for the bags containing the clothing, and stowed them away in her retreat. Then she attempted to push the log out into the stream, but found that she could not do it. Stopping for a moment to think what she might have left behind, she thought of her work-bag, which she had left in the house on the bank. When she had run to get this, she found that the log would move, and so she set out upon her journey down the river. The log kept to the middle of the river, until she came in sight of a village, and heard the sound of singing and dancing. Some one said, 'Why do they not go out and see what is on the log?' and finally two men set out in canoes and came alongside. She kept herself concealed from the people in the village, but spoke to the men, and offered them gifts of clothing if they would go back and report that they had found nothing. They did this, and she kept on unmolested.

"All summer and fall she floated on; and her experience at the first village was so often repeated, that she found that her stock of clothing was at last exhausted. Then, just before the river began to freeze, the log grounded again, on the right bank, going down; and she went ashore, and kept on her way on foot. Village after village she passed, when one day she saw her father making his way upstream in an old broken canoe. She called to him, but he seemed not to hear her. Again and again she called, and ran frantically along the bank, waving and calling, until he had gone out of sight; and she turned back, and sorrowfully resumed her journey down the river.

"The cold increased, and winter came on. Then she turned into a little bird, and kept on her way. As she came to a village, she would light upon the edge of the open smoke-hole of a house, and sing; and the people, looking up, would say, 'How is it that that bird sings the name of the girl who died?' for she sang her own name. At length she arrived at her parents' village at the time when the parka feasts are now held. All the people were either in their own houses or in the kashime. She resumed her own shape, and went into her mother's house, and saw her mother sitting by the fire, weeping. She paid no attention to her daughter, even though she went to her and put her arms around her, and kissed her on the cheek; but she stopped crying, to say, 'What is it that makes my waist and my cheek feel so strangely?' The girl called to her again and again; but she did not seem to hear, even though she sat down upon her lap and put her face against her mother's. At length she began to look around, and, seeing some fish-eggs lying in a corner, she took them and rubbed them over her clothing. Then her mother saw her and screamed, not knowing what to make of her appearance. 'It is my own daughter!' said she. They sat down; and the girl told her mother all that had happened to her, and how she had seen her father going up the river in a broken canoe. 'He died,' said her mother, 'in the fall, just before the river froze, and we broke his canoe and put it on the grave.' Then she asked for her brothers, and learned that they were in the kashime, preparing to celebrate a parka feast for the sister whom they supposed to be dead.

"Now the mother and her daughter prepared to go into the kashime, and they took with them a large blanket of beaver-skin, with which the older woman screened the other when they entered. In this way she reached a corner of the room unperceived by those who were there. She remained

quiet until they were about to begin the feast, and then danced out into the middle of the room before them all. They were astonished to see her, and no one knew what to do or say. But she went to her place; and then her brothers brought her the parkas that they had intended to give away, and asked her to tell them all that had befallen her; and from that time to this, the parka feasts have been celebrated, and offerings of food and drink have been made for the dead, in order that they may not suffer for the want of anything that we can do for them. Four times the feast must be given before the spirit is satisfied.

"Now as to the log upon which that girl came down the Yukon, it came from the place where the dead are, to this world where we live; and as to the white men who are coming into this country in such numbers, they can do with impunity things that would kill an Indian, because they are the spirits of dead Indians who have come back to live among us."¹

ANVIK, ALASKA

¹ Compare E. W. Nelson, "The Eskimo about Bering Strait," *18th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1896-97, p. 488.

AINU FOLK-LORE¹

BY BRONISLAS PILSUDSKI

4101

I. THE OWL

I WAS living happily in the Horokaruru² settlement, in that part of it which is near to the big forest. But then I heard that the sister of Self-brought-up-Man (Yairesupo)³ was very beautiful. Therefore I wanted to see her by my side, always sitting at my knee, nearer to the door.⁴ So I went to Self-brought-up-Man's house and sat down. Self-brought-up-Man bade me good-morning, but he never turned to speak to me. I said, "Although I am not very powerful, nevertheless I should like to see thy younger sister in my house, at my knee. That is why I have come to see thee." But Self-brought-up-Man answered, "Oh, thou scapegrace! thou art only a useless bird, a little man-owl, covered with bristly feathers, — a small owl, — and I have no idea of letting my sister marry thee." When I heard those insulting words, a mighty anger arose in my heart. I went out furious, and perched on the top of a big "inau"⁵ built at the back of the house. There I sat, full of wrath, and began to screech and to shout towards Self-brought-up-Man's house. My cries from on high fell on the women's corner.⁶ I shouted down at them from the "inau." And Self-brought-up-Man's guardian spirit, the angel (*seremaki*),⁷ was taken ill, and Self-brought-up-Man himself nearly saw the lower world.⁸

For two days, for three days, I screeched; and at last Self-brought-up-Man said, "Little man-owl, do not be angry any more! I am no longer going to withhold my sister from thee. I shall allow thee to take my sister, and to look at her, while she shall sit at thy knee." So I kept my temper, and married the woman, and took her with me everywhere I went. Therefore I am of one blood with mankind (*entsiu*). I am only a little man-owl, but next of kin to man.

¹ The specimens of Ainu folk-lore here given were gathered among the Ainu of the Island of Saghalin. Nos. 1-3 are legendary songs (Oyna); Nos. 4-6, 11, tales (Utsáskoma); Nos. 7-10, fables (Tuita); No. 12, a poem (Hauki).

² The name of the place is often found in Ainu folk-lore. It means "the back sea."

³ The first Ainu, half god and half man, — the usual hero in all Ainu legendary tales in Saghalin. The literal meaning of the word is "the man who brought up himself."

⁴ This is the usual place of the wife in an Ainu house.

⁵ A stick or pole with shavings partly cut off and hanging down from it. It is considered to be an offering to the gods.

⁶ The women's corner in an Ainu house is the left-hand rear corner, the men's the right-hand rear corner, standing with face towards the door.

⁷ *ś*, *k*, are used to express palatized *s* and *k*.

⁸ Pohna kotan ("the lower world") is the world of the dead.

4102 2. THE OTTER

I lived at home, but tidings reached me of the death of a man who was drowned at sea. In order to hear the news, I went to the door; but I forgot my sword,¹ and went back, and then to the door again; but then I had forgotten the scabbard, and returned once more; then I forgot the hilt, so I went back again; then I forgot the belt on which the sword was to hang, and a fourth time had to return. At last I went out into the yard. The bringer of the news had gone; so I went off to the forest, on his trail. Where the river bends I waded through the water. As I walked by the side of the river, crossing the stream from one bank to the other whenever I arrived at a bend, "Muke tantaïse, muke tsahtse tsahtse."² I saw the devil-bird sitting on a tree. He was terribly angry. "Kanitsin, kanitsin, kanitsin, halloo, little sea-otter, kanitsin, kanitsin! I want to catch Self-brought-up-Man's soul,—kanitsin, kanitsin!—but I cannot." That is what he said. Dissatisfied, I went away,— "muke tantaïse, muke tsahtse tsahtse," walking along the river, and came to a place where two streams part. Between the two river-beds there was a huge maple-tree, with branches stretching to the east. Among these branches the evil spirits had built their house. In that house there was a big case. I prayed, and brought on a flood. The maple-tree was uprooted, and the evil spirits were carried away by the water. I took the case, carried it to the house of Self-brought-up-Man, and gave it to him. He thanked me, and gave me the "inau," and I became a new being (*kamui*). I am living happily, and am now the guardian of Self-brought-up-Man.

4103 3. THE MAN IN THE MOON

My elder sister brought me up. Every day she went out to fetch water. She hit the pail, she struck the scoop. Once she went out and I waited for her in vain. Three nights I waited, and she came not. At last I got anxious. I built an "inau" to my grandmother the Fire, and asked her about my sister, but got no answer. Then, angry, I built an "inau" to the god of the house (*tziise atamba kamui*), and asked him, but he gave no answer. So I went out, full of wrath, to the river's side, and asked the river-god, but got no news. I went also to the forest and built an "inau," and asked my grandmother the Red Fir (*Picea*), but she did not know; so I asked the Siberian Silver Fir (*Abies Veitchi*), but in vain. Full of anger, I left them, and went to my grandmother the Willow-Bush Thicket, and asked her; and she said, "I am a willow-bush thicket, and fond of talking; so listen to what I shall tell thee. Thy sister went up to the moon, and got married to the Man in the Moon."

¹ When news of a man having been drowned is brought to a village, the people who bring it, as well as those who hear it, are armed with old Japanese swords.

² Sounds representing the slow marching of the otter.

I got very angry and marched away, with evil steps, back to the house. As soon as I arrived there, I took an arrow with a black feather, and another one with a white feather, and went out. First I let fly the arrow with the black feather, then the one with the white feather, and, holding the ends of the arrows with my two hands, I rose up into the air among the clouds; and there was my elder sister, who stepped out of her house smiling, and the ends of her eyebrows drooped. She was holding the hand of a little girl. I never had seen such a girl before. From her face, beams of light were darting forth. That light spread out on all sides, and struck my head. Beautiful eyes looked at me. All my bad feelings vanished. My sister said, "Why art thou angry, my boy? Dost thou not see, that, thanks to the Man in the Moon, thou wilt be able to marry this beautiful little girl?"

From that time I was in high spirits, and my anger was gone. I entered the house, and there was my divine brother-in-law sitting on an iron stool, and smiling at me amiably. I was contented and sat down. Never had I seen a man like that before. Near the corner where the "inau" to the god of the house is set, there was a high case¹ which reached to the roof; and at the women's corner there were likewise cases leaning on beams. In the middle, on an iron stool, sat the divine man, and he was looking at me. He looked kindly at me, as though he might have seen me before.

Then the mistress of the house gave me to eat; and the master said, "I am a god, and I wanted to have thy sister; therefore I took her who was handling the pail and the scoop to my house. There I married her, and we are living very happily. Take my child now, and marry her, though she be miserable, then wilt thou at least have somebody to fetch thy water."

Since that time I have been related to the Man in the Moon. He married my elder sister, and they had two children, — a boy and a girl. We were powerful, and had no children, and grew old. And my elder sister had children and brought them up, and then grew old. This we heard from the birds.

41244. ORIGIN OF SEAL ISLAND ("ROBIN ISLAND")

At Tokes² there lived in former years a great many Ainu people. The wife of an Ainu man happened once to be pregnant. The Ainu got angry³ and hit his wife with a thong made out of a sea-lion skin. After

¹ In cases usually set at this place the Ainu keep their treasures, — swords, arrows, bows, and quivers. According to the height of this place, people used to judge of the wealth of the inhabitants.

² Tokes (literally "the end of the lake") was an Ainu settlement situated on the Bay of Patience. It no longer exists.

³ Because the woman was only his by law: she was betrothed to him, but she had not yet lived with him.

his wrath had subsided a little, he slept at the woman's side, and was quiet again.

After this, two girls were born to him. One of them became a shaman, and her name was Saunnonnu.¹ Before this, there was no island in the sea near Siretoh.² Saunnonnu was the sea-god's daughter, and the second girl was the daughter of the land-god. But Saunnonnu was a shaman, and she pulled out of the sea for the first time an island which had not existed before.

This island comes after the one that is next to the land. It is only visited by one-year-old seals, so it had two names,—Tukara koro mosiri ("the island of the one-year-old seals") and Pompe koro mosiri (another name of the one-year-old seals). And there were lots of seals on the island and in the surrounding waters. But Saunnonnu swam to the island which she had pulled out of the sea, and lived there on one of the rocks. And her people came to the island in boats, killed many seals, loaded the boats with the dead animals, and returned to their country. In this way Saunnonnu's kinsmen lived very well.

Once it happened that some people who lived in the same village quarrelled with one another. The dispute became very hot; and some of the inhabitants got into a boat, taking along their wives with their babies in their arms. They all sailed away to the island where Saunnonnu was living, and went ashore. Saunnonnu, who had seen them come, received them all; and they never returned to the land where they used to live.

After a time, however, there were no more seals³ left on the island, only sea-lions.⁴ Those, however, also died out after a while, and there was only a lot of sea-bears;⁵ and sea-lions appear only seldom, and one at a time. Thus the old tale.

41055. THE SABLE-HUNTER

I went hunting to the mountains, by my little river. I built a house, and the next day I put up an "inau" at the back of it. Then I set some snares (to catch sables), spent the night in the house, and for two days I attended to the snares. That makes three days during which time I was out hunting. Returning home, I looked at my snares, and had caught a lot of game, which astonished me a little. Very glad, I made a large bundle of them, and, looking at my tent, I saw some smoke coming out of it. Astonished, I came nearer; and when

¹ Literally, "the flower from near the sea."

² The Ainu call long tongues of land, like the Cape of Patience, "ends of the earth" (*Siretoh*). The myth is about Seal Island.

³ *Phoca*.

⁴ *Otaria Stelleri*.

⁵ *Otaria ursina*.

I was quite close, I heard a noise as if something were boiling. I was just wondering who could have come to my tent, and be sitting there, when, stepping in, I beheld my wife. I looked at the fire, and saw that she was cooking something while sitting on my bed. I took off my boots; and, as she asked for them, I handed them over to her, doubting in my mind whether she really was my wife. "Perhaps she wants to make me rich," I thought. When I glanced at her once more, I recognized my wife. She was sitting on the bed with a satisfied air. We spent the night in the tent, but we slept apart.

The next morning she got up, and began to go in and out of the tent, preparing the food. I rose later, and, having refreshed my face with water, I sat down to eat. After breakfast the woman said, "After I am gone, I will give thee a sign." After having uttered these words, she left me. "It is a female bear," thought I, and carved out an "inau;" then I looked up, and saw her actually turn into a bear. I was frightened, and placed the "inau" wherever she had been, and I spent the night alone.

The next morning I went out to attend to my snares. Beginning at the nearest one, I took out a lot of game from each one, especially sables. Then the time for setting snares was over, and I went out hunting during the summer, and was very lucky. I killed a great many seals, and got rich, and lived very well.¹

6. SEAL ISLAND

My grandfather had brought me up, feeding me on the flesh of sea-animals which he brought home. Thus we lived. One year, as usual, my grandfather went out to sea to kill some animals, that I might have something to eat. When he came home, late in the afternoon, he had killed no game. Then he said to me, "I have been on the island where I go every year to get game for our living, but there was not one seal on the island. I heard their roaring, though, far out at sea,—the roaring of old beasts. So I thought that the old seals had wandered away from our island to another place. It is a long time since the island that has fed us for so long has been crowded with seals. Now there is not one animal left there; so I came back without killing anything." This is what my grandfather said.

From the moment I heard his words, I kept thinking how I might reach this far-off island. The thought kept me awake nights. One night, when my grandfather was sound asleep, I went down to the seashore. There I took the boat which my grandfather used for hunting, pulled it out on the water, and steered in the direction of

¹ The Ainu legend relates that the inhabitants of the forests come to the Ainu people in the shape of men or women, to help them hunt. They are called *Kimukaiku* ("people of the forest") or *oken okkayo* ("man of the forest"), *oken mahneku* ("woman of the forest").

the other sea. Rowing with all my strength, I soon came in sight of an island far out at sea. A few more strokes of the oars brought me quite close to it, and at last I was able to land.

There were lots of seals everywhere. But from the end of the island a miserable little man appeared. He approached, and soon began to scold me. "Why did you come? Why did you come out on this island? The creatures here are much worse than elsewhere, so why did you come? It is very dangerous to stay here. Hide your boat in yonder cave in the rock, fill it with killed seals, and secrete yourself among their bodies. The awful god of the island is near, so you must hide before he sees you."

The god then arrived; and I heard him ask, "What is this boat?" And Self-brought-up-Man answered, "It is my boat."—"But the little sitting-board is fastened to it with a rope which was twisted with the left hand, and it smells like the smell of a human being," said the evil god again. "I am only half god and half man," Self-brought-up-Man answered, "so the boat may be human, and its smell is human."—"Self-brought-up-Man," said the god, "you are mighty and fearless, and so are your deeds; but to-day we shall measure our powers." This is what he said, and I heard it.

Then the evil god went home; and Self-brought-up-Man turned towards me, and said, "My child, go back to your village as quickly as you can; and when you are sailing near the head¹ of the island, carve an "inau" out of a birch-tree, and one out of an ash-tree, and put them into your boat. Carve out an "inau" from the "uita" tree,² which is the tree of the evil god, and leave it on the island. Your father was a great friend of mine in my youth, therefore I warn you not to come here again, because this land is very dangerous. When you have gone, and are in the middle of the sea, you will hear the din and roar of the battle between the god and myself, and a bloody rain will fall on your boat from above. This will be a sign that I am hurt. But you will go farther still, and again a bloody rain will fall (at the rear of your boat this time), and you will look back and see me kill that evil god. As long as you are away from home, your grandfather will be uneasy about you. He is walking to and fro on the path on which you went away, to the end of it, leaning on a big stick. He knows that you are on this island, and he is praying to me to help you. His words strike the clouds, and his prayers fall on my head from above. D'rect your boat under that rainbow!"

On looking up, I saw that I was near my home, and my grandfather

¹ Usually the north or east side of a land is considered as "the head" or beginning; the south or west, as "the foot" or end.

² The "uita" tree is seldom found in the southern part of Saghalin. I never saw it, and do not know what it is like. Its leaves, soaked in water, produce a beverage which is considered to be a remedy for coughs.

was walking on the sand of the shore, leaning on a thick stick. He was looking so hard up at the sky, and was praying so fervently, that he never noticed me, though I landed just in front of him. I took two seals out of the boat, one in each hand, carried them to my grandfather, and threw them down in front of him. He was so frightened that he fell down on his back. Then only did he look at me, and he was very glad to see me. He patted me on the back and on the chest, and began to scold me gently. "What have you been doing? Why did you go to that island? If it had not been for my friend, the god Samaye,¹ I should see your body no more."

So I went home, skinned the dead animals, cut out quantities of meat, cooked it, and gave my grandfather to eat. After a time my grandfather said to me, "I am old, and my death is near. After I am dead, do not go to the island whence you have just come, because it is dangerous for you."

4107 7. WHY FOXES' EYES SLANT, AND WHY THE HARE HAS NO TAIL

A Bear was living with a Fox. They made a sledge and dragged each other along. First the Bear dragged the Fox, but he got tired. So afterwards the Fox dragged the Bear, but he ran into a narrow place between some trees. The Bear screamed, "You are frightful! Where the trees grow so thick, do not run so fast; but where there is room enough, you may run!" This the Bear said, but the Fox did not listen to him. They soon arrived at a hill. Up they climbed to the top of it; but there the Fox upset the sledge, and the Bear rolled down and was killed. The Fox skinned him, took him home, and ate his meat. When he had finished eating, he tied a bladder to his tail.

Soon the Fox felt hungry again, so he went to the seashore to look for food. He saw a herd of reindeer; and one of them said, "Listen, Fox! Why is it that you have that funny thing tied to your tail?" Thus he asked. "Let me stand among you," said the Fox, "and you butt at me with your antlers, and you also will have such things tied to your tails." So two reindeer took the Fox between them, and tried to toss him with their antlers; but the Fox leaped away, and they only hit each other and died. The Fox skinned them, and took them home and ate their meat.

When he had eaten it all, however, he was hungry again; so he went to the seashore to look for some food. After a while he perceived a hare. The Hare said, "Man-Fox, what did you do that you have such a thing tied to your tail?"—"You could also have such a thing if you would follow my advice. Dig a hole in the ice, put your tail

¹ This is another name of Self-brought-up-Man, given by people who have lived in Yezo. It seems to be derived from the Japanese *Sama*, an honorific term.

into the hole, and strike the snow with your fore-paws, then you will get something tied to your tail." This the Fox said; and the Hare believed, and did as he was told, but his tail froze to the ice. The Fox sprang at him; but the Hare jumped up, and tore himself loose.

The Fox, in dismay, went to the seashore, where he saw a bird sitting on the ice. He stole near the bird; but it flew away, and screamed, "You empty bag! Fat meat is good to eat. You thought you would get me!" and off it went. But the Fox was grieved to have lost his prey, and looked after it a long time.

This is why foxes' eyes slant, and the hare once had a tail, but, because of the fox's deceit, he now lacks a tail.

8. THE CROW AND THE MUSSEL

There was once an old Crow who had a daughter. This little one went to the seashore to look for something to eat among the things which the waves had thrown up on land. Seeing a mussel, she began to peck at the shell; but it closed suddenly, and squeezed the nose of the little Crow. From the sea came a bird, who shouted, "Squeeze tighter!" But the little Crow implored, "Let me out, mussel!" after which she walked home, groaning, "E, e!" The old Crow asked, "What did you do, that you have your beak broken off?" And the little one answered, "As I went out on the seashore, I saw a mussel, and began to peck at it with my beak; but I got my nose caught, and it broke off. Mother, send for the little bird Turn-Head (*Iynx torquilla*)¹ to cure me!" said the little Crow.

So the old Crow went out, and called, "Little woman Turn-Head, come and cure my child!" The old Turn-Head arrived, and healed the beak, and it got well. "When you go out to pick grass *ahrturi* (an edible grass of the *Ranunculaceæ* species), do not take too much at a time!" she said, and went away.

After a time, however, the little Crow took too much grass into her beak. The old woman Turn-Head was summoned; but she said, "When I told you not to take much *ahrturi*-grass, you did not obey, and you pulled too much of the dry grass. Now I cannot help you any more." The beak of this little Crow decayed, and the bird died.

9. IN QUEST OF THE SEA-LION

My elder brother lived with me. I was longing to see the Sea-Lion, whom I had never seen. Yearning for him, I sang; knowing only his name, I loved him dearly. I kept asking my brother (to take me to the Sea-Lion), till he got tired of my entreaties, and began to build a boat. He took an axe and struck the wood: "Kotohno, tohno, kotonu-tonu!" When he had finished the boat, he came into the house, and said, "Quick, get ready for the journey! You shall go with

¹ This bird is considered in fables as a physician.

me to the Sea-Lion, whom you have never seen, and whom you are longing to see." This he said. And I put two ear-rings into the lower ear-hole, and two ear-rings into the upper ear-hole. I arranged my hair, and went out with my elder brother.

We got into the boat, and he took me to a small island, visible from afar. I thought we had arrived at the Sea-Lion's den. We knocked against the rocks which stood out of the water. The hills near the shore were hidden now; also the mountains, that were farther inland. We went quite close to the reefs, and I looked around in order to see whether there were any signs of men having passed; but there was not a trace of a man about us. We went into a house, and I perceived an old Sea-Lion. On his old wound there was purulent matter, and on the fresh wound was a scab. My brother led me into the house, then he left me alone and returned. I remained, and lived very miserably at this place.

✓ 10. THE WOMAN AND THE DEMON

I was the only woman living. Once I heard the steps of some one approaching the house. I went out to see who it was, and saw a mighty demon in the shape of a beautiful man. I returned to the house, spread out mattings on the floor, and the man came in. I gave him something to eat; and he said, "As you are such a beautiful woman, I cannot marry you without offering you precious things as a reward. Therefore I shall go back to my country to fetch some jewels." Thus he said, and, having cut enough wood to fill the room and the passage, he disappeared. "Use your wood economically," he said on parting.

One day I heard the steps of a man near the hut, and soon I saw a stranger coming in. His hair was shaggy. He began to burn the cut wood in the house, and burned whole piles of it until it was all gone. Then he requested me to go towards the forest with him, but I refused. He would carry me on his back. He took the icicles which were hanging from my nose and stuck them on the door; he cut off the hair on my temples and hung it up at one side of the door. Then by main force he put me on his back and carried me to the forest, and we arrived at a house.

While living with him, I once heard a man who came to our house crying. As soon as the man who lived with me heard him, he hid me away in a corner. The other came in from outside. As soon as I looked at him, I recognized him as the one who had once promised to marry me, and who had gone to get precious things for me. "While living here, did you not see a woman?" he asked. "Though I live here, I never saw any woman around," answered my companion. And the mighty demon said, "When, on stepping out of the hut, you see

fog at the end of the island, and fog at the beginning, and fog in the middle, you will know that I am dead." Thus he said, and went away.

I also stepped out of the hut, and saw fog at the end of the island and at the beginning and in the middle, and was sure the man had died, and went to see. I stumbled over a dead man whose head was lying on a case containing jewels. I put my head on his and wept. But from the opposite side came a godlike, beautiful man. "Why do you pity the mighty demon?" he asked. "His face is handsome to look at, but his soul is black." Thus saying, he took me with him, and from that time I lived quite well.

II. SAMAYEKURU AND HIS SISTER

I was the god of the upper heaven. There were many gods around, but, looking at the places where they lived, I nowhere could find a woman like myself. In the lower world in the Ainu land, the younger sister of Samayekuru,¹ though she was only an Ainu woman, had a face like mine. She seemed to be quite like myself. So I came down to the lower world. In the yard, near Samayekuru's house, fresh fish were hanging out on sticks to dry. Samayekuru himself was out hunting with his sister, and so was not at home. I entered the empty house. As Samayekuru was only a man, I thought he must be weaker than I. I went to the sticks on which the fresh fish were hanging, threw down one big salmon (*Salmo lagocephalus*), and assumed its shape. Then I waited till Samayekuru and his sister brought home a big litter full of bear-meat. They pushed the litter in through an opening in the back wall, after which Samayekuru's sister went into the hut and pulled in the litter. They were both tired, so they lighted a big fire; and Samayekuru said, "I am tired of eating bear-meat all the time. Go and get some fresh fish for me to eat." His sister went out, approached the sticks with the fish, and tried to select one. At last she took me down, and carried me into the house. Samayekuru said, "The fresh fish is too cold, warm it a little at the fire." Thus he said; and she tied a thread to my tail and hung me, head down, on the hook on which the kettle usually hangs. But Samayekuru remarked, "The fire is not big enough: put on some more wood, and make it bigger." His sister then went out to get some wood, and brought in a whole pile. A huge fire blazed up, and my head became hot. It crackled aloud "putsi!" so violently that it burnt me. My soul went up to the tail, and was nearly burning. I got frightened; pushed aside the beams of the roof with much noise, and got out into the fresh air. Making a terrible ado, I returned to the upper heaven.

When I reached home, I cried, "Samayekuru was only a man born on the poor earth, and I was a mighty god!" and I thought that a man

¹ Another name of Self-brought-up-Man (Yayresupo).

born on the poor earth would be weaker than I, but he was stronger. Angrily I went down to earth again. Samayekuru was out hunting with his sister, as before, and I entered the empty house. I hid away Samayekuru's dish, and turned into a dish myself and waited. At last I heard the steps of Samayekuru and his sister, who were coming home. Through the opening in the back wall they pushed in the litter with the bear-meat. The younger sister came in by the door, and took the litter with the meat. They were tired, and made a big fire, after which Samayekuru said to his sister, "Did you wash your dishes this morning before going out hunting?"—"No, I did not wash them," answered the sister. "Then prepare some hot water and wash them now," he ordered. So she got up, took her big kettle, filled it with water, and hung it over the fire to get it hot. As soon as the water was boiling, she brought her brother's dish. I thought I should die if she should throw me into the boiling water. And she threw me in; but I jumped out of the kettle, pushed away the roof near the door with a loud rumbling noise, and flew out. Then I noisily raised myself to the upper heaven, and returned to my divine home.

When I was inside, I began to think, "Samayekuru is a man only, so he ought to be weaker than I am, but he has turned out to be stronger." Full of anger, I sat brooding a long time. At last I decided to go down once more, without changing my shape, in my own divine, beautiful body. So I did, and went down to the yard near Samayekuru's house, and stood there; but I did not want to enter the house as a guest. Samayekuru's sister went out in the yard, and said, "I know that you do not care to step into our house. You are walking angrily about, so I shall not lead you in; but yonder there is my little metal hut, and you will do well to go there." So I went towards this little house, and at night I stepped in and sat down.

"Samayekuru surely is angry with me," I thought. "Though I be a mighty god, and though Samayekuru be born on this poor earth, he has beaten me," I thought, and decided to tell him so. Suddenly, however, I smelled the smell of dung. I thought I had come to a little silver house. But why this nasty smell of dung? I looked around, and there I was, sitting in a very filthy place; and Samayekuru and his sister had poured out their dung on me, and soiled me from head to foot. "I am a mighty god, and Samayekuru is only a man, born on earth; but as to power, he has entirely beaten me," thought I. "Whatever I might do, I could never surpass Samayekuru in power, so I had better calm down."

From the filthy place where I was sitting, I leaped up with a terrible noise, went to the upper heaven, and returned home, quite soiled with dung from head to foot. I took off my iron armor and washed it, after having washed my head and my whole body. I was quite angry,

and sat down full of wrath. My brothers, the other gods, talked with one another, and said, "As we walked around the house, in the yard, we perceived a nasty smell." I heard these words, but made no reply, and sat quite ashamed. One day, however, when I was seated, my elder brother came and began to scold me. "What is it? Samayekuru is so powerful, that he wants to beat every one, and you are stupid to have roused him." Thus they all scolded me.

12. A POEM

From childhood I was brought up by my aunt, who fed me with fine food. She fed me very well indeed, and brought me up splendidly in my father's house. On the floor there was a large pile of iron cases¹ on which iron pots were standing, one within another; and iron pans in a row, also one within another. It was a splendid house, a fine house! In this house on the seashore I was living. My aunt gave me every day a plate of good meat and of grease, so full that I could not even hold it. I ate, and thus we lived.

At last I grew up and became a large girl. So my aunt took out different kinds of silk, and bade me sew. But I did not know how to sew. I tangled the thread, and that ended it. My aunt scolded me. "My niece does not know how to sew! Why are you such a dullard?" Thus she spoke. After trying each day, I at last learned how to sew.

My aunt said, "Far off in Otasam lives your betrothed one. He is the younger of three brothers. A piece of silk was torn in halves for you and him.² He must be grown up now. He is very rich, and will not come to you; therefore you had better go to him, to the *nispa* ('rich man')." This she said; and I heard it, and thought, "Until now my aunt has brought me up well. If I leave her for one day only, I rejoice to see her again." I was grieved, and remained. My aunt, however, spoke to me again about it, and every day she repeated the same words.

So at last I gathered the most necessary of my things, made a bag in which to take them on my back, and put my clothes in properly. I prepared many different things; and when I was ready to start, my aunt said, "In Otasam, where you are going, there are three brothers *nispa* ('rich men'). The eldest one lives in the house nearest to us; in the middle one lives the youngest, with his younger sister; and the third one lives at the end of the settlement. When you arrive, you will do well to enter the hut that is in the middle, which belongs to the youngest brother." This my aunt told me while I was taking leave.

Then I went away. Soon I saw before me a place situated high up. I stopped at the mountain Tomisan; then I walked on, and

¹ A sign of wealth and order.

² This is the usual ceremony of betrothal in such cases.

turned around and looked. There was my aunt, standing in front of her house, and she was following me with her eyes. I continued my march again, and, turning around, I still saw her looking after me. Finally I directed my steps towards the village Otasam, and set out on the way to it. I looked, and there was a big house, just as my aunt had described it to me; and behind it, as she had told me, was to be the house of my betrothed one, but, glancing around, I saw only one house in front of me. I began to think, and came to the conclusion that I was walking on the road to the house of the eldest rich brother. When I looked around, I saw another path, which I took; but soon I noticed that it led to the same house. I understood. "They are brothers," I thought; "and if I go to the eldest of them, the gods will have made me do it." So I entered the house, which was full of furniture, quite uncommon and divine. The rich man himself was living here. He met me full of joy, as if he had already seen me. He prepared food, and gave me to eat.

In the mean time it grew dark, and evening arrived. The rich man said, "You would do well if you would spend this night here." I went to sleep angry; and when I woke up, I saw the rich man sleeping with me. I got up weeping, and was just going to depart, when the rich man said, "What evil god made me do this! I had no bad intentions. You have been my younger brother's betrothed wife since childhood, and, though I did not think any evil concerning you, I did this. So when you come to your husband's house, and give him to eat, put this into his dish." Thus saying, he gave me the basket hilt of a sword. The hilt was inlaid with silver on one side, a little silver net was spread out, and a little silver man was pulling at it, and in the net were a whole lot of little silver-fishes. I was quite delighted, turned it over, and saw on the other side a little gold net spread out, and inside it a whole lot of little gold-fishes, and little gold men pulling at it.

After I had looked at it well, I put it under my shirt and went away. I walked on the path which I saw in front of me, and arrived at the house of the man who had been promised to me since childhood. Above the house two thick clouds were floating, and I entered the house. "She is as old as I am," said the rich man when he saw me. "The beautiful maiden is living." I was still at the door as he smiled at me. As soon as he saw me, I approached the fire and remained near it. When I sat down, he wanted to say something. "My little brother," he began, "has not eaten since last month, and he sleeps all the time. Therefore he has a swollen belly¹ (*tsepukhaka*). I do not know the reason of this, and am very much astonished. Now that you have come, when he hears you are here, perhaps he will eat." This he said, and at the same time we heard footsteps near the house.

¹ *Tsepukhaka* ("dropsy") is an illness which is often mentioned in ancient tales, but which very seldom occurs now.

I looked up, and thought that my betrothed one was coming, but in reality it was the swollen sick man. As soon as he came in, he sat down near the fire. The girl of the house prepared some food, put it into an iron dish, and gave me to eat; she also fed the owner of the house, my husband. As soon as we had finished eating, I gave back the rest of the food, and put on the dish the hilt which I had pulled out from the back of my shirt. Now even I looked at it with pleasure and admiration, and handed it over to my husband. He took it, and said, "My elder brother did not act according to his will when he forced you to spend a night with him. It is well for the gods to marry one another, and men and women should also marry. I am only a man; but the god of the upper heaven has a younger sister, who wants to marry me. She desires so strongly to take me up to heaven with my body, that I have not felt at all like eating since last month."

After having said these words, he seized me, ran out on the place in front of the house, and carried me towards the forest. At the back of the house there was a little iron hut, built on piles, — a house which had feet. He pulled the hanging door¹ aside, carried me into the hut, and there we lay down together. "Now we are married, therefore we sleep together for the first time. But if you are weak, the goddess will take me up, body and all. If you are strong, we shall live together a long time." This he said, and fell asleep.

When I woke up and looked around, I felt something pushing me. I looked, and saw an iron ring put around my husband's body, and an iron chain attached to it went up through the opening in the roof, and somebody was pulling at it from above. I seized the chain, naked as I was, and began to pull it down with all my strength. But the girl from heaven, being a goddess, was stronger than I. I began to weep and to scream. I called the younger sister (of my husband). She came in; but as soon as she saw me, she fled, shouting, "Oh, what is this! a naked woman!" I screamed again, and called the elder brother. He opened the door, came in, looked at me, and said, "A naked woman!" after which he ran away. At last my husband slipped out of my hands, and the goddess pulled the chain as hard as she could. She grasped it with one hand, then again with the other, and pulled my husband up quite close. Smiling, she pulled him into heaven and closed the door.

I could do no more, and began to cry. While weeping, I suddenly heard somebody coming from my native country, on the Tomisam hill. It was my aunt who had brought me up. She was carrying a sword without a scabbard. She brandished it and struck. I thought she had killed me; but suddenly I was changed into a little bird, and flew out through the hole in the roof. As I did not know where to fly,

¹ The Ainu use doors which may be shut or opened by pushing them to one side.

I looked down, and saw the parts of a naked woman's body lying near the house; and my aunt was sitting on them and crying, and was trembling all over.

I made a bridge out of clouds, and, walking on it, I arrived in heaven. When I came to the house of the goddess in the shape of a little bird, I fluttered my wings; and the gods said, "A maiden is walking around in heaven quite naked. We smell her body, and it makes us sick." This they said; but I entered the house through the upper hole in the roof. There was the goddess, holding the dying soul of my husband like a coral between her hands, and she was busy preparing medicine for him. I snatched my husband's soul away and returned to earth, having put it into my mouth. As we had no place to go to, I crept into the mouth of the cut-up woman, and lost all consciousness. When I recovered, I looked around, and saw my husband, who at the same time returned to life again.

This is how I resuscitated one of the three brothers of Otasan. My aunt, whose power had brought my husband back from heaven to earth again, was also alive. From that time on, we all lived happily together. I related tales about the gods, and lived with the others. This is the legend.

CRACOW, RUSSIA.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

THE twenty-third annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held in Washington, D. C., in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association and with the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A meeting of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Thursday, December 28, 1911, at 9 A.M., in the new National Museum. Present: Roland B. Dixon, Alfred M. Tozzer, Alexander F. Chamberlain, Pliny Earle Goddard, Charles Peabody. Dr. Dixon presided.

At this meeting the proposition, originating with the Anthropological Association, of the establishment of an independent quarterly of bibliography and literary review along the lines of the "Centralblatt für Anthropologie," was discussed, and the matter laid on the table.

The Secretary was authorized to proceed with a re-organization of the membership list of the Society, consisting in the giving leave to withdraw to those members who might be very much in arrears in payment of dues.

Nominations of officers, for presentation to the Society at its annual meeting, were discussed.

At 10 A.M. the twenty-third annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was called to order. In the absence of the President (Professor Henry M. Belden), the Second Vice-President (Dr. J. Walter Fewkes) presided.

The presidential address, "The Study of Balladry in America," was read by the Secretary. This was followed by the presentation of papers:

ROBERT H. LOWIE, "Principle of Convergence in Ethnology."

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN, "A Note on the Personification of Fatigue by the American Indians;" "The Initial and Terminal Formulæ of Kutenai Tales."

WILLIAM C. FARABEE, "Quechua Folk-Music."

CHARLES PEABODY, "Notes on the Words and Music of the White Captive Ballad."

The following papers were read by abstract:

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, "Spanish-American Folk-Lore in New Mexico."

HOWARD W. ODUM, "Work-Songs of the Southern Negroes."

PHILLIPS BARRY, "William Carter, the Bensontown Homer."

"Arapaho Tales," by H. R. VOTH, was read by title.

At the business meeting a letter from the President, Professor Henry M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, was read; and this was followed by the reports of the Secretary, Treasurer, and the Editor of the Journal, as follows:—

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The membership of the Society, and the libraries subscribing to the Journal, present the following statistics:

	1910	1911
Honorary members.....	14	14
Life members.....	8	9
Annual members.....	344	357
Subscribing libraries.....	135	142

The Secretary regrets to report that the Iowa Branch has ceased to exist as such. It is hoped that the members may continue in the Society as members at large.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

TREASURER'S REPORT ¹

RECEIPTS

Balance from last statement.....	\$423.77
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1912.....	3.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1911.....	801.40
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1910.....	30.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1909.....	12.00
Receipts from life-membership dues.....	50.00
Subscriptions to the Publication Fund.....	157.00
Sales through the Houghton Mifflin Company (net of mailing and other charges):	
Memoirs.....	101.25
Journals of American Folk-Lore, from Dec. 1, 1910, to July 31, 1911.....	426.43
Sales from agencies through The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa....	4.80
Sales of reprints to authors.....	14.79
Sales of Memoirs through Treasurer.....	3.00
Subscriptions to Journal of American Folk-Lore from agencies, through Treasurer	43.34
Balance from Treasury of the Iowa Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society (E. K. Putnam, Treasurer, Davenport, Io.).....	8.82
Dr. Felix Grendon, Brooklyn, N. Y., last payment toward cost of printing his article in Journal of American Folk-Lore, No. 84.....	55.00
Interest, Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass.....	18.79
	<u>\$2153.39</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

Houghton Mifflin Company, for manufacturing Journal of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 89 and 90 ²	\$608.31
Houghton Mifflin Company, for printing reprints for authors.....	151.17
Amount carried forward.....	<u>\$759.48</u>

¹ This covers the period from Dec. 26, 1910, to Dec. 21, 1911.

² This is the last Journal of American Folk-Lore manufactured by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Journal of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 91 and 92, have been manufactured by The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa. The bills for Journals of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 92 and 93, have not yet come in, and should be added to the expenses of the current year, and deducted from our balance.

Twenty-Third Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society 89

Amount brought forward	\$759.48
Houghton Mifflin Company, for binding two copies of <i>Journal of American Folk-Lore</i> , Volume XXIII, and making five extra cloth covers.....	1.35
Houghton Mifflin Company, for changing die.....	.64
Houghton Mifflin Company, charges for express, mailing, copyright, etc.....	57.62
Houghton Mifflin Company, work on packing and furnishing four cases for Journals sent to Columbia University, New York, N. Y.....	10.50
Dr. Franz Boas, Editor, for express charges on Journals of <i>American Folk-Lore</i> sent to Columbia University, New York, N. Y.....	12.31
American Anthropological Association, one-half cost of compiling and printing "Periodical Literature" for publication in the <i>Journal</i>	147.64
The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa., for manufacturing <i>Journal of American Folk-Lore</i> , No. 91.....	183.80
Dr. Franz Boas, Editor, Columbia University, New York, N. Y. for expenses of editorial work on <i>Journal</i> during the year 1911.....	35.00
The Rockwell and Churchill Press, Boston, Mass., for printing return envelopes	3.00
Treasurer's postage and sundry charges.....	13.57
Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., Treasurer of the Boston Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, for cost of sending out first notice of the year to local members	2.70
Insurance on catalogue for "Tenth Memoir".....	2.00
Rebate to Cambridge Branch (M. L. Fernald, Treasurer, Cambridge, Mass.)....	19.50
Rebate to Boston Branch (Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., Treasurer, Boston, Mass.)....	49.00
Rebate to Missouri Branch (Miss Idress Head, Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo.).....	5.50
Rebate to Illinois Branch (H. S. V. Jones, Treasurer, Urbana, Ill.).....	4.00
Rebate to New York Branch (Stansbury Hagar, Treasurer, New York, N. Y.)..	2.00
Rebate to Texas Branch (Miss Ethel Hibbs, Treasurer, Galveston, Texas).....	16.00
Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass., for collecting checks.....	3.00
	<u>\$1328.61</u>
Balance to new account.....	824.78
	<u>\$2153.39</u>

ELIOT W. REMICK, *Treasurer*.

EDITOR'S REPORT

Owing to the change of publishers, which occurred at the beginning of the year 1911, the appearance of the numbers of the *Journal* has been very irregular, but the last number is well advanced in preparation.¹

According to the programme developed in the last report, the Editor has endeavored to obtain material on Spanish-American and Negro folk-lore. It is gratifying that the appeals of the Editor have met with unexpected success, and we may hope that further contributions may be made to this interesting and little cultivated branch of research. Extended collection of Negro folk-lore is very important and urgent, and should receive close attention.

¹ Since the above report was written, the last number of the *Journal* for 1911 has been issued.

With the extension of interests over the fields of English, American, Romanic-American, Negro, and Indian folk-lore, the size of the Journal threatens to become almost too small; and if the financial conditions of the Society permitted, it should be extended considerably. A strong effort to increase membership, and if possible to establish a publication fund, should therefore be made.

In accordance with the vote of the Society not to proceed with the printing of the General Index until sufficient funds can be secured, the completed manuscript has been kept in the safe deposit vaults of the Hudson River Branch of the Corn Exchange Bank in New York until sufficient funds can be secured for its publication. An appeal to the Carnegie Institution and to the Smithsonian Institution to assist in the publication or to take over the publication has remained without success, so that we are compelled to rely on the resources of the Society or on private contributions. The Permanent Secretary of the Society has generously promised a contribution of \$100. Nine additional contributions of the same amount would enable us to complete this important work, that is to be dedicated to the memory of the unforgotten founder of our Society, Mr. W. W. Newell.

The Editor begs to revert to the recommendation made a year ago; namely, to enter into a contract with the American Anthropological Association for the purpose of publishing jointly with that Association a bibliographical journal, to be furnished free of charge to all members of the American Folk-Lore Society and of the American Anthropological Association; this publication to contain the bibliographical record by Professor Chamberlain, and reviews. If the Editor may be allowed to make the suggestion, it would be to place this publication, if decided upon, in charge of Professor Chamberlain, to be assisted by a number of gentlemen who have in recent years taken particular interest in the development of the review department of the Journal,—Dr. A. A. Goldenweiser, Dr. Robert Lowie, and others. Financially the establishment of this independent journal would be a saving for both societies, since the bibliography is now printed twice, and is twice in the hands of the many individuals who are members of both Societies. The Editor would further suggest that this journal be issued as a quarterly; that the bibliography be divided geographically, as it is now; and that the report on each division be made to cover the period of one year; so that, for instance, "America" might appear in April, and should cover the period from April to April; "Africa," in July, and should cover the period from July to July, or whatever convenient month may be decided upon by the Editor.

The Society must decide what to do with the plates of the old numbers of the Journal of American Folk-Lore, which are still with the Houghton Mifflin Company. I think it would be well to dispose

of the metal, except in cases of numbers of which there are less than five copies in stock. These might be held. I should advise referring this matter to a committee.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor*.

The nominations of the Council for the officers for the year 1912 were accepted, and the Secretary was instructed to cast a ballot for their election. The officers are as follows:

PRESIDENT, John A. Lomax, University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Professor G. L. Kittredge, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL, Professor Franz Boas, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, Dr. Charles Peabody, Harvard University, Cambridge Mass.

TREASURER, Mr. Eliot W. Remick, 300 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

COUNCILLORS. For three years: R. H. Lowie, E. K. Putnam, A. M. Tozzer. For two years: P. E. Goddard, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, S. A. Barrett. For one year: Phillips Barry, J. B. Fletcher, A. F. Chamberlain. Past Presidents: Roland B. Dixon, John R. Swanton, Henry M. Belden. Presidents of local branches: F. W. Putnam, W. F. Harris, A. C. L. Brown, Miss Mary A. Owen, Joseph Jacobs, Robert A. Law.

The following committees were appointed:—

On Storage and Disposal of Plates and Memoirs, etc.: Franz Boas, *Chairman*; C. Peabody; A. M. Tozzer.

On Plans of Work in Common with the American Anthropological Association: C. Peabody, *Chairman*; Stansbury Hagar; Clark Wissler.

Auditing Committee: The Secretary and R. B. Dixon.

The Secretary was authorized to send votes of thanks to the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art for their kind invitation to a reception on the evening of December 28; and to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution for the invitation to a reception on the evening of December 27, 1911, and for their hospitality in extending the privileges of the auditorium as a place of meeting, both meetings and reception having been held in the National Museum.

The Secretary was empowered to act as to the time and place of the next annual meeting.

A special meeting of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Friday, December 29. Present: Robert H. Lowie,

Roland B. Dixon, Pliny Earle Goddard, and Charles Peabody. A vote was taken, on the invitation of the American Anthropological Association, to co-operate in the publication of a separate quarterly of bibliography and literary criticism. The vote was favorable, and was followed by the appointment of Dr. Robert H. Lowie as Editor for the American Folk-Lore Society.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

NOTES AND QUERIES

SOME HIDATSA AND MANDAN TALES. — I give in the following a few tales told among the Hidatsa and Mandans of the Fort Berthold Reservation in North Dakota, together with the story of how an Hidatsa name was acquired. The stories are not long and important myths, merely simple every-day tales, such as are told to the children by the old grandfather or grandmother.

The first three of the stories were related by John Hunts Along, a young Hidatsa Indian. The first story is a bit of more or less modern superstition. The last two stories were told by James Holding Eagle, a young Mandan.

1. There is a lake on the bottom-lands of the Missouri River between Shell Creek and Elbowoods on the reservation. The old people say that in the old days this lake was very deep. In those times there were people living in the lake, under the water. Many who passed there would hear the sound of voices, as the dwellers in the lake were talking or singing. Often also dogs were heard barking, and sometimes the sound of the war-drum came from under the water when the lake people were having their dances.

Now, this lake is only a few feet deep in the deepest places. The old people say that one of the missionaries put poison into the lake, and either killed the people there or made them go away. The poison also made the lake dry up and become shallow.

2. A long time ago there was a man who went out to the Bad Lands to catch eagles. He went up on the top of a high hill and dug his pit there. Then he got in and arranged the covering over the opening.

For a long time the people waited for him, and he did not come back, and finally his friends went out to look for him. When they came back, they said that some monster had come up through the earth to the bottom of the pit, had seized the man, and had pulled him down under ground. He was never seen again.

3. The third story related how the Indian name of the narrator, The-Man-who-stands-up-in-the-Air, was acquired. The name was purchased from the man's grandfather, together with a shield painted with a picture of the sun. The grandfather obtained the name in the following manner:—

One night while sleeping, he dreamed that he saw the sun standing a little way above the western horizon. As he looked, the sun became a man standing up in the air, and talked to him. The Sun-Man told him that he would help him in all that he undertook; he also told him many secrets, and told him how to make a big shield with the sun painted on it for his medicine. When the grandfather awoke, he took his name from this Sun-Man, and he made a shield as the man had directed.

After this the grandfather became a great medicine-man: he could make it rain or hail whenever he wished, and he could go into a fight and never be injured by the weapons of the enemy. Once when the Sioux were defeating the Hidatsa, he made a big hail-storm come up, which so frightened and confused the Sioux that they ran away.

4. A Skunk was travelling along his trail. At the other end a Bear was travelling, going toward the Skunk. Neither one knew that the other was

on the trail. They met; and the Skunk said, "You are on my trail. Step to one side!" The Bear said, "It is you that are on my trail. You must step aside." The Skunk answered, "No. You must get off." Then the Bear said, "I say, you must leave the trail. If you don't, I shall eat you up." Then the Bear began singing, "You are the one who is in my road. I wonder if skunk's flesh will taste bitter or sweet if I eat it!" Then the Skunk began to sing, "I wonder, if I should eat bear-meat, would it taste bitter or sweet!" Then the Skunk cast his scent in the Bear's eyes. The Bear began to cry out, and pluck at his eyes, and he got off the trail. Then the Skunk went on.

5. Some men went out one time to get into pits to catch war-eagles. As they were returning toward evening, one man stopped on the way and sat down. As he was looking around, he saw an eagle chasing a rabbit. The rabbit was running round and round in a circle, and every little while the eagle would make a swoop for him. At each swoop the eagle would come nearer to catching the rabbit. The rabbit kept drawing closer and closer to the man; and as the eagle made a last great swoop, the rabbit jumped into the man's lap, and the eagle failed to get him. Then the Eagle said to the man, "Put him down! I am hungry and want to eat him." The Rabbit said to the man, "Save me! If you do, I will make you very renowned." Then the Eagle said, "Put him down! I will help you. Whatever I say is true. My feet never touch the ground; and whatever I undertake, I never fail in it." The Rabbit answered, "It is true that my feet are on the ground; but whatever I attempt, I too succeed in." And the man saved the Rabbit, and the Rabbit made him powerful, and always helped him in times of trouble.

GEORGE F. WILL.

BISMARCK, N. D.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXV.—APRIL-JUNE, 1912—No. XCVI

TRADITIONS OF THE PAPAGO INDIANS

BY HENRIETTE ROTHSCILD KROEBER

THE Pima Indians of Arizona, and the adjacent Papago of the same State and of Sonora, are regarded as distinct tribes, but are said by themselves to be so nearly identical in language and customs, that they seem to go back to a common origin of no great antiquity. All that is known of their mythology points to similar close affiliations. The largest collection of traditions assembled, though it is clearly only an outline, is by Frank Russell, from the Pima.¹ An older sketch is by Grossman.² Further information as to the beliefs of the same tribe is given by Bancroft³ and the writer.⁴ The Papago live in more forbidding and less accessible localities, and less is known of them. Davidson⁵ provides a distorted account of their creation story, which Bancroft⁶ repeats, and the author has contributed "Coyote Tales" to the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.⁷ The traditions now presented were obtained from Juan Dolores, an educated full-blood member of the tribe. It appears, from the manner in which his first story tallies with the others mentioned, that both Pimas and Papagos possess an important and interesting myth of the origin of the world and of themselves, in which many incidents are told in the same form, and in which Earth-Maker or Earth-Doctor and Older-Brother are the leading personages or gods, with Coyote filling a different and subsidiary place.

OUTLINES OF THE CREATION MYTH

In the beginning there was nothing but darkness and water. The darkness, the water, and the air composed the whole universe. As

¹ *Twenty-sixth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 3-390 (1908). See pp. 206-250.

² F. E. Grossman, "The Pima Indians of Arizona," in the *Smithsonian Report* for 1871 (1873), pp. 407-419.

³ H. H. Bancroft, *The Native Races of the Pacific Coast*, vol. iii (1883), pp. 78-80.

⁴ "Pima Tales," in *American Anthropologist*, new series, vol. x (1908), pp. 231-235.

⁵ *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1865, pp. 131-133.

⁶ Work cited, pp. 75-77.

⁷ Vol. xxii (1909).

they came together, wherever they met, the friction of these bodies, the darkness and the water, finally produced a living being, which lay upon the water and was carried from place to place. Whatever formed this being also fed it, and it grew until it became a great man. He became our "Older-Brother," the first-born.

After he became a man, he saw that there was a substance gathering around him, the bubbles or scum which always gather around an object in the water. He took some of that and made it into earthworms. He sent them around to gather up the stuff he had seen and had already gathered around himself. They went about and gathered and gathered, and left it all around him. They kept on piling up and piling up. Finally he found himself on a little piece of dry land. So he kept on sending them out, and they kept on piling this and piling it. That was the way he made the earth. First he made the earthworms, and they made the earth.

After the earth was made, it kept on floating. It had no steady place. So Older-Brother made spiders, and sent them all around to tie the earth down. So they went around and made their web, and tied the earth and left it on the water. Then the earth had a steady place.

He made the people and all kinds of things to grow. At that time all animals and birds were people. It is told that many things, when first made, did not work right, and had to be changed or made over.

The people called for light. They gathered around. He had told them the names of other things; and when they called for light, they asked what name they should give it when it came. They tried different names. One said to call it "a long time." After they had already decided to call it this, Coyote said he had a better name. He wanted them to call it by a name meaning "to go over, to climb up." But they would not accept that word, and they took the first name, which means "day" now, and also means "a long time." So the sun came up. The first time it came up, it was very hot, for it was too close to the earth. Then the next time they put it farther away, and it was too far. Then they brought it down. They said to put it away over on one side, and that did not work. It only gave them light in a certain place and in no other place. Finally, after moving it around to various positions, they got it in the place it is now. Then Older-Brother made the moon and the stars come up to give light after the sun goes down.

After a while the people became dissatisfied with some things that had been made, and thought they should be different, so that they might get along better. For instance, the rattlesnake had teeth; but they were like a little plant now called rattlesnake-weed, which is sharp on top, but bends easily when touched. In the evenings the

children would go out and get a snake and throw it around, chasing one another. Of course it would bite, but did not hurt. The poor snake never slept because the children always threw it around. It used to cry all night. So it called upon Older-Brother to give it some way to protect itself. Older-Brother came down. The people gathered together; and after they had been singing four nights, they were to wait on the fourth morning when the sun came up. Sun-rays look like sharp points. It is said that Older-Brother took the ends of the sun-beams and mixed them with something in the water, and put it on the rattlesnake's teeth. So it is a part of the strength of the sun which kills a person when the rattlesnake bites. After he put the water on the snake's teeth, they became poisoned; and he announced this to the people, and said that the snake was from that time more dangerous, and nobody was to pick it up. So from that time on the snake has been poisonous.

After he had made the people, all animals, birds, and so on, they began to multiply, and the big things walked over the little things. They gathered together and called Older-Brother to come down and help them out. So he came down. He gathered them together. He left it to the people to decide what they were going to do, how the smaller people were to live. Then he divided them off, and told how certain people were to live in certain houses. He put them off in different places,—some in the mountains, some in trees, and so on. They were all told where they were to be to keep out of the way of the others. Finally a little Worm said that he was so small, that big things stepped on him, and he could not run fast enough to keep out of the way. He thought it would be better that, after a thing had lived long enough, it died or went to some other place. They did not know what "to die" was; but he said it was "never to be on this earth again." But the people said that those who had lived long enough here were to be put into some other place. Then the question was if this other place would not be filled up also. In speaking of where this place is, the Indians generally say that it is in the east, under the rising sun. After they leave the place where they have lived, they are forever singing and dancing in the east. They join hands, and the circle gets larger and larger as the new people come; and they keep on going around and around, singing and dancing. The surrounding country contains all things they like to eat, such as cactus-fruit and all kinds of game. When they speak of a person about to die, they say, "He is going after the cactus-fruit in the east." Sometimes they say, "He is going to join in the singing."

After they had decided that people should die and leave this place when they had lived here a long time, there grew up a great many who did wonderful things, such as Rain, Wind, and Coyote. There was a

wise man in the east who had a fine daughter. Young men from all over the country came to see this girl, but she would not marry any of them. One of these wise men had a son, and he gave his boy a talk before he started out to see the girl. The son staid there with the girl, but could not bring her home. But she had a baby, and he took the child with him. When he came to his village, he left the baby over the hill and went home. He told his father how he had lived with the woman, but she would not come home with him; and that she had had a little baby, and he had brought it, but left it over the hill. His father already knew all this. He told his son to go back and bring the baby. The young man went back, and found the baby crying. He staid a long time, but would not pick up the baby, and at last went back and left it. He thought that if his wife did not like him enough to come with him, he would not bring the baby home. He would leave it there. So he went home alone. And his father sent him back again. When he got there a second time, he saw that the earth all around the baby was moist. It was the baby's tears running down and making the earth moist. He looked at that, and thought that it was wonderful. He staid there a long time, but could not pick up the baby, and went back once more. His father sent him a third time; and the third time he arrived, he saw a little stream of water running down from where the baby was. And the fourth time he went, he saw that the water was coming all around where the baby was. It was coming up. And he went back and told his father what he had seen. So they went to prepare. The father said that there would be a flood that would cover the whole earth. And he told the people that the water was going to cover the earth; so the different things began to call upon their Older-Brother to save them.

Older-Brother came down and made a pot out of grease-wood for himself. Coyote came and asked him what he was going to do to save himself. He told him, if he could make one like that to get inside of, it would be all right. So Coyote went to work and made one like it. The Humming-Bird asked what he should do to save himself. Older-Brother told him to fly up and hang on the heavens. So he flew up there. The Woodpecker was told to hang up there also. When the water reached the tail of the Woodpecker, he began to cry; but the Humming-Bird told him that he need not cry, because he was the smaller of the two and he was not crying, and, as Older-Brother had said they would be all right, they would be.

Before Coyote and Older-Brother went into their "houses," they said, that, according as they came out first, they were to be related to each other. After the water went down, Older-Brother came out first. Coyote came out later, and went around and looked all over, and saw the tracks of little birds. He followed them around to say

that he had come out first, so that they might be some relation to him. He did not find them, but finally met Older-Brother, and tried to tell him that he was to be Older-Brother because he had come out first. He told him how many things he had seen already. Of course, Older-Brother would not believe him.

Older-Brother and Coyote walked around, and finally decided to make some more people. Coyote was to help. They made them out of mud, and put them aside to dry. After a certain day, they were to come to life. On this day Coyote and Older-Brother went to see them; and they had already come to life, and were speaking to one another. They were people as we see them now. Then they decided to make others. Coyote sat over to one side and made some. He did not make them right. He would have one leg or one arm missing. He put them away to dry; and after a certain day, they were to speak. When the day came that they were to speak, they both went over to see them. When Older-Brother saw how they were made, he did not wish them to be mixed with his people. He gathered them up and threw them over to the other side (in another world) to live by themselves.

THE UNDECIDED RACE

There once lived an old woman who had to care for two little boys whose father and mother had died and left them to her. In some mysterious way the boys grew up, true and obedient to the old woman. They followed all the teachings of the old woman. And they were well liked by all the people, because they were brave, good hunters, and good runners, — things which were required, at that time, of all good men. Many girls of marriageable age spoke well of the boys in the hearing of the old woman; but the old woman said nothing. She thought the boys were too young yet to be married, until one day she went for water to the pond. At the pond she found a very good-looking girl. The girl took the earthenware jar or olla down from the old woman's head. She filled it with water and set it to one side, and said, "Remember me, grandmother, when you are to choose a wife for one of your boys. And I should be glad if some day I might have a chance to come and stay with you to do the work which you are now doing." The old woman was much pleased with the appearance of the girl and with what she said, and she told the girl to choose one of the boys. But the girl said she could not choose, for she cared for one as much as the other; the boys both being good-looking and young, and both good hunters and brave. The old woman said she could not decide to which one to give the girl, because she loved one as much as the other, and to give the girl to one would offend the other. But she said, "You remain here, and wait for the boys. I will go home and tell them to run a race from there to this pond, and whoever

wins the race will be the one to marry you." The girl staid, and the old woman went home. She gave her boys a long talk, telling them that she was now old, could not do the work, and that she had found a fine-looking girl, who spoke well, and whom she liked, and she could not decide which one to give her to. This was the only way to decide which one was to marry her, as she loved the boys and did not want to offend either. The race was already won; for the boy who had followed her teachings best, and had got up each morning and run a training-race, would surely be the best runner, and so win.

So after she said this, she sent them out to run the race. As they were both good runners, they staid together until they came within sight of the girl. In this race (at the present time) they run, and throw a wooden ball with the foot; and the one who places the ball across the line (in this case, to where the girl stood) wins, even though he may be behind in the race. When they came within sight of the girl, the oldest one got ahead a little; but the boy behind, not having thrown his ball as far as the other, reached it first, and threw it across the line. When the older had got ahead, he had thrown his ball, but did not succeed in reaching the girl. Then the younger one threw the ball where the girl stood, and she picked it up and hid it in her dress. Now, when the boys came up, they quarrelled about who had won the race. The older was ahead, but the younger from behind had thrown the ball to where the girl was. So they quarrelled. The girl was as much puzzled as ever over which one to choose. She said, "I will keep this ball until you find out from your grandmother to which one I belong, and then I will return the ball." So the boys went home, and told their grandmother how they came out in the race. The grandmother could not decide, either. It was a puzzle. Both seemed to have won. The grandmother said, "Perhaps it is not time for either one of you to be married. There are yet many girls as good-looking as she is, and perhaps some day we shall find one." So neither married.

. In those days, when a boy and girl were to be married, a place in the house was fixed for them to sleep. The boy must stay there four nights before he could take the girl home, or before he could be received into the family. If he was to live with the girl's parents, he would stay four nights; and then early in the morning he would go back home, or go hunting. But after four nights, he was received into the family, or could take the girl home.

When the girl told her parents what had happened, they made the place ready for her. There she slept for four nights, but nobody came. The girl still had the ball, as she had said she would keep it until one of the boys came, after the grandmother had decided which had won the race; but as the old woman could not decide, no one came. And

then it happened that in time she found she was going to have a child.

When the old woman heard about this, she went to the place to see if the child would in any way resemble one of her boys, so that she could give the girl to one. But when the child was born, she saw, that, while in all other respects it looked like a man, its fingers and toes were long claws, more like those of a wildcat or some other animal.

The girl and her parents raised the child. When it got so that it could play with other children, it used to make them cry by scratching them, and there were many quarrels between the mother of the strange child and other women. The child grew worse and worse as it grew older, until one night, at one of the gatherings which the people had in those times, under the direction of an old man called the "smoke-keeper," to decide questions of importance, the men said that this thing of scratching the children was getting so bad that it seemed that in a very short time there would be trouble, because the child had grown now. In some way they must rid themselves of it. Then the old man, the father of the girl, told his daughter to take the child away. If it were left there, in a very short time it would be killed, anyhow.

So one night the young woman led the boy straight south. In the morning they came to the edge of the open desert. But she kept on going and going, until by noon they were in the middle of the desert. There she saw the heat-waves rising from the ground; and she stopped, and said, "My boy, you see the heat-waves. Beyond that is where your father lives." She told him that this waving was the strength of his father. His father lay and breathed. This was his breath. "Beyond that you will find him," she said. "Go and see him. And if any time you wish to see me, you know where I am. But it is dangerous for you to live with me any longer." And there she left the boy, telling him to go beyond the wave of heat and find his father.

The boy went, and the waving of heat kept on ahead of him the same distance. Late in the day he came to the south end of the desert. There he could not see the waves any more, so he looked back and saw them behind him. Then he turned around and went back, thinking he had passed the place; but he could not find his father.

As he had come one way and did not find his father, he thought he would go another way. To one side of this plain there is a little mountain rising directly from the level country. He came to this mountain after sundown, and went up. He found a great cave.¹ After four turns he came to a little round place, something like a house. At the back of this cave he found a little fireplace; and to one side, a little hole used for pounding mesquite-beans. As he saw these things,

¹ This cave is still to be found as described.

he thought this must be the place where his father lived, though his father was not there. Every morning after that, he used to go out; and he would see the waving of heat over at one side. Because his mother had told him that that was the strength of his father, and beyond that he could find his father, he used to follow the thing around, but never found his father. But because he always saw this thing about the place, he thought his father must be there, and staid there every night.

Where this mountain is, there is a village, — about five miles away from where the boy lived. The story was told in this village that something had been taking away the children. In time it was found out that something that lived up in the mountain came down at night and took the children away. That was the way the boy was living. He was a cannibal. He lived on human flesh. Exaggerated stories were told, to the effect that in the cave was a big hole in which the children were placed by this thing, and mashed. The people finally decided to find out what this was that was carrying away the children. So they called up the medicine-men. They sang four nights. On the fourth night, in the evening, they said that this thing, whatever it was, that was taking away their children, was nothing like an animal that did not understand, but it was one of their own people, and could be, if they wished, brought down to the village. So they sent somebody there to bring him down. A young man was sent, with instructions to tell this person that they were having a good time, and he, being important, was asked to come and take part and give them some of his songs, this being the custom when visitors came from other villages.

So, when they brought him down that night, they gave him something to smoke to make him sleep. As the pipe was passed from one to another of the old people, they only pretended to smoke it; but when it came to him, he really smoked, not knowing what it was. So he fell asleep in this gathering, and they picked him up and carried him back to the cave. They piled up wood in the four turns, and set it on fire. When this began to burn, he woke up. He ran from one side of the cave to the other, and jumped up and bumped his head against the top. He shook the cave so hard, that they were afraid he would come out; and they called on the "Older-Brother" (Great Spirit) to help them. So Older-Brother came and put his foot on top of the cave, and held it down until the monster died. The footprint of Older-Brother is still said to be seen on the top of the cave, and there is a crack in the cave supposed to have been made at that time.

STORY OF THE WIND AND RAIN

In a village where there were a great many people who had power to do wonderful things, there lived a certain wise man. This man was

different from the people who had the great powers. He was only wise in understanding things. He had a very beautiful daughter. He brought up this girl to what he thought was a perfect woman. She would never laugh at foolish things; but she had great power to make other people laugh. She would make other people laugh at foolish things she would say, to see how small their minds were.

So this man said that the girl could marry if she found anybody that would please her. Formerly girls married to please their parents, but this girl could marry the one that pleased her the most. In order that she might decide whom to marry, different ones would come to her. She would talk to them and tell them little foolish things, and they would laugh, and so they lost their chance. She did not want them. She wanted to find somebody that would please her so much that she could laugh.

A Whip-poor-will came to see her. He was very good-looking. He came on the strength of his good looks, thinking they would please her. But that was not what she was looking for. She started to tell him something, and he began to laugh. When he laughed, his mouth went far back, as it is now, and never got any smaller; and he became ashamed of himself and went away.

Coyote came to see the girl, and tried to make her laugh at a few silly things he had to say, but was unsuccessful. And so many others failed in the same way.

A group of young men in the village were talking of these things one day when the girl came by. Whirlwind was one of the great men of the village. These young men called upon him to do something as the girl came by. She came out of the house. The wind began to blow; and before realizing it, she knew it was the Whirlwind coming towards her; and he came right where she was, and twisted her clothes, and she was exposed to the young men. That was what they wanted when they had called on Whirlwind. The girl cried, and went back to the house. Her father got angry at this. He knew that it was done by the Whirlwind. Whirlwind was told to leave the village.

Rain was a good friend to Whirlwind. Rain was blind; and wherever Whirlwind went, he had to lead his friend. So when the old man became angry, and said that Whirlwind had to leave the village, Whirlwind left the village and took his friend with him. Where he went, nobody knew. He was gone four years. During that time there was no rain, and there was no wind. And they gathered together, and called upon different animals to help them find the rain and the wind. They called upon Coyote; and he went around the villages, nosing along, smelling the different roads and paths and trails all about the villages and mountains. In four days he returned home, and said he could not find the rain and the wind. They called upon

the Buzzard; and he flew around over the mountains, looking all over, and in four days he returned home, but he could not find the rain and the wind. They called upon the Bear. He went over the mountains, turning over great heavy things, such as logs and rocks, and went into caves and different places. In four days he returned home without finding the rain and the wind.

They called upon a certain little Bird, a little larger than the humming-bird, but without its long tail and bill. As this little Bird started out of the village, he took a stick and tied one of his down-feathers to it. As he flew into the first of the bushes, he held out this little stick everywhere he went. He would look at the down as it hung on the stick, and it did not move. And everywhere he flew, he carried this little stick; and the down hung there and wouldn't move. One day, somewhere in the east, he put out this little stick, and he saw the down begin to move a little. He flew around here and there, and finally he saw which way this down began to move, and he knew from where the wind was coming. He alighted at a place where there were green grass and flowers and trees, and a little stream of running water. He followed this little stream of water, and came to a big cave. There was a little bit of a fire; and on one side was the Rain, and on the other side was the Whirlwind. They were both asleep. He took one of the coals and put it on Rain's back. The coal sizzled and went out. He took another one and put it on his back, and again it sizzled and went out. He did this four times. The fourth time Rain woke up.

The little Bird told him that for these four years the people had had no rain and no wind. There was no food and no water, and they wanted him to return. Rain told him that he could not return unless his friend went along with him. So he had to wake up Whirlwind. Whirlwind said that although they sent him away, if they now wished to have him back as one of his people, he would return. The little Bird went back.

It was after four years he returned. He told them that in the east there was a most beautiful spot, where they had green grass and flowers, and all kinds of little springs, and that there he had found Rain and Whirlwind. But they both thought themselves so important that they would not return. The people had to send again. They had to call for them four times; and the fourth time Rain and Whirlwind said, "All right, we will come along." Then they started out. On the fourth day the wind began to blow and blow. Thus it was on the first day after they started out. It came closer and closer; and on the fourth day the wind was there, and there was a great wind-storm with dust. After this wind had passed, there came the rain; and it rained and rained and rained. They went all over the country,

and then they returned home. After this, whenever the people wished rain, they had to call on these two, and they would come at certain times. Whenever Whirlwind came, he had to lead his friend along, because Rain was blind and he had to follow.

They say there used to be more rain in Arizona, because they do not call on the rain any more.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BULU TALES FROM KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA

BY ADOLPH N. KRUG

I. "AS YOU CONTEST IN WRESTLING, REMEMBER THE RIVER YOM"

Once upon a time there lived a youth who surpassed everybody in wrestling; so that, as often as he wrestled, he threw people down. They usually went to wrestling-matches across the river Yom. As thus they went to a wrestling-match again on a certain day, the youth repeatedly threw many people in wrestling. It was their custom, when they went to wrestling-matches, not to tarry very long, because the river Yom very often rose in flood.

As thus they went again, they and other people with them, the youth wrestled, and kept on wrestling and throwing people down in the contest, but never once did he remember that the river Yom might rise in flood. Therefore his brother kept calling to him repeatedly through a trumpet, "As you contest in wrestling, remember the river Yom."

At that time he again threw a man so that the man broke his leg. Immediately the wrestling-match broke up, and they fled with all possible speed, but they found that the river Yom was in flood. The people pursued them, and came upon them and slew them.

This story is true to real life, therefore the people have narrated it.

2. THE TORTOISE AND THE ELEPHANT

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Elephant went on a journey, and they said one to the other, "Let us go and visit Zambe, the son of Mebe'e!"

Thereupon they started on their journey; and when they came to a river, they stopped and took a bath. When they had finished taking a bath, the Tortoise began, and said to the Elephant, "Come, my friend, we will take new names for ourselves!" When the Elephant therefore asked him, "What names shall we take?" the Tortoise began, and said, "My name is 'Guests, go to the house;'" but the Elephant was named "Guests, remain seated." After this the Tortoise said, "Now we have finished taking new names for ourselves, therefore we will do after this manner: when we have arrived in town, and you hear the people call, 'Guests, go to the house,' then they are calling me, the Tortoise; but if you hear them call, 'Guests, remain seated,' then they are calling the Elephant."

When they had thus finished taking new names, they left the river-crossing, and came to the village. Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, was

greatly surprised, and said, "Great guests have come to my village." So he killed a fowl and gave it to a woman to cook, and the woman prepared and cooked it. After this Zambe called a boy, and said to him, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy accordingly went to the palaver-house, and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" The Tortoise thereupon quickly arose, saying, "They have called me by my name;" and he said to his children, "Let us go to the house!" So the Tortoise and his children went to the house; and they ate the fowl, and saved for the Elephant and his children only a piece of the breast.

Thereupon said Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, "Perhaps the Elephant despised the fowl;" so he killed a dog and had it cooked, and said to the boy, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy therefore went to the palaver-house and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" So the Tortoise again said, "It is I they are calling;" and he and his children went in and ate the dog, but they kept for the Elephant and his children only a small piece of the dog.

After this Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, killed a sheep and had it prepared also. Then he said again to the boy, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy therefore went to the palaver-house and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" The Tortoise therefore said again, "It is my name they have called;" so the Tortoise and his children went to the house, and they ate all of the sheep, keeping for the Elephant and his children only a piece of a leg.

When the next morning had dawned, the Elephant and the Tortoise said one to the other, "Now we will go home." Thereupon Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, took a staff in his hand, and said to the Elephant, "On the day you arrived here I killed a fowl, but you did not eat of it; after that I killed a dog, but you did not eat of it, either; so at last I killed a sheep, but never a bite did you eat of it, either; therefore I want to ask you, what is it you desire that I should now kill for you?"

To this the Elephant replied, and said, "I did not eat, not because there was too little food, but because we took new names when we came to this town. Therefore I did in this manner: the name of the Tortoise is 'Guests, go to the house;' and the Tortoise always went, because you always called his name, 'Guests, go to the house.' I did not go because I did not hear you call 'Guests, remain seated.' If, however, you had called me in that manner, I certainly should have gone."

Therefore the people said to the Elephant, "You are certainly a great big blockhead. Will any one with any sense ever take such a name for himself?"

Thus did the Tortoise deceive the Elephant.

3. A YOUTH AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

Once upon a time a youth and his father-in-law went out to cut gardens, and a porcupine got under the blanket of the youth; so he caught it, and called to his father-in-law, "I am holding on to two things!" and his father-in-law said, "Let one of the two go!" So the youth foolishly let the porcupine go, but he held on to the cloth. Again, as they went and cleared a garden-patch, a rat jumped up, and the youth caught it; and again he said to his father-in-law, "I am holding on to two things!" and the father-in-law replied, as before, "Let one of the two go!" Then the youth again released the rat, but held on to the cloth.

Therefore the people said to him, "Young man, you excel in being a fool, because you have let go two animals which you had caught. You and your father-in-law were in the woods alone,—he a man and you a man,—because men among themselves do not feel much shame when they are in the woods alone. Therefore the people said, "This person is certainly a fool, for he released two animals at the same time." Thus they said of him, "This boy is surely a blockhead."

Thereupon the boy said, "If I have done very foolishly, I will not be able to do such a thing again." He said this, for he felt ashamed when his father-in-law asked him, "O my son-in-law! will a man indeed do such a thing as you have done?"

4. THE SON OF A MAN AND THE SON OF A GHOST

Once upon a time the son of a man and the son of a ghost dug pitfalls in the forest. So the son of the ghost said to the son of the man, "You select now the share of the animals which you will always take." Therefore the man said, "I will always take the male animals." The ghost said to him, "Choose now a good thing, so that you will have it always." Thereupon said the man to the ghost, "Choose now the portion which you will have to eat all the time." So the ghost said, "I will eat the females of all the animals, all that we shall catch; but you, the son of a man, you will eat all of the male animals." Then said the man to the ghost, "You can also eat of the males;" but the ghost said, "No, I will not eat them, because it is forbidden to us ghosts to eat of male animals."

When two nights had passed, they went out to visit the traps, and they found that ten animals had been killed in the pitfalls. So the ghost said to the man, "You take all of them!" So he took them all. Then they went home. On another day they went to visit the traps; and they found a buffalo and an elephant standing in the pits; and these also were males, both of them. And again the man took them all. The man said, however, to the ghost, "Come, you may take one of the tusks;" but the ghost said, "No, for it is forbidden to us

ghosts to take ivory of a male animal, lest we die." So the man took the whole elephant, and carried the meat to his town.

But the wife of the man had forgotten the broken cutlass at the place where they had cut up the elephant. When the ghost saw the woman coming, he threw the broken cutlass into the pit for her. So he said to the wife of the man, "Go down into the pit and get your cutlass." So the woman descended into the pit; and she said to the ghost, "Help me up out of the pit!"

When the man saw that his wife did not speedily return, he followed after her, and found the ghost standing beside the pit. Then he asked him, "Where is my wife?" and the ghost replied, "She is down there in the pit." The man, in turn, said, "Help her up out of the pit!" but the ghost replied, "No, I will not help her up, because I said I would not eat any male animals killed in these pits, but the females. At the present time there is a female down in the pit; there is nothing else for me to do but to take her." To this the man replied, "But she is my wife!" but the ghost said, "It is forbidden that a female animal, once it is caught in a pit the ghosts have dug, be released again, but the ghosts themselves must take it."

Upon this the man became angry, and broke off a club with which to strike the ghost; but the ghost suddenly went down into the pit, and took the woman, and they disappeared down there in the pit; and he was never seen anywhere again, but in the streets of his father's village.

Thus the man lost his wife.

5. THE TWO HUNCHBACKS

Once upon a time there was a man who was a hunchback; and when he went a-courting, he saw a woman who was also a hunchback, even as he himself. So he said to the woman, "I wish to marry you, because you are a hunchback, even as I myself: therefore I wish to marry you." The woman assented, and they were married.

But the man happened to hear of a person who had the power to heal hunchbacks, so he arose to go to this man. As he was journeying on the road, he came upon a very old man, and he gave him some food; although he was offensive and ugly and dirty, nevertheless he gave him of his food. Thereupon the very old man said to him, "My young man, when you have reached the town, and they cook food for you, and take it to a house that is old and tumble-down, do not object, but go and eat there." And the man did after this fashion.

When he had reached the town, they cooked food for him, and took it to a bad-looking house; but he also went, and entered the house and began to eat the food. Suddenly he noticed a very old man lying there, and he took part of his food and gave it to the old man. The old man

asked him, "Who instructed you in this matter?" and he answered, "I myself." Thereupon said the old man to him, "This very night, if they come and ask you, 'Which do you prefer, — a fetish covered with the skin of the genet, or a fetish covered with the skin of the civet-cat?' you reply, 'I prefer a fetish covered with the skin of the genet;' and if they ask you again, 'Which do you prefer to be, — straight as an arrow or bent over?' you answer, 'Straight as an arrow.'" When night had come, they showed him a house in which he was to sleep. During the night, when they came to ask him all these questions, just as the old man had instructed him, he answered rightly; and thus he was healed, because he did not disdain the evil things he met at the beginning. Thus did he return to his own town, a man healed completely.

When his wife saw this, she was very much grieved, because she and her husband had both been hunchbacks, but now her husband was a well man. So the woman jumped up quickly and started to go; but her husband called out to her, and said, "Wait a moment! I will instruct you as to what you should do." But she replied, "No, indeed! Did you tell me at all, or say good-by, when you went away?" Thus did she go in great haste; and when she came upon the old man lying by the roadside, she spit on the ground, and said, "What a horrid old thing this is!" And the old man, in turn, said, "My youthful maiden, go on to where you wish to go." The woman also said to him, "I see that you wish to offer me insult with your talk." Thus did she leave him lying there, and went on her journey.

When she had come to the town, they cooked food for her, and they took the food to the house where the old man was staying. So she said, in her pride, "Am I, indeed, of no account, that they take food for me to such a horrible place?" The people said to her, "We knew of no better place where you could have gone to eat food." And the woman ate all the food herself; never a bite did she give to the very old man. When night came, they showed her a house to sleep in. When they came during the night, and asked her, "Which do you prefer to be, — straight as an arrow or bent over?" she replied, "Bent over." And when they asked her again, "Which do you prefer, — a fetish covered with the skin of the genet, or one covered with the skin of the civet-cat?" she replied, "A fetish covered with the skin of the civet-cat." Thereupon the hunch on her back became even worse than the one she had previously borne.

When she returned home to her husband, he said to her, "I will never live in marriage with you again." Thus did the woman go from bad to worse, because she had no pity on people in distress, but lifted herself up in pride; and thus it was that she saw all this trouble.

Upon whom rests the blame of this affair? Is it upon the woman herself, or her husband? Thus did this woman go from bad to worse.

6. HOW ZAMBE¹ CREATED MAN, THE CHIMPANZEE, AND THE GORILLA

Some people have believed that Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, created the man Zambe, the chimpanzee Zambe, the gorilla Zambe, and the elephant Zambe. One man was black, the other one white. He gave unto them, moreover, fire and cutlasses and hoes and axes and water. After this they stirred up the fire; and when the white man came and sat by the fire, when he looked into the fire, the smoke came into his eyes, so that the tears came. Therefore he arose and went away from the fire. The only thing which the white man treasured was the book which he held in his hand.

The chimpanzee saw a cluster of mvut-fruit ripening on a tree standing in the unplanted border of a clearing; so he threw away all he had, and went and ate the fruit of the mvut-tree. He and the gorilla Zambe did in this manner.

The black man stirred up the fire around the standing stump of an adam-tree, but he neglected the book.

The elephant also had enough things, but he did not remember one of them.

When Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, came, he called them together and asked them, "All the things which I left in your possession, where are they?" The Chimpanzee made answer, and said, "My things I left where I ate the fruit of the mvut-tree." So he said to him, "Go and fetch them!" When, however, the chimpanzee came to the place where he had left them, he found not a single one of them there. Therefore Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, became angry with him, and said to him, "You are a fool." And he dipped his hands into a pool of water, and sprinkled hair all over the body of the chimpanzee; he gave him also large teeth in his mouth, and said to him, moreover, "You will always live in the forests." The same he said to the gorilla: "You and the chimpanzee will be alike."

After this he also asked the black man, "Where is your book?" and he replied, "I threw it away." Zambe therefore said to him, "You will be left without knowledge, because you threw away the book." Moreover, Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, said to him, "You will go to a man and ask of him a wife in return for goods, you will also work for him." He also said again to the black man, "You will be always tending the fire, for it is the one thing you especially looked after." Thereupon said Zambe to the white man, "In all the days to come you will never put away the book, because you did look after the book which I gave you; therefore you will be a man of under-

¹ The god of Bulu mythology.

standing, because you cared for a real thing." He said to him also, "You will always live without fire, for you cared but little for the fire."

Thus it is that the chimpanzees and gorillas and elephants went to the forest to live; and they always cry and howl, because Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, gave them a curse because they did not keep the things he had given them to keep.

Therefore we now perceive that the white men are men of understanding, but the black people are ignorant; moreover, also the black men go and serve them; the black people also warm themselves at the fire.

7. THE LITTLE SQUIRREL AND THE VIPER

Once upon a time the Squirrel and the Viper lived in friendship. The Viper said to the Squirrel, "Come and let us live together in one nest!" But the Squirrel said, "I am afraid of you, lest you do me harm." But the Viper replied, "No, I will do you no harm."

So they lived together in the same nest.

When two days had passed, the Squirrel gave birth to children, and she went out to hunt food for them; but the Viper staid in the nest, and she ate all the children of the Squirrel, never leaving even one of them.

When we hear the call of the Squirrel, it always says, "Is the Viper really a friend of mine?" It is always saying, "Is this really a friend of mine, is this really a friend of mine?"

Therefore one man should not deceive another.

8. THE DOG AND THE CHIMPANZEE

Once upon a time a Dog and a Chimpanzee went on a journey together, going from town to town. They said one to the other, "We ought to make an agreement with each other as we go on this journey." So the Dog said to the Chimpanzee, "As we go on this journey, if the people give us food in which there is any meat, do not throw any bones on the ground, but eat them all up." The Chimpanzee said also to the Dog, "You also, as we go on this journey, when the day dawns, you quickly give me my loin-cloth."

Soon after this they came to a town, and they slept there one night. The second evening the people killed a fowl for them; and when they were eating, the Chimpanzee threw a bone to the ground, so the Dog arose and ate it. Therefore all the people laughed at the Dog. On the third night, as the day was dawning, the Chimpanzee said to the Dog, "Give me the loin-cloth which I always wear;" but the Dog refused to do so, and took the cloth and threw it away to the dung-heap. When the Chimpanzee appeared outside, all the people saw him naked, and they all laughed at him.

The lesson to be drawn from this story is this: a friend should not deceive his friend, for he will also do likewise.

9. THE TWO BROTHERS

There were two men born of the same mother. One was the older, the other the younger son. The older one was a foolish fellow, but the younger one was a real man. The father loved the younger son very much. So the father said unto them, "I have begotten you, my sons, but I have no riches for you. If you seek riches, go to the crest of yonder hill: you will see something there."

So the younger son started to go; and he saw an old man on the path, with many scales of the itch on his skin, who also had but little fire-wood. So the boy went out and cut fire-wood for him; and the old man gave him thanks, and asked him, "Where are you going?" and he replied, "I am going to hunt for riches." So the old man replied, and said to the youth, "As you go now, if you see in that place a large man, do not stand in front of him, but behind him, and say unto him, 'I wish to get riches.'"

Thereupon the boy went and did as the old man had instructed him. The large man therefore gave him a small ivory tusk, and said to him, "If you want anything, strike upon the ground with this small ivory tusk once: do not strike twice, but once only."

The boy did in this manner, and he became very rich.

The older son went also; but he blundered, for he ill-treated the old man, and showed no mercy to him; he also stood in front of the man, therefore he did not instruct him as to what he should do.

Thus he failed to obtain any riches, because he was not prudent.

10. THE STORY OF THE FOOL

Once upon a time many people went out to make war and raids, and they took many people as prisoners. One man among them, however, was a fool. His brothers caught many prisoners, but the one born a fool caught as his only prisoner only a cockroach. His brothers, who had taken many prisoners, said unto him, "Show unto us the prisoner you have taken;" but he said to them, "I have him over yonder." Again his brothers said to him the second time, "Show unto us the prisoner you have taken:" therefore he answered them, and said, "You begin, and show me first the prisoners you have taken." So they showed him the prisoners they had taken: thereupon he also showed them the thing he had taken. Therefore they made fun of him; but he replied, "I have the things that belong to me, the fool."

When they had reached home again, he released his prisoner. Then a fowl came and picked it up: so he asked the owner of the fowl, "What shall I do?" Thereupon the man who owned the fowl said, "You take the fowl." So he took the fowl, and kept it in the street of the village. After that a civet-cat came and caught the fowl, therefore he killed the cat and threw the corpse into the yard. Thereupon a leopard

came and stole the body of the civet-cat, and he followed the leopard and killed it and stretched the skin on a drum.

After this a man who had just taken to himself a wife came to him to borrow his drum. The man who had married a wife kept on asking him for the drum; so finally the fool consented, and gave him the drum, and said to him, "Do not tear the skin of my drum." Then the man had a marriage-dance, and the drum of the fool split open; so the fool said to him, "Give me back my drum." Therefore the man gave him a woman.

Thus the fool himself had a marriage-dance, and he begat many children, and he became a real man because of the cockroach he had caught in war. He gave his daughters in marriage, and became a rich man.

II. THE TORTOISE AND THE MONKEY

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Monkey lived in friendship. So the Tortoise went to the village of the Monkey; and therefore the Monkey killed a fowl, and said to his wife, "Cook this fowl for the Tortoise." The woman therefore cooked the fowl. A little later the husband came and asked his wife, "Have you finished cooking the food?" and the woman replied, "Yes." Thereupon the Monkey said again to his wife, "Put the food on the loft over the fire, thus the Tortoise will not be able to eat this food." They accordingly did in this manner.

After this the Monkey said to the Tortoise, "Go to the house and eat the food." So the Tortoise went to the house, and found the food on the loft over the fire; and he wore himself out trying to get at the food, for he could not climb up to the loft. Therefore he gave up in disgust, and said to the Monkey, "I am going home now;" and the Monkey replied, "All right, go ahead!" Then said the Tortoise to the Monkey, "Come over the day after to-morrow and see me."

The Monkey came, therefore, to visit the Tortoise. The Tortoise also had food cooked for the Monkey, and said to him, "It is like this with my food: when you wish to eat of it, you will first have to wash your hands real clean and white." So the Monkey said, "Give me some water;" and they brought him a crock of water and gave it to him. Then the Monkey began to wash his hands; and he washed and washed, and kept on washing, but they would not rub clean, but remained as black as ever. Therefore he gave up in disgust, and said to the Tortoise, "I am going home now;" and the Tortoise replied, "Go ahead!" So he went home to his village.

When they talked this palaver, the Monkey was judged to be at fault. Thereupon the Tortoise said to the Monkey, "You troubled me when you put the food for me on the loft over the fire: therefore I also said to you, 'Wash your hands clean,' for I knew very well that your hands could never be white."

12. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD (*first version*)

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Leopard lived in the same town. The Tortoise spoke up, and said, "I am able to do in this fashion: they may cut my head off, but I can put it on again." Thereupon the Leopard spoke up, and said, "If you can cut your head off, I can do it also." So the Tortoise, in turn, replied to the Leopard, "I know that you surpass me only in fierceness, but I surpass you in shrewdness." The Leopard again said, "What thing is there that you can do that I could not do?" Thereupon said the Tortoise to the Leopard, "Call all the animals to come together here two days from now." After that the Leopard went home.

Two days later the Leopard called together all the animals, and they went to the village of the Tortoise. So the Tortoise sent his children out, and said to them, "Go and find a lizard for me." Then the children of the Tortoise went and hunted for a lizard; and as they hunted, they found one; and they came home and gave the lizard to the Tortoise. The Tortoise took the lizard and cut off its head, and said to his children, "Go and stick up the head of the lizard in the street." After this he said to his children, "When all the animals are dancing, this head will be exposed in the street; but when the dance is about half through, you bring back the head of the lizard, and say, 'We are taking the head back to the Tortoise, and he will put it on again.'" Thus did the children of the Tortoise. When the animals saw the head of the lizard, they said, "This is really the head of the lizard; so they really meant it when they said that the Tortoise would cut his head off." Then they danced again; and when the dance was about half through, the children of the Tortoise came and took the head of the lizard, and said, "We are taking the head back to the Tortoise, so that he can put it on again." So they went to where the Tortoise was in the house, and the Tortoise threw the head of the lizard away. Then the Tortoise went out and saw the animals; and the animals also saw the Tortoise, that he had cut his head off and still lived again, so that they greatly wondered, and said, "The Tortoise has surely surpassed all others. Can any one, indeed, cut off his head and yet live again?"

Thereupon said the Leopard to all the animals, "To-morrow you all come again, and you will see what I also will do." Then said the Tortoise to them, "As you go away, remember, the head of a tortoise resembles the head of a lizard, but the head of a leopard resembles the head of a fox." After that the Leopard went to his town.

13. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD (*second version*)

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Leopard lived in a town, and they had a dispute. The Tortoise said, "I am able, though they

bury me in a grave, to rise again." Thereupon the Leopard dug a large pit, which was very deep in the ground; and when the Leopard had finished digging it, he took the Tortoise and threw him down into the pit. After that he filled up the pit and returned home to his town.

The Tortoise staid for some little time down there in the pit, when suddenly a rat came along, which was burrowing a hole; and he came to where the Tortoise was in the bottom of the pit. In this way the Tortoise escaped from the pit, and went home to his town.

Therefore the Leopard marvelled, and asked the Tortoise, "Where did you get out of the pit?" Thereupon the Leopard also said to the Tortoise, "Come on, now! let us go, and you put me also into the grave." So the Tortoise also dug a pit, but it was shallow; and the Tortoise threw the Leopard into the pit, and filled it up and went home. When night came, the Leopard called out in anguish and fear, and said, "Let them come now and take me out of this pit!" So the people came and took him out of the pit.

Thus do we see that the Leopard is certainly a fool, because in every instance where the Tortoise tempted him, he easily fell into the trap.

Thus do we see that the Leopard is foolish, and has no prudence.

14. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD QUARREL ABOUT THEIR VILLAGES

Once upon a time there lived a Tortoise and a Leopard. The Tortoise built a town by the name of Minte'ebo. This town produced food in abundance, but in the town of the Leopard there was not even as much as an unripe plantain. Then said the Leopard, "I will go and rob the Tortoise of his town." So he called his children, and said unto them, "Let us leave this town of Nkôle Melen ('hill of the palms')!" And they went away from there. Then said the Tortoise, "I will kill the Leopard yet, and that before very long, too." So the Tortoise and his children went from there to live in another town, which was also called Minte'ebo. This town also produced food in abundance; but into the town of the Leopard again there came a famine, so that there was not the least bit of food there for them to eat.

Then said the Leopard, "Come on, children! Let us go and again rob the Tortoise of his town, to which he has gone to live, at Minte'ebo!" Thereupon they left the town, and came upon the Tortoise living at Minte'ebo; and the Leopard spoke up, and said, "Hurry up, now, and move from the village-site of my father!" Then said the children of the Tortoise to the Tortoise, "You are afraid of the Leopard because he has robbed you of your towns." But the Tortoise replied, "No, my children, you just let me alone! I will kill the Leopard yet, and that before very long, too." So they went away from Minte'ebo; but the Leopard came and settled there, and lived there. Then the

Tortoise went to live at another place, called Memvutu Si. In this town also food was again very plentiful, as it had been in the other towns in which they had begun to live.

But a famine came again upon the Leopard: so he said to his children, "Up, now, and let us go and rob the Tortoise again of his town, to which he has gone to live!" So they left Minte'ebo and went and found the Tortoise living at Memvutu Si. The Leopard said, "Move out from my father's village-site! When my father died, they buried him in this little palaver-house." But the Tortoise replied, "No, but let us go and settle this dispute about these towns; but we will not argue the case upon the earth, but before the spirits." Then the Tortoise said, "Come to-morrow morning."

When the Tortoise was alone, he called his oldest son, and said to him, "Go and call all the Tortoises in this forest, and put them into the bottom of this pit here." When they dug the pit, they dug also a little hole off to one side, about the middle of the pit.

When the next morning had dawned, the Leopard and his children came. Then the Tortoise said, "Come, now, and see how I go down to the spirits!" And he took a bundle of spears and his pouch, and put a red cap on his head, and went down into the grave, into the space off to one side of the grave. Then said the Tortoise, "Come hither!" and Ekotô Kulu came and stood beside the grave, and they filled up the grave.

Thereupon the oldest son of the Tortoise, whose name was Ekotô Kulu, said, "My father and the Leopard are disputing over their towns: my father lived first at Minte'ebo, again at Minte'ebo, and last at Memvutu Si; but the Leopard came and said, 'These are the village-sites of my father.' This is the dispute they are to settle to-day. If the Leopard is truly the owner of these towns, you answer in the affirmative." But they all kept silent. Again he asked the second time, but again they all remained silent. After that he said, "The Tortoise truly owns these towns, the Leopard is only trying to rob them from him;" and they all replied in the affirmative. Again he asked the same question the second time, and they all replied, "Yes," at the top of their voices. Thereupon he said, "Open up the grave!" Then came the Tortoise out of the grave, and said, "O Leopard! wonderfully beautiful things are down there with the spirits; but my father always told me, 'Don't go, lest you die!'"

The Leopard said, "The Tortoise is trying to get ahead of me;" and again he said to all present, "I am going now," and so down into the grave he went. When he went into the grave, he did not go into the little by-path from which the Tortoise came back. Then stood Akulu Ze, the oldest son of the Leopard, upon the grave, and said, "If the Leopard himself really owns these towns, you answer in

the affirmative;" but they all kept silence. Again he asked the second time; but all remained silent still. Then he said, "Does the Tortoise own these towns, indeed?" and they all replied, "Yes," at the top of their voices. Thereupon he said, "Open up the grave!" but when they opened the grave, they found that the Leopard had died.

Therefore the women were about to raise a chant to mourn for the Leopard; but he said, "No, the Leopard has died because of his own foolishness, the Tortoise owns these towns."

Thereupon the Tortoise said, "Did not I say unto you, 'I will kill the Leopard yet, and that before very long, too'? Have you seen me do it now?"

15. THREE MEN WHO QUARRELLED ABOUT AN ELEPHANT

Once upon a time three men went on a journey. One of them had some food cooked in a leaf; another one, a roll of cassava; and the third one had a dog with him. Thus they were journeying together along the road.

Thereupon said the man who had some food cooked in a leaf to the one who had the cassava-roll, "I have nothing to eat with my food." Thus said also the one who had the cassava, "I have nothing to eat with my cassava." Therefore they sat down together, and ate the cooked food in the leaf and also the roll of cassava.

When they had finished eating, they threw away the leaf; and the dog went and licked off the leaf, while the men went on ahead. Then said the owner of the dog to the others, "My dog is left behind, I will go back after it;" and they replied, "Go ahead!" So he went back to get the dog. When the man came to the place, lo, and behold! the dog was eating an elephant. Then he took an ivory tusk, and with the dog returned to where he had left the men; and he told them, "My dog found a dead elephant." Thereupon they said to him, "The elephant belongs to us." But he said, "No, come along with me, and we will settle this dispute in the town!" So they went to the town.

One man said, "Were it not that I brought the food cooked in a leaf, you never would have found the elephant." Another one said, "Were it not that I brought the cassava-roll, you never would have found the elephant." The owner of the dog said, "I myself own the elephant, because I brought the dog."

They settled the dispute as follows: "The owner of the dog gets one half of the elephant, the other two take the other half."

16. THE YOUNG SNAKE AND THE YOUNG FROG

Once upon a time it came to pass that famine came upon all the animals of the forest, so that they had not a thing to eat. Upon a certain day the young Snake and the young Frog were playing on a

cleared space in the sand. When it came to be late in the afternoon, the young Snake said, "I am tired of play, I am going home now;" and the little Frog replied, "Go on home! We will meet again to-morrow." Thus they separated.

When the young Snake came into the house of his mother, he said to his mother, "I am hungry." Thereupon the mother asked him, "Where do you come from?" and he replied, "I come from play, the young Frog and I have been playing together." Then said his mother to him, "That is food which you have let go again. Why, son, don't you really know, those are the very things for which we hunt? Now, you do like this when you and he are playing together again: then you just catch him and swallow him."

When the young Frog came into the house of his mother again, his mother asked him, "Where do you come from?" and he replied, "I come from play, the young Snake and I have been playing together." Then said his mother to him, "Are you, indeed, a fool? Don't you really know that the Snakes hunt for us? Don't you go there again to-morrow!" The young Frog replied, "I will not go, I will obey;" but he went again to the place of play.

When he came to the place of play, the young Snake said to him, "Come, let us play!" but the young Frog said to him, "The instructions your father and mother gave you, the same kind of instructions did my father and mother impart to me. I will not come there."

Thus was the young Snake outwitted, for he intended to catch the young Frog.

17. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD AND THE PYTHON

Once upon a time the Leopard came to the Tortoise, and said to her, "Catch the Python for me!" So the Tortoise dug a pit and covered the top. Then said the Python also to the Tortoise, "Catch the Leopard for me!" Therefore the Tortoise felt very badly.

When the Leopard came to see the Tortoise, the Tortoise said to him, "Please go over yonder!" So, as the Leopard went over to the pit, he fell into it.

When the Python came to see the Tortoise, the Tortoise said to her, "Please go over yonder!" and as the Python was going across the pit, she fell into it.

Thereupon said the Tortoise to the Python and to the Leopard, "You are both now down in the pit: settle this affair as you wish to between you." Then said the Leopard to the Python, "I have indeed caught very many beasts of the forest, but I have never caught a python." Thereupon said the Python also to the Leopard, "I have caught, indeed, many beasts of the forest, but have I ever caught you?" and the Leopard replied, "No." They spoke after this fashion, be-

cause one of them did not despise the other. And thereafter they separated as friends.

18. THE DOG AND THE PANGOLIN

Once upon a time the Dog went to visit the Pangolin; and the Pangolin said to him, "You and my child please stay here and crack these gourd-seeds for me, while I go to the garden." Thus the Dog and the child were left together; and as they cracked the seeds, the Dog cracked them open and put the kernels into a basin, but the child cracked them and put them into his mouth. Therefore the Dog asked the child, "Why do you do after this fashion? I crack the seeds and put the kernels into a basin, but you put the kernels into your mouth." When the Dog had finished speaking in this way, the child died.

When the Dog was about to return to his town, the woman asked him, "Of what did the child die?" So the Dog said to her, "I asked him, 'Why do you do like this: while I am cracking the seeds, you put them into your mouth?'" and when the Dog had finished relating this to the woman, the woman also fell down and died. And all the people, — when they asked the Dog, and he replied, "I asked him, 'Why do you put the kernels into your mouth?' and he answered the people in that way," — the people suddenly died.

Finally the sister of the Dog came; and she asked the Dog, "Of what did the people die?" and he said, "You do like this: you crack the gourd-seeds and unexpectedly eat the kernels, thus did the child die unexpectedly." Thereupon his sister also fell down and died.

Therefore said the Dog, "If it is after this fashion, I will endure living without ever speaking to people again."

Silent with that silence the dog remains to this very day.

19. THE MAN WHO DIED AND LEFT CHILDREN

Once upon a time there lived a man who begat three sons. When their father died, these sons were left poor beggars. Their father came and appeared to them by night, and said, "You go to-morrow and sit under a certain butternut-tree."

When the day had dawned, they arose and went to that place, and they camped there one night. Then said their father unto them, "Of the fruits which will fall from this tree, the one which falls first belongs to the oldest, the second one to the next son, and the last one will belong to the one born last."

When the fruits began to fall, they said to the youngest son, "You go and pick it up, for you are the smallest." After this the second son picked up the second fruit, and later the oldest one picked up the one which fell last.

Thereupon they all took up their fruits and started for home. But

as they were going along the road, the oldest one said, "My fruit is too heavy, indeed, I will open it." So he took a cutlass and split the fruit open, so all the riches which were enclosed in the fruit went to the bush. Therefore he howled a great howl, and followed after his brothers, and said unto them, "There is not a single thing in these fruits." Then he who was the second oldest, he also split open the fruit; and then all the riches that were in the fruit went to the bush.

Thereupon they planned together to deceive their youngest brother. Then they followed him in haste, because they thought that they would catch up with him on the way, and they would then say unto him, "Split open the fruit, there is nothing in it;" but instead of this, they did not come up to him before he reached town, but they found him already seated in his house.

When he came into his house, however, he shut the door and fastened it securely. So his brothers came and raised their voices, and said, "The fruit which you have, there is not a thing in it." After that he took a cutlass and split the fruit open, and then riches of all sorts came out of the fruit, which filled the house full.

Thus did the older brothers fail to obtain riches, because they were easily tired of a heavy load: therefore they again begged their brother for some of his riches.

20. THE BOY AND THE GIRL

Once upon a time a sister and her brother went fishing. When they returned to the town, they found that their mother and father and all the other people had moved away. Thus they were left alone on the site of the deserted village. Then said the brother to his sister, "My father and I found a cave in the rocks over yonder." So the sister replied, "Up, and let us go and live there!" So they went there to live.

While they were living in that place, on several mornings the sister went to visit the traps; and lo, and behold! she found a dead elephant in the middle of the path. Then she said, "Is there any other person in this forest?" And as she was listening, there was a man in the lower part of the forest. Then the girl called out, "Come, let us cut up this elephant!" But the man said to the girl, "It is not you who owns this elephant, but it belongs to me." But the girl replied, "No, indeed! I myself own this elephant." Thereupon said the man, "If you talk there again, I will kill you." So the girl, in turn, said to him, "When we are cutting up the elephant, may I make up a plan?" And he replied, "Yes, make your plan." Therefore she said, "It is fitting that you should cut up the elephant, but that I take the baskets full of meat to your village." He replied, "Yes, indeed, you take the baskets full of meat to my village."

But instead of this the girl carried the baskets full of meat to the

cave in the rocks, where she and her brother lived; but the last basketful she carried and gave to the wife of the man with whom she disputed about the elephant. Then she returned in haste, and entered the cave in the rocks, where she and her brother were living.

After this the man returned to his village, and said to his wife, "Come and wash my hands!" His wife came and washed his hands; and he asked her, "Did you receive the elephant-meat which I sent hither?" And the wife replied, "I have seen only one basketful, which the girl brought." To this he replied, "Do you really mean it?" And she replied, "Certainly, I do! Come into the house and look for yourself!"

Thereupon said the husband, "Ondoñelð Ejð, where will she be going to-morrow?" The girl who stole the elephant-meat had that name; and she said, "I will go to the garden to-morrow for plantains." Then the man changed himself into a large plantain-stalk. When the day dawned, Ondoñelð Ejð went to get plantains in the garden. She soon finished taking the plantains that were small, but she left the one which was large. Then said she to him, "When you came and changed yourself into a large plantain, did I not know you?" Then the man drove her away; and she said, "O Edu Akok, Edu Akok!" Then the brother opened the rock to her. Thus he and she together did many things like this.

On a certain day this man went to Odime Zezole, and asked him, "How can I kill this girl?" And Odime Zezole said to him, "Go and set traps in the place where she will go in the morning; and thus it will happen, that when you run after her, she will be caught in a trap." Thereupon the man asked, "Ondoñelð Ejð, where will she be going to-morrow?" She replied, "I am not going anywhere to-morrow." Thus it happens and thus it goes, when you have killed an animal, do you not first partake of the meat thereof? Listen, now, as I am eating the liver of the elephant at this very time.

Finally this man grew weary of pursuing this girl, for she surpassed him in shrewdness.

21. THE DUNCE WHO FOUND OUT DECEPTION

Once upon a time a dunce went out to set traps; and when he visited the traps, he found a red antelope caught, so he took it home. The people, however, took it and ate it: he himself did not eat of it, because he was an uninitiated person. Thus he killed many animals; but they said, "You are not able to eat of them, for you are an uninitiated person."

Upon a certain day, as he came from visiting the traps, his brothers asked him, "Whence do you come?" and he replied, "I have returned from a walk." So they again said, "Why do you answer us in this

way?" and he told them, "I can kill all of these animals, but I myself do not eat of them." Therefore they said to him, "Are we to blame for the fact that you are not initiated?"

Again the boy went to visit his traps; and he found there a red antelope (*Sδ*), a mouse-colored one (*δkpweñ*), and a dark one (*mvin*). Then he took all of these animals out of the traps and carried them away, and hung them up at the cross-roads, but he himself hid beside the path.

People that passed by that place, when they saw the animals, said, "Look yonder and see! An *δkpweñ* and *mvin* and *Sδ* are hanging there!" When they had passed, the dunce knew which one was the *Sδ* antelope. After that he took the game and went to town.

When he arrived in town, he said to his brothers, "The dunce now knows the animal which you call *Sδ*." Therefore he took only the *Sδ* and gave it to them, but he himself took the other two antelopes and went to his mother's house. After this said his brothers to him, "We perceive now that this dunce knows the *Sδ* antelope; and he replied, "Yes, indeed, I do know the *Sδ* antelope now."

22. THE STORY OF THE HUNGRY ELEPHANT

Once upon a time there lived an Elephant; and he said to himself, "I am very hungry." Therefore he walked in a path of the forest, and he found a bamboo-palm standing in a swamp. He therefore went in haste and broke down the palm, and he found in it a tender bud of the palm-leaves. But when he took out the bud of the palm, it fell into the water. Therefore he hunted and hunted for it, but could not find it; for he had riled up the water, and it blinded his eyes. Then a Frog began to talk, and said, "Listen!" The Elephant did not hear, however, but hunted all the more. Thereupon the Frog spoke again, and said, "Listen!" Therefore the Elephant stood perfectly still. Thereupon the water became clear again, so that he found the palm-bud and ate it.

23. THE SON-IN-LAW AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

Once upon a time a young man and his father-in-law arose and said, "Let us go and kill porcupines at the akam-tree!" When they had come to the akam-tree, they set up their nets. Then said the father-in-law to the son-in-law, "You go and return hither, and I will lay in wait here." So the son-in-law went and returned again; and a porcupine came and ran into the net, and the father-in-law caught it. At that time his belt became unfastened, and he called out, "Ah, my son-in-law! I have two things here to look after." And the son-in-law replied, "Let one of them go." So he released the porcupine, and fastened his belt again.

After this the son-in-law said to his father-in-law, "You go and drive the game hither, while I lay in wait here." When he drove, a porcupine ran into the net, and the son-in-law caught it, but the string around his loin-cloth became loose. So he said to his father-in-law, "Here I hold two things." So the father-in-law replied, "Let one of them go!" and he let go of the cloth, but held fast to the porcupine.

Thus do we see that the son-in-law surpassed his father-in-law in shrewdness.

24. THE TORTOISE WHO WAITED FOR TOADSTOOLS

Once upon a time there lived a Tortoise; and one day he saw many toadstools on a log; so he said, "I shall not leave this place very soon, not until these toadstools are all finished." Just about the time he said this, some men said, "Let us go a-hunting!" So the men went on a hunt, and the dogs started up a red antelope. So they followed the antelope, and it came to the place where the Tortoise was. Then said the Antelope to the Tortoise, "They are following me;" but the Tortoise said, "I will never leave this place until all these toadstools are finished." Thereupon said the Antelope, "Will you please protect me, lest the men come and kill both me and you!" So the Tortoise said, "If that is the case, there is nothing for me to do but to go; not, however, to-day, but to-morrow." After that the Antelope said to him again, "Go now!" but the Tortoise said, "No!"

So the Antelope left the Tortoise where she had found him, but she herself ran away. Soon after this the dogs came along and picked up the Tortoise; and when the men came, they themselves took the Tortoise and brought him home to their village.

GREAT BATANGA,
KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA.

NEGRO TALES FROM GEORGIA

[THE following tales were collected by Mrs. E. M. Backus and by Mrs. Ethel Hatton Leitner at Grovetown, Columbia County, Georgia. Those collected by Mrs. Backus are signed E. M. B.; those collected by Mrs. Leitner, E. H. L. — ED.]

I. WHEN BRER RABBIT SAW BRER DOG'S MOUTH SO BRER DOG CAN WHISTLE

In the ole times, when Brer Dog a roaming through the woods, he come up with Brer Rabbit, Brer Dog do. Brer Rabbit he set on the sand just a-whistling, and a-picking of the banjo.

Now, in them times Brer Rabbit was a master-hand with the banjo. These yer hard times 'pears like Brer Rabbit done forget how to whistle, and you don' hear him pick the banjo no more; but in the ole times Brer Rabbit he whistle, and frolic, and frolic and whistle, from morning twell night.

Well, Brer Dog he mighty envious of Brer Rabbit, 'case Brer Dog he can't whistle, and he can't sing, Brer Dog can't. Brer Dog he think he give anything in reason if he could whistle like Brer Rabbit, so Brer Dog he beg Brer Rabbit to learn hisself to whistle.

Now, Brer Dog he called the most reliable man in the county; and he have some standing, Brer Dog do; and he have right smart of sense, Brer Dog have; but bless you, Sah, Brer Dog he can't conjure 'longside that Ole Brer Rabbit, that he can't.

Well, when Brer Dog beg Brer Rabbit will he learn hisself to whistle, Brer Rabbit he say, "Brer Dog, your mouth ain' shape for whistling." Brer Rabbit he say, "Name of goodness, Brer Dog, how come you studying 'bout whistling with that mouth? Now, Brer Dog, you just watch my mouth and try youself;" and Brer Rabbit he just corner up his mouth and whistle to beat all.

Brer Dog he try his best to corner up his mouth like Brer Rabbit; but he can't do it, Brer Dog can't. But the more Brer Dog watch Brer Rabbit whistle, the more envious Brer Dog get to whistle hisself.

Now, Brer Dog he know how Brer Rabbit are a doctor; so Brer Dog he ax Brer Rabbit can he fix his mouth so he can whistle?

Brer Rabbit, he 'low as how he might fix Brer Dog's mouth so he can whistle just tolerable, but Brer Rabbit he 'low how he have to saw the corners of Brer Dog's mouth right smart; and he 'low, Brer Rabbit do, how "it be mighty worrisky for Brer Dog."

Now, Brer Dog, he that envious to whistle like Brer Rabbit, Brer Dog he 'clare he let Brer Rabbit saw his mouth.

Brer Rabbit he say as how he don' want deceive Brer Dog; and he say, Brer Rabbit do, as how he ain' gwine promise to make Brer Dog whistle more same as hisself, but he say he "make Brer Dog whistle tolerable."

So Brer Rabbit he get his saw, and he saw a slit in the corners Brer Dog's mouth. It nateraly just nigh 'bout kill Ole Brer Dog; but Brer Dog he are a thorough-gwine man, and what Brer Dog say he gwine do, he gwine do, he sure is.

So Brer Dog he just hold hisself together, and let Brer Rabbit saw his mouth.

Now, Brer Rabbit he know in his own mind Brer Dog ain' gwine whistle sure 'nough, but Brer Rabbit he don' know just what Brer Dog gwine say; so when Brer Rabbit get through a-sawing of Brer Dog's mouth, Brer Rabbit he say, "Now try if you can whistle!" Brer Dog he open his mouth, and he try to whistle; and he say, "Bow, wow, wow!" Brer Dog do say that for a fact.

Well, when Brer Rabbit hear Brer Dog whistle that yer way, Brer Rabbit he that scared he just turn and fly for home; but Brer Dog he that mad, when he hears hisself whistle that yer way, he say he gwine finish Ole Brer Rabbit: so Brer Dog he put out after Brer Rabbit just a-hollering, "Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow!"

Now, in them times, Brer Rabbit he have a long bushy tail. Brer Rabbit he mighty proud of his tail in the ole times.

Well, Brer Rabbit he do his best, and he just burn the wind through the woods; but Brer Dog he just gwine on the jump, "Bow wow, bow wow!"

Presently Brer Dog he see Brer Rabbit, and he think he got him; and Brer Dog he open his mouth and jump for Brer Rabbit, and Brer Dog he just bite Brer Rabbit's fine tail plum off.

That how come Brer Rabbit have such little no count tail these yer times; and Brer Dog he that mad with ole Brer Rabbit 'case he saw his mouth, when he run Brer Rabbit through the woods, he still holler, "Bow wow, bow wow!" and you take noticement how, when Brer Rabbit hear Brer Dog say that, Brer Rabbit he just pick up his foots and fly, 'case Brer Rabbit done disremember how he done saw Brer Dog's mouth.

E. M. B.

2. BRO' RABBIT AN' DE WATER-MILLIONS

Bro' Rabbit an' Bro' Coon dey go inter cohoot fuh ter plant dey crap tergedder an' fuh ter stan' by one annudder ef trubble cum erlong. One day dey wus wurkin' in dey water-million patch, en dey bofe see Colonel Tiger come er creepin' roun' de fence, lookin' hungry enough fuh ter eat dem bofe. Bro' Coon he goes back on Bro' Rabbit,

en climb up er tree, an lefe he fren fuh ter face trubble by hesef. Bro' Rabbit carnt climb, an' he so scard dat he teef rattle; but he grab he spade an' meck haste an' dig two holes, an' bury two uf he biggest water-millions in dem, & kiver em wif yearth, an' pat dem smooove wid he spade: he wurk so hard dat by de time Colonel Tiger git ter de gate, he is dun got annudder hole dug most deep ernuf fuh one more.

Colonel Tiger stan' dar — in he fine stripe suit — watchin' him, an' he mity curious, Colonel Tiger am: *when he see dem two graves dar, an' Bro' Rabbit a-makin' one more, he done know what ter think.*

So finely he talk out, an' ax him. "Bro' Rabbit," he ax, "what's dat yo is doin' dar?" Bro' Rabbit he mity scared, but he hold he heart bold, an' he meck answer out loud an' brash like he wus mad. "*I is buryin' de folks what I is dun kilt,*" he say, slappin' de graves wid he spade. "Dat Bro' Lion, dat Bro' Bear; an' I'se got er Coon treed dar what I'se dun cungered, but I ain't kilt him yit. Who is you axin' me questions, anyhow? I ain't got time ter turn roun' ter look at yer; but yer is so brash, ef yer'll wait 'twell I gits fru, I'll cum out dar an' cunger yo' an' kill yo too, 'case I wants free more fòols fuh ter finish out dis row."

Colonel Tiger wus dat scared, he jes burn de wind, gittin' erway frum dat dangus-talkin' man.

Atter he gone, Bro' Coon he cum down he tree, en meck er *great miration* ober Bro' Rabbit; but Bro' Rabbit he say, "I done want none er yer talk; yo ain't no true fren', en done keep ter de 'greemint, so I'se gwine ter vide de crap an' break up."

Bro' Coon he say, "How yo gwineter vide?" An' Bro' Rabbit he meck answer, en say, "You is de biggest Bro' Coon, so yo kin teck all dat yer kin tote erway. I is de littlest, so I'se got ter teck what is *lef behine.*" Bro' Coon kin jes lif *one leetle water-million* wif er rotten end; an' wid dat he hafter go — 'case Bro' Rabbit talk so big, he was scaid of him, ennyhow, en glad fuh ter git erway.

E. H. L.

3. BRO' FOX AN' DE FOOLISH JAY-BIRD

One day Bro' Fox bin eatin' sum Turkey, an' he git er bone stuck in he tooft (tooth) what meck it mighty hot, an' achey. Hit hurt so bad he carnt eat nuffin fur four days, so he go ter Mr. Jay-bird an' ax him fur ter pull de piece ob bone out. Mr. Jay-bird ergree fur ter pull hit out; but de Jay-bird wus mighty cute an sceamy bird, he wus jealous uf Mr. Mockin'-bird, 'case he wus de finest singer, an' he hate him 'case he mock him. He meck er plan in he mine fur ter get Bro' Fox ter kill Mr. Mockin'-bird, an' all he fambly so he ergree fur ter pull out de piece ob bone; but he meck Bro' Fox wait er long

time fust, whilst he tell him how dangous hit wus ter chaw big bones; den when Bro' Fox git mighty impashunt, he hop on he jaw, an' peck de piece ob bone out he tooft. Bro' Fox mighty releabed.

"Dere Bro' Fox!" he say, "dat all right. Now I'se guyen ter gib yo' some good advice: you eat *leetle* bones atter dis. If yer has er mine ter, jest es soon es hit git dark, I'se guyen ter show yer whar Mr. Mockin'-bird an' he hole fambly roost, an' den yer kin cotch 'im, an' taste meat what am sweet."

An' wid dat he argufy 'bout how good bird-bones taste, 'twel Bro' Fox mouf jest water; den he ax, "Yer feels er heap better, doan yer, Bro' Fox?" an' Bro' Fox he say, sorter anxus-like, "I'se 'fraid yo' is dun lef er leetle piece ob dat bone in dar yit. I wish yo' wuld jest step in ergin an' look, Bro' Jay-bird."

Den, when Mr. Jay-bird hop on he jaw, fur ter look in he tooft, Bro' Fox snap he mouf too an' cotch him, an' meck remarkt, fru he teetf, "Yes, Mr. Jay-bird, I does feel er heap better; I feels so much better dat I is hongry, an' yer dun telt me so much erbout de fine flavor ob de leetle bones, dat I carnt wait twel night cum, fur ter try dem!"

An' wid dat he chaw him up, an' say de flavor were berry fine indeedy.

When yer ba'rgins wif er rascal fer ter harm yer frens, yo better meck shore yo' is in a safe place yosef erfore yer bergins ter meck yer ergreemint.

E. H. L.

4. WHEN BRER RABBIT HELP BRER TERAPIN

In the old days Brer Wolf he have a mighty grudge against Brer Terapin, Brer Wolf do; and one day Brer Wolf come up with old Brer Terapin in the woods; and he say, Brer Wolf do, how he just going to make a end of Old Brer Terapin.

But Brer Terapin he just draw in his foots and shut the door; and he draw in his arms and shut the door; and then if the old man don' bodaciously draw in his head and shut the door right in Brer Wolf's face.

That make ole Brer Wolf mighty angry, sure it naterly do; but he bound he ain' going to be outdone that er way, and he study 'bout how he going smash Brer Terapin's house in; but there ain' no rock there, and he feared to leave the ole man, 'case he know direckly he leave him the ole chap going open the doors of his house and tote hissself off.

Well, while Brer Wolf study 'bout it, here come Brer Rabbit; but he make like he don' see Brer Wolf, 'case they ain' the bestest of friends in them days, Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit ain', no, that they ain'.

But Brer Wolf he call out, he do, "O Brer Rabbit, Brer Rabbit,

come here!" So Brer Rabbit he draw up, and he see Old Brer Terapin's house with the doors all shut; and he say, "Morning, Brer Terapin!" but Brer Terapin never crack his door; so Brer Wolf say, he do, "Brer Rabbit, you stay here and watch the ole man, while I go and fotch a rock to smash his house!" and Brer Wolf he take hisself off.

Directly Brer Wolf gone, ole Brer Terapin he open his door and peak out. Now, Brer Rabbit and Brer Tarapin was the best friends in the ole time; and Brer Rabbit, he say, he do, "Now, Brer Terapin, Brer Wolf done gone for to tote a rock to smash your house;" and Brer Terapin say he going move on.

Then Brer Rabbit know if Brer Wolf come back and find he let Brer Terapin make off with his house, Brer Wolf going fault hisself; and Brer Wolf are a strong man, and he are a bad man; and poor old Brer Rabbit he take his hindermost hand and he scratch his head, and clip off right smart. Brer Rabbit was a peart man them days.

Directly he come up with old Sis Cow, and he say, "Howdy, Sis Cow? Is you got a tick you could lend out to your friends?" and he take a tick and tote it back, and put it on the rock just where Brer Terapin was.

Presently here come Brer Wolf back, totin' a big rock; and he see Brer Rabbit just tearing his hair and fanning his hands, and crying, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'se feared of my power, I'se feared of my power!" but Brer Wolf he say, "Where old man Terapin gone with his house? I done told you to watch." But Brer Rabbit he only cry the more, and he say, "That what I done tell you, don't you see what my power done done? There all what left of poor ole Brer Terapin right there." And Brer Rabbit he look that sorrowful-like, he near 'bout broke down, and he point to the cow-tick.

But Brer Wolf he done live on the plantation with Brer Rabbit many a day; and Brer Wolf he say, "Quit your fooling, ole man. You done turn Brer Terapin loose, and I just going to use this yer rock to smash your head." Then Brer Rabbit he make haste to make out to Brer Wolf how that little chap surely are all what's left of poor old Brer Terapin.

And Brer Rabbit he make out how the power are in his left eye to make a big man perish away; and Brer Rabbit he 'low how he just happen to strike his left eye on his old friend Brer Terapin, and directly he get smaller and smaller, twell that all there be left of the poor old man. When Brer Rabbit say that, he turn and cut his left eye sharp at Brer Wolf, Brer Rabbit do.

Brer Wolf he just look once on the little tick, and he say, "Don' look at me, Brer Rabbit! Don' look at me!" and Brer Wolf he strike out, and he just burn the wind for the woods.

Then Brer Rabbit he clip it off down the road twell he come up with old Brer Terapin; and they strike a fire, and make a good pot of coffee, and talk it over.

E. M. B.

5. WHEN BRER 'POSSUM ATTEND MISS FOX'S HOUSE-PARTY

Once long before the war, when times was good, Miss Fox she set out for to give a house-party, Miss Fox did.

And Miss Fox she 'low she ain' going invite the lastest person to her house-party 'cepting the quality; and when Brer Fox he just mention Brer 'Possum's name, Miss Fox she rare and charge, Miss Fox do. She give it to Brer Fox, and she 'low how she don' invite no poor white trash to her house-party; and she 'low, Miss Fox do, how Brer Fox must set his mind on giving a tacky party.

Brer Fox he 'low how Brer 'Possum ain' no poor white trash; but Miss Fox she 'clare Brer 'Possum ain' no more than a half-strainer, and so Miss Fox she don' invite Brer 'Possum to her house-party.

Well, Brer 'Possum he feel mighty broke up when he hear all the other creeters talking about the house-party, 'case Brer 'Possum he have plenty money. Brer 'Possum are a mighty shifty man, and always have plenty money.

Well, Brer 'Possum he tell Brer Rabbit how he feel 'bout Miss Fox house-party; and he ax Brer Rabbit, Brer 'Possum do, why he don' be invited.

Brer Rabbit he 'low it all because Brer 'Possum don' hold up his head and wear store clothes; and Brer Rabbit he advise Brer 'Possum to order hisself some real quality clothes, and a churn hat, and go to Miss Fox house-party; and he 'low, Brer Rabbit do, how they won't know Brer 'Possum, and mistake hisself sure for some man from the city.

So ole Brer 'Possum he got plenty money, and he go to the city, Brer 'Possum do; and he order just a quality suit of clothes, Brer 'Possum do; and he go to the barber, and get hisself shaved, and his hair cut, and he present hisself at Miss Fox house-party.

Well, you may be sure Brer 'Possum he receive flattering attention, he surely did; and the last one of the people asking, "Who that fine gentleman?" "Who that city gentleman?" "Who that stinguished-looking gentleman?" and Brer Rabbit he make hisself forward to introduce Brer 'Possum right and left, "My friend Mr. Potsum from Augusta!" That old Brer Rabbit he done say "Potsum," 'case enduring they find him out, that old Brer Rabbit he going swear and kiss the book he done say 'possum, all the time. That just exactly what that old man Rabbit going to do.

But, Lord bless you! they all that taken up with the fine gentleman,

they don' spicion hisself; and he pass a mighty proudful evening, Brer 'Possum do.

But when it come retiring-time, and the gentlemans all get their candles, and 'scorted to their rooms, Brer 'Possum he look at the white bed, and he look all 'bout the room, and he feel powerful uncomfortable, Brer 'Possum do, 'case Brer 'Possum he never sleep in a bed in all his born days. Brer 'Possum he just can't sleep in a bed.

The poor old man he walk round the room, and round the room, twell the house get asleep; and he take off all his fine clothes, and he open the door softly, and step out all to hisself, he powerful tired; and he just climb a tree what stand by the porch, and hang hisself off by his tail and fall asleep.

In the morning, when Miss Fox get up and open the door, she see Brer 'Possum hanging from the limb. She that astonished she can't believe her eyes; but Miss Fox know a fine fat 'possum when she see him, she surely do.

Well, Miss Fox she cotch hold of Brer 'Possum and kill him, and dress him, and serve him up on the breakfast-table; and the guests they compliment Miss Fox on her fine 'Possum breakfast; but when they go call the fine gentleman from the City, they just find his fine clothes, but they never suspicion where he done gone, twell many day after, when old Brer Rabbit he done let the secret out.

E. M. B.

6. HOW BRER FOX DREAM HE EAT BRER 'POSSUM

In the old times Brer 'Possum he have a long, wide, bushy tail like Brer Fox. Well, one day Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox get a mighty honein' to set er tooth in some fresh meat, and they both start off for to find some, and directly they find Brer 'Possum up a black gum-tree.

Now, in them times Brer Rabbit he can climb well as any other of the creatures, 'case he has sharp claws like a cat; and he don't set down to nobody on climbing, Brer Rabbit don't. So when they find Brer 'Possum way up in the top of the gum-tree, Brer Rabbit he jest climb up after Brer 'Possum, Brer Rabbit do; and jest before he reach him, Brer 'Possum he wind his tail on the limb, an' hang wid he hade down, an' swing hisself out.

Brer Rabbit he standing on the limb; an' he reach out, and he grab Brer 'Possum's tail nigh the stump, Brer Rabbit do; and Brer 'Possum he swing hisself out, and try to reach another limb with he hand; and every time Brer 'Possum swing out, Brer Rabbit's hand slip a little on Brer 'Possum's tail; and next time Brer 'Possum swing and reach out, Brer Rabbit he hand slip a little more, twell Brer Rabbit he done skin the whole of Brer 'Possum's tail; an' Brer 'Possum fall

to the ground, where Brer Fox done wait for him, and Brer Fox done kotch him and kill him; but since that day Brer 'Possum he never have no hair on his tail. Then Brer Rabbit he come down, Brer Rabbit did, and they study how's der bestest and soonest way to cook Brer 'Possum, 'case dey both jes er droolin' for some fresh meat.

Brer Fox he say "he take Brer 'Possum home and cook him," and he invite Brer Rabbit to come and dine with him. Brer Rabbit agrees to that, so Brer Fox he takes Brer 'Possum home and he fly round to beat all, Brer Fox do; and he gets some nice fat bacon and yams, and he just cooks dat 'Possum up fine and brown.

Then Brer Fox he get mighty tired, and he say, "I 'clare, I plum too tired out to eat. I don't know if I better eat that 'Possum now, and go to sleep and dream about him, or whether I better go to sleep and dream about him first, and then wake up and eat him;" and he lay down on the bed to study a minute, and first thing Brer Fox knowed he fast asleep.

Directly here come Brer Rabbit, he knock on the door, but he ain't get no answer; but he smell dat 'Possum, and the bacon and the yams, and the sage, and he most 'stracted to set he tooth in it. He crack the door softly, and he find Brer Fox fast asleep on the bed, an' the nice dinner all smoking hot on the table.

Brer Rabbit he just draw up and set to, Brer Rabbit do. He eat one hind-leg; and it so fine, he say to hisself he bound ter try er fore-leg, and then Brer Rabbit 'low he bound ter try the other hind-leg.

Well, sar, dat old man Rabbit he set there and eat twell the lastest mouthful of that 'Possum done gone.

Then he just turn to wonderin', Brer Rabbit did, what Brer Fox gwine to say when he done wake up and find the bestest bits of that 'Possum gone.

Brer Rabbit he find hisself in er right delicate situation, and was disturbed, Brer Rabbit was; but he say to hisself he gwine fool Brer Fox; and Brer Rabbit he take all the bones, and he put them on the floor in a row round Brer Fox's head; and he take the marrow-grease, and he rub it softly on the whiskers round Brer Fox's mouth; then he go out softly and close the door, and put he eye to the key-hole.

Directly Brer Fox he yawn and stretch hisself and wake up; and couse his mind turn to that 'Possum, and he rise up; and shorely he most powerful astonished when he see the dish empty, and the bones all 'bout hisself on the floor.

Directly here come Brer Rabbit's knock. Brer Fox say, "Come in!" and Brer Rabbit say, "Brer Fox, I come for my share of that 'Possum." Brer Fox say, "Fore de Lord, Brer Rabbit, where that 'Possum gone?" and he fling he hand at the bones on the floor.

Brer Rabbit he snap he eye, like he most mighty got er way with;

and he say, "Brer Fox, I heard the creatures tell heap er powerful hard tales on yourself, but I 'clare, I never think you treat a friend dis yer way."

Then Brer Fox he swear and kiss the book he ain't set er tooth in that 'Possum. Then Brer Rabbit he look most mighty puzzled; and at last he say, "Brer Fox, I tell you what you done done, you just eat the lastest mouthful of that 'Possum in your sleep." Brer Fox he rare and charge, and swear he ain't "even got the taste of 'Possum in he mouth." Then Brer Rabbit he take Brer Fox to the glass, and make Brer Fox look at hisself; and he say, Brer Rabbit did, "Bre rFox, how come all that fresh marrow-grease on your whiskers?" and Brer Fox he look mighty set down on; and he say, "Well, all I 'low dat the most unsatisfying 'Possum I ever set er tooth in."

E. M. B.

7. SUPERSTITION OF THE GRAVEYARD SNAKE AND RABBIT

Ain't I nebber tole yer 'bout dem grabeyard snakes? Bite? No, hit don't bite! Hit's black, most ginerelly, wid yaller splotches on he's back, an' he lib all de time in de Cemetterry, whar hit greab an' moan. Yer see, when de Debbel temp Eab, an got her an' Adam druv outen de garden ob Eden, he wus dat tickled ober hit, dat he laft, an' he laft, 'twel he split hesef in two. So de Sperit part ob him go roun' now, temptin' folks ter sin, an' he'pin' de Hoodoos. But de body part ob him wus turn by de Lord inter dem grabeyard snakes what libs in de grabeyards whar dey moans all de time ober de death what dey is brung inter dis world. En, honey, ef yer kin git de skin uv one uv dem snakes, an' put hit roun' yo waist, whar noboddy see hit, yer will conquer yo ennemys sho: ef yer greases yo hand wid de grease ob a grabeyard snake, an' steals things, nobody will see yer, an' yer won't git found out; 'case *Satan* is 'bleged ter stan' by folks what are greased wid he *own* grease. Hoodoo folks is mighty fond er eatin' snakes, 'case hit makes dem wise an' cute; but dey don't dar ter eat er grabeyard snake, 'case dey ud be eatin' de Debbel hesef, an' he couldn't he'p em no more. Dey am a heap ob tings dat snake-ile am good fer dat I is dun disremembered; but I knows dis fer sartin: ef yo hates a pusson, an' yo makes dey image outen dat ile mix up wid flour er san', an' den names hit atter de pusson yo hates, an' bakes de image good by de open fire, yer kan meck dat pusson miser'ble, 'case yer got em snake Hoodoo'd, an dat's de wus kine ob Hoodoo. If yer stick pins in dat image, de pusson what yer dun name it atter 'ill hab pains an' misery in de same place on dem es whar de pins goes in de image. I once know'd a man what wus kilt clean dead 'case dey stick pins inter de image ov him, in de place whar he heart wus, do dat wus er mistook, yer see.

Grabeyard rabbits? Oh, yessum! Dem is de rabbits what de grabeyard snakes charm fer ter meck em stay dar, an' keep dem cumpany. Dey don't do no harm, an' dey left hine-foot 'ill bring good luck, shore; but ef yer want Satan ter cum right down an' foller yer, an' he'p yer in ebberry-ting, yo jes' git de button offen er grabeyard rattlesnake, an' sew hit up wid a piece ob silver in er leetle red flannel bag, en war hit on yo heart. Why, ef yer do dat way, an' seys er varse outen de Bible backards, at twelve er'clock on de crossroads, uf er moonlight night, de ole Nick 'ill cum walkin' up ter meet yer, mos' any time yer calls him. No, I ain't nebber tried hit mysef, 'case de smell uf brimstone allers meck me narvous; an' I nebber would like ter be took dat er way, 'jes lik er 'oman.

E. H. L. and E. M. B.

8. WHY MR. OWL CAN'T SING

When Mr. Owl was young, he could sing to beat all the birds in the woods. This ole man what you see flying about calling "whoo, whoo!" in the ole time he could sing so fine that he teach the singing-school.

In them days Mr. Owl he never wander round, like he do in these yer times, 'case he have a happy home, and he stay home with his wife and chillens, like a spectable man.

But that poor ole man done see a heap of trouble in he time, he shore has; and it all come along of that trifling no count Miss Cuckoo, what too sorry to build her nest fer herself, but go about laying her eggs in her neighbors' nests.

In the old time, Mr. and Miss Owl they belong to the quality; end they have a shore 'nuff quality house, not like these little houses what you see these yer times, what secondary people live in.

One night Miss Owl she go out to pay a visit, and she leave Mr. Owl at home to mind the chillens; but directly she gone, Mr. Owl he take he fiddle under he arm, and go off to he singing-school. Then that trifling no count Miss Cuckoo come sailing along calling "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" and she leave her eggs in Miss Owl's fine nest, and then she go sailing off, calling, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

Now, presently Miss Owl she come home; and when she find that egg in her nest, she rare end charge on the poor ole man to beat all; and she tell him she never live with him no more twell he tell her who lay that egg; but the poor ole man can't tell her, 'case he don't know hisself. But Miss Owl she be mighty proud-spirited; and what she done say, she done say.

So the ole man he leave he fine home, and he go wandering through the woods looking for the one what lay that egg and make all he

trouble. And the ole man he that sorrowful he can't sing no more, but jest go sailing 'bout, asking, "Whoo, whoo!" But Mr. Owl he never find out to this day who lay that egg, and so Miss Owl never live with him no more; but he keep on asking, "Whoo, whoo?" And now it done been that long, the poor ole man plum forgot how to sing, and he don't play he fiddle no more, and can't say nothing but "Whoo, whoo!"

E. M. B.

9. THE NEGRO'S SUPERSTITION OF THE SPANISH MOSS

Long time ago there was a powerful wicked man. He was that sinful, that Death he don't have the heart to cut him off in his sins, 'cepten' he give him a warning. So one day Death he appear to the wicked man, and he tell him how that day week he gwine come for him. The wicked man he that frightened, he get on his knees and beg Death to let him live a little longer. The wicked man he take on, and he beg, 'twell Death he promise he won't come for him 'twell he give him one more warning.

Well, the years go by, but the wicked man he grow more wicked; and one day Death he appear to him again, and Death he tell the wicked man how that day week he gwine come for him; but the wicked man he more frightened than what he was before; and he get on his knees, the wicked man do, and beg Death to let him live a little longer; and Death he promise the wicked man how before he come for him he gwine send him a token what he can see or what he can hear.

Well, the years go by; and the wicked man he get a powerful old man, — he deaf and blind, and he jest drag hisself about. One day Death he done come for the wicked man once more, but the wicked man he say how Death done promise him he won't come for him twell he send him a token what he can see or hear; and Death he say he done send a token what he can see. Then the wicked man he say how he can't see no token, 'cause he say how he done blind. Then Death he say how he done send a token what he can hear. But the wicked man he say how he plum deaf, and he say how he can't hear no token; and he beg Death that hard to let him live, that Death he get plum outdone with the wicked man, and Death he jest go off and leave him to hisself. And the wicked man he jest wander about the woods, and his chillen all die, and his friends all die. Still he jest wander about the woods. He blind, and he can't see; and he deaf, and he can't hear. He that blind he can't see to find no food; and he that deaf he never know when anybody try to speak to him. And the wicked man he done perish away twell he jest a shaddow with long hair. His hair it grow longer and longer, and it blow in the wind;

and still he can't die, 'cause Death he done pass him by. So he here to wander and blow about in the woods, and he perish away twell all yo can see is his powerful long hair blowing all 'bout the trees; and his hair it done blow about the trees twell it done grow fast, and now yo all folks done calls it Spanish Moss.

E. M. B.

SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH

BY E. C. PERROW

THE region of the southern Appalachian Mountains, embracing the southwestern portion of Virginia, eastern Kentucky, western North Carolina, East Tennessee, and the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama, constitutes a country which, though divided among several States, is indeed a unit with regard both to the country and to the character of its people. The relative inaccessibility of the country, as compared with the surrounding territory, has until very recently kept back the tide of progress, which, sweeping around this region, has shut up there a strange survival of a civilization of three hundred years ago.

The most striking thing to be observed about the Southern people to-day is, I think, their extreme conservatism with regard to their customs, their manners, and their habits of thought; for the Southern people brought with them from Europe many Middle-Age traditions which their manner of life has tended to conserve. Their settlement in the plain country, on large and comparatively isolated plantations, the coming-in of the slave relation (essentially feudal in its nature), and the complete absence of immigration during recent years, have all tended to keep alive a form of civilization long outgrown by other divisions of the country.

In the mountain region to which I have referred the conditions have been especially such as might be expected to preserve primitive ideals. At an early date after the settlement of eastern Virginia and North Carolina the more adventurous spirits began to thread their way through the mountain-defiles of what was then the unknown West, and to build their cabins along the creeks that broke from that labyrinth of mountain and forest. They were rough; but many of them were worthy, honest-hearted people. Among them were not a few Scotch-Irish, who brought with them, besides their Scottish names and many Scottish words, their native sturdiness of character and love of liberty. Others there were, no doubt, of more questionable condition,—men who had been outlawed in Virginia and North Carolina and had sought refuge in these fastnesses; men who loved fighting better than work, and freedom better than the restraints of the law.

Since their settlement in this region, there have been few enough influences brought to bear to keep this isolated people in line with the growth of the outside world. For a long time commerce left the territory unexploited: "What sholde it han avayled to werreye?

Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse." The rude log cabin of the mountaineer, with its stone-stick-and-mud chimney; the bit of truck garden near the house, tilled by the women-folk; the hillside, with its scant cover of Indian-corn, with now and then a creek-bottom in which weed and crop struggle on equal terms for the mastery; the cold, clear limestone water breaking from the foot of the ridges; the noisy trout stream, now clear as glass, now swollen by the almost daily thunder-storm; the bold knobs rising steep from the valleys and covered with blackberries or huckleberries; and in the background wave after wave of mountain forest, with its squirrel, wild geese, 'possum, coon, "painter," rattlesnakes, and an occasional bear, — these constituted the wealth of the country. Of course, the summer-resort found its place among us. Thither come, summer after summer, the "quality" to drink the far-famed mineral waters. A few are momentarily interested in the dialect and habits of the people, and some return to the outside world to write stories of the mountains more or less true to the characters with which they deal.¹ But such visitors leave no impression on the people. Railroads have forced their way through these regions, but their influences have touched the people only superficially — given them something to sing about, or possibly caused some of those living near the stations to take up the custom of wearing collars instead of the standard red handkerchief. The man back in the ridges, however, they have left unchanged.

The dialect of this people marks them as belonging to another age. Uninfluenced by books, the language has developed according to its own sweet will, so that certain forms have become standard alike for the unlettered and the better educated. Here *help* is the preterite for *help*, *sont* for *sent*, *folch* for *fetch*, *dove* for *dive*, *crope* for *creep*, *drug* for *drag*, *seen* for *see* (sometimes *see*, cf. Gower's *sigh*), *taken* for *take*. Many old forms persist. Many old words appear, such as, *lay* (verb

¹ The stories of Craddock are untrue as to dialect, and show, I think, an over-idealization of character. Her work has been, though, of great value in awakening an interest in the country of which she writes. Moonshining, of which Craddock made so much in her stories, has now about ceased in these mountains. It is less risky to buy cheap "rot-gut" from the licensed purveyors in Middlesboro, Ky., although for the consumer it is much less wholesome than the purer moonshine. The novels of Fox are interesting; but to me, at least, the atmosphere is far from convincing. The pictures drawn by Opie Reed are, I think, much nearer the truth. Better still are the sketches of Charles Forster Smith (Nashville, 1908); though both he and Craddock are wrong, I think, in what they say about the sadness of the women. Serious they are always, but to call their lives unhappy is a kind of pathetic fallacy. Their lot is simple, but they love their homes and even the monotony of their daily lives. The best single article I have seen about these people is that by Adeline Moffett (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 314). For interesting lists of dialect words, see Professor Smith's articles in *Transactions of the American Philological Association* for 1883 and 1886, and in *The Southern Bivouac* for November, 1885. Many interesting words have also been reported to *Dialect Notes* from various parts of the South, most of which are current in East Tennessee.

wager), *start-naked*, *sned*, *larn* (*teach*), *find* (*furnish*), *outfavor* (to be better looking than), *frail* (*thrash*), *ferninst* (apparently a corruption of *anent*), *piggin* (a small wooden vessel with one handle), *noggin* (such a vessel with no handle), *poke-supper* (at which the food is served from pokes), *buck* (*to bend*), *smidgin*, and *hobberod* (cf. AS. *hobbe*).

The idea of compounding words is still alive among this people. We hear *stove-room* (for *kitchen*), *widder-man*, *home-house*, and *engineer-man*. Suffixes are still alive: we hear such formations as *pushency*, *botherment*, and even *footback*.

There are some peculiar words and usages. *Several* means "a large number:" "There are several blackberries this year." *Themirs* is equivalent to *young chickens*. When one is proficient in anything, he is said to be a *cat* on that thing: "She is a cat on bread." *Proud* means *happy*. *Ficety* is an adjective applied to one who is "too big for his breeches."

The pronunciation seems to be old. *Oi* has invariably the older sound of *ai* in *aisle*; so in *roil*, *poison*, *coil* [*kwail*], etc. The diphthong *ou* has, not the later sound of *ə*¹ plus *uu* (as in the speech of the Virginians and in what I take to be the speech of the Englishman), but the older sound of *a* plus *uu*, with usually another vowel introduced before, making a triphthong *e* plus *a* plus *u*. Again, the diphthong represented in such words as *light*, *wife*, *wipe*, by the spelling *i*, has not, as in the speech of the Virginians and in that of the Englishmen (cf. Murray's Dictionary), the sound *ə* plus *i*, but the older *a* plus *i*.²

¹ *ə* = vowel in *but*.

² In the dialect of my own family (Piedmont, Va.) the spelling *au*, *ow*, is pronounced *a* plus *u* in an unclosed syllable, before a voiced consonant, and before *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*; so, *now* [*naʊ*], *thou*, *loud*, *mouth* (verb), *gouge*, *foul*, *sound*, *town*, *our*, *tousle*, *souse* (verb). But before a voiceless consonant the spelling *au*, *ow*, is pronounced as *ə* plus *u*; so, *louse* [*louse*] (contrast *lousy*), *lout* (contrast *loud*), *mouth* (contrast the verb). The diphthong represented by the spelling *i*, *y*, is pronounced *a* plus *i* in unclosed syllables, before voiced consonants, and before *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*; so, *tribe* [*traib*], *ride*, *writhe*, "*Tige*," *oblige*, *mile*, *time*, *wine*, *wire*, *wise*, *rive*. But before voiceless consonants the pronunciation is *ə* plus *i*; so, *wife* [*wife*] (contrast *wives*), *like*, *wipe*, *vise* and *rice*, *sile*, "*Smythe*." These rules hold also for New England, as far as I can judge. Sweet represents the first element of the spelling *au*, *ow*, as being in modern English the *low-mixed-wide*, which is probably the sound I hear in the Virginia house [*həʊs*]. The Englishman, it seems to me, has let his diphthong slip forward for practically all the words spelled *au*, *ow*. The same tendency is observable in eastern Virginia, where one hears *cow* [*kəʊ*], *our* [*əʊ*], and the plural *houses* [*həʊsɪz*]. I think this is because eastern Virginia has been more closely in touch with the mother country and the developments there. But in Tennessee, and in all that part of the South which has not been in constant intercourse with the mother country, all the *au*, *ow*, words are pronounced with a diphthong made up of the *mid-back-wide* plus the *high-back-wide-round*. (It must be remembered that these sounds, both in Virginia and Tennessee, are often modified by the introduction before them of an *e* sound, the *mid-front-narrow*; so that with many we have the triphthongs, [*eaʊ*] in Tennessee, and [*ɛəʊ*] in Virginia.) Murray's Dictionary records that in England the diphthong represented by the spelling *i*, *y*, is in almost all English words the *mixed* vowel plus the *high-front-narrow*; so, *time* [*taim*], etc.

Further, the *r*, now reduced to a mere vocal murmur in the standard pronunciation of the English, is heard here with all the snarl that it could have possessed in the time of Ben Jonson.¹

Certain customs, too, mark this people as of another age. The practice of giving nicknames is universal among them. No boy grows up without being called by something other than the name his parents gave him. Sometimes the nickname of the father will become a patronymic, and serve as a surname for the children. Some peculiarity of personal appearance, speech, or habit, or some action in which the man has been involved, usually serves as a basis for the nickname.

The custom of feasting at funerals still obtains. When a death occurs, all the neighborhood gather at the house of the deceased. There they "sit up" with the body day and night for several days, and eat the "funeral baked meats" that the family of the departed one are expected to prepare.

The people are for the most part rather superstitious. Almost every affair of life is regulated in accordance with the sign of the moon. Scarcely any one will dig a well without consulting a water-witch, who with his peach-tree fork, together with a good supply of native judgment, usually succeeds in locating a stream. The belief in "hants" is universal here. I know one man who, professing to communicate with the dead, keeps the whole neighborhood in terror. Old women gather "yarbs" and practise medicine. Charms are used to heal diseases in man and beast, and sick children are brought many miles to be breathed upon by a seventh son or by one who has never seen his father.

A remarkable degree of honesty obtains among the mountain folk. I was among them for over twenty years, and yet I never heard of a burglary in the county in which I lived. Indeed, I heard of very little stealing. People do not lock their corn-cribs or chicken-houses. Boats on the river are common property. Any one may use a boat, but he is expected to bring it back to the place from which he took it. I had a neighbor who was sent to jail for a term as a punishment for destroying a "neighbor's landmark." The jailer allowed him to return home on Saturday night and spend Sunday with his family. On Monday morning he was always promptly back at his work. He never thought of running away. There is maintained, too, a very high standard of sexual relations. Now and then there are relations of this kind between young folk; but it is almost invariably the outcome of a pure and genuine love, and the boy almost invariably stands by the girl and marries her. No one thinks less of either therefor; and the child of such a relation, even though born out of wedlock, is

¹ For an excellent treatment of the southern *r*, see the *Louisiana State University Bulletin*, February, 1910.

never made to feel that there is any stain on his name. Should the boy fail to stand by the girl, he would have to choose "Texas or hell," the choice being forced both by public sentiment and the accuracy of what rifles the girl's family could put in the field.

One of the most interesting survivals is the mountaineer's idea of law. His conception is pre-eminently the Germanic. With him it is not an affair of the State, such as may be modified by legislators in distant Nashville: it is something personal, something belonging to his family, a heritage that cannot be alienated; and the guaranty of these unwritten rights is neither sheriff nor governor, but his own right arm. To him the courts are an impertinence. No one could appreciate better than he the feeling of Robin Hood toward the high sheriff of Nottingham.

There is a considerable amount of shooting going on in this country all the time, though formerly there was more than there is now. On one occasion a generation ago, nine men, I am told, were hanged at one time in the county in which I was reared. The ninth man to ascend the scaffold coolly remarked that "it seemed the sign was in the neck that week." There was a tavern at no great distance from where I lived, at which fifty-seven men had been killed. During the last summer that I spent in my county, four men on the "yan side er Clinch" shot one another to pieces with Winchester rifles, the wife of one of the combatants standing by her husband, and handing him ammunition until he fell. The man who brought across the news to us had little to say about the men, but remarked that it was a pity to see lying there a fine horse which had been killed by a stray shot. These are men of war from their youth. The training with "shootin'-irons" begins with childhood; and the boy of twelve is often, in marksmanship, the match for an experienced man.

But while outlawry there is not so common as it once was, the people still admire it, and will sit for hours telling stories of men who have defied the courts. Many are the prose sagas told there of men like Macajah Harp, Bill Fugate,¹ Bloof Bundrant, and Harvey Logan. Nor do I think this admiration for the outlaw is anything abnormal. It is only another expression of admiration for bravery, whether rightly

¹ I have a friend in Grainger County who takes great pride in the fact that he "run" with Bill Fugate. He tells many stories of this outlaw. One will bear repeating here. The sheriff sent Fugate word that he was coming for him. Fugate sent him word that if he did, he had better bring a "wagin" with which to haul back his own dead body; if, however, the sheriff were anxious to see him, he would come to the next session of his own accord. At the appointed time Fugate came, took his seat in the prisoner's box, and awaited the completion of his trial. He was found guilty, and the judge pronounced the sentence. The sheriff came over to take charge of the prisoner; but that individual promptly covered the sheriff with two pistols, told the crowd that if all remained quiet, none should be hurt, backed out of the room, sprang on his horse, and rode back to the mountains.

or wrongly exerted. The stories of Hereward, Fulk Fitz Warine, Robin Hood, Grisli, Grettir, Wolf, Wilhelm Tell, Eustace, and Francisco are just such expressions as have come from earlier periods of the English, Scandinavian, German, French, and Spanish peoples. Even to-day the story of crime still holds its place in the bookstalls; and we all, old and young, like still to see a criminal die game.

One other characteristic of this folk must not be forgotten: they sing constantly. If, on almost any "pretty day," you should walk along a country road in East Tennessee, you could listen to the ploughman singing or whistling in the fields, while across the neighboring creek there would come the song of the barefoot country girl as she helped her mother hang out the washing or "pack water" from the spring. If you should pass a group of men who, having been "warned" to work the road, were "putting in their time" on the highway, you would hear them continually breaking into song as they swung the pick, handled the shovel, or drove the steel drill into some projecting rock. On the porch of the cross-roads store you would find a party of idle boys and men, who, if not eager listeners to some rude banjo minstrel's song, would be singing in concert, now a fragment of some hymn, and at the next moment some song of baldest ribaldry. If your visit to this country happened to be at the proper time of the week, you might be able some night to attend a "singin'." You would find the young folk gathered at the "meetin'-house," or still more probably at the home of one member of the "class." The songs which they have gathered to practise are of the Sunday-school variety, such as have been introduced by the singing-school teacher.¹ In this gathering nearly every one has a book and reads his music. I have known people who, although they can scarcely read a word of English, read music well. You are not to be surprised, too, if you hear some very good singing, only it is fearfully loud, each singing at the top of his voice, while the song is invariably "entuned in the nose." They often mispronounce the words, and still oftener have no idea as to what the words mean, but that does not matter: the song goes on. After the

¹ This teacher, called the "perfesser" (a title given in the South to all male teachers), teaches ten days for ten dollars, and "boards around" with his "scholars." He is a representative of what was once the travelling minstrel. Not only is he the final authority on all matters musical, and the high priest of religious music, but he also, from time to time, essays the composition of both poetry and music, and teaches the folk to sing his songs. Professor Beatty published recently in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. xxii, p. 71) a song based on the New Market wreck. I heard last summer another song composed on this same occurrence by one of these travelling minstrels. I have also in mind a song that the teacher who "learned" me the "rudiments" composed and had us sing at the farewell session of his school. Besides the fact that the singing-master is the custodian of all religious music, he also assumes many of the functions of the preacher. Teaching in the churches and drawing his patronage from the members, he finds it necessary also to "talk;" and so it is the usual thing to hear religious exhortation mixed with instruction in music.

singing is over, the young folk make their way home, usually singing all the way. The boys who have not a "swing" amuse themselves by firing their pistols (the *togae viriles* of the mountain boy) in proud contempt of the sheriff and all that with him ever be.

I call attention to this religious singing because it is one of the directions that the popular love of music has taken. The Church has often, consciously or unconsciously, been the greatest foe to the preservation of popular tradition. These songs, learned at Sunday-school, take the place of all others; and it is mostly these that, on the next day, occupy the girl as she "battles" the clothes, and the boy as he chops out the "crap."

But as strong as is the grip of the Church, back in the coves and hollows the spirit of mirth still dwells in other than idle brains. At "Square" Murray's, near the head of Wildcat, there is pretty sure to be, before many weeks pass, a "quiltin'," a "house-raisin'," a "workin'," a "watermelon-cuttin'," a "candy-pullin'," or a "pea-hullin'." At the last named the tedious task of shelling the summer's crop of peas is made even a pleasure, for the happy thought of the hostess has seated the young folk two by two on the sand-scourd floor in front of a great backlog fire, now roaring, in the wide-throated chimney, against the wind and the frost outside. About eleven o'clock the floor is cleared of hulls, the banjo and the fiddle are brought in, and some of the young folk are soon dancing to the time of "Rabbit in the Pea-Patch," "I Love Somebody," "The Arkansaw Traveller," "Old Folks better go to Bed," "The Devil's Dance," "Fire in the Mountain," or some other characteristic mountain melody. I said "some of the young folk" designedly; for not all are bold enough to risk the anathema of the circuit-rider backed by the entire body of the Church. In fact, the parents of many of these young people allow them to come to this merry-making only on condition that they do not dance. But these young church members are ingenious. They propose a game of "Skip-to-my-loo," "Weavilly-Wheat," "Shoot-the-Buffalo," or some other equally innocent form of moving to the time of music. Here, of course, the fiddle is left out, and the "players" sing for an accompaniment to their "play." This, as everybody knows, is not dancing, this is "Skip-to-my-loo;" and yet by this name it seems as sweet to these thoughtless ones as the forbidden pleasure itself, while they have the added assurance that it leaves neither soil nor cautel to besmirch the virtue of their church records.¹

¹ Dancing is considered by the religiously inclined as one of the most damning of sins. It seems to derive its wickedness from the instrument which accompanies it. An instrument of music is considered the especial property of the Devil. Not many churches will allow even an organ in their buildings. Particularly does the Devil ride upon a fiddlestick. People who think it a little thing to take human life will shudder at the thought of dancing.

That song is instinctive with this folk is further shown, I think, by the fact that with them all formal discourse is sung. I do not here refer to the sing-song way in which all speech is carried on among them; though I think this, too, is significant. I mean that whenever a man or woman speaking in public becomes deeply interested in what he is saying, he begins to sing to a definite rhythm, and with a distinct regard for pitch, all that he has to say. The Hard-shell Baptists sing their sermons to well-defined melodies, — melodies which are improvised by the preacher at the time of speaking. Indeed, this gift of singing the sermon is regarded as the chief criterion of a call to preach. It is also to be noted that the members, when they get happy and shout, cry out in the same rhythmic movement, and sometimes dance — after King David's manner, we can imagine — in perfect time to their shouting.

Having once understood how completely for several generations these people have been separated from the advancing civilization of the rest of the world, and having seen how thoroughly instinctive with them is their love for song, we should not be surprised to find that among them there still exist some traces of the ancient ballad-making faculty. As a matter of fact, many of the traditional ballads have been found among them still alive; and yet other songs, apparently the very material out of which the popular ballad is made, may be picked up there to-day.

It was my fortune, while I was yet a child, to move with my parents to the mountains of East Tennessee. As I grew up, I learned a good many of these songs, and I have even watched some of them in the process of formation. For some years past I have been trying to make a collection of such fragments of popular verse as I could remember or could induce my friends to write down for me.

Although I have found the germ of this collection in the body of verse which I secured from the mountains, I have also included such kindred verse as I have been able to collect in other Southern States. I have even gone further; for, believing that the Southern negro is, in a yet greater degree than the white man of the South, a representative of the ballad-making epoch, I have included also such negro verse as I could readily pick up.

The entire collection I have divided under the following heads: (I) Songs of Outlaws, (II) Songs of Animals, (III) Dance Songs and Nursery Rhymes, (IV) Religious Songs, (V) Songs of the Railroad, (VI) Songs of Drinking and Gambling, (VII) Songs of the Plantation, (VIII) Songs of Love, and (IX) Miscellaneous Verses.

As far as I know, the material I have has never appeared in print. It is certainly in the possession of the folk, and for the most part, I believe, has sprung from the heart of the folk. Most of the songs I

am reporting are mere fragments. Individuals seldom know a song in its entirety: they know it only by snatches. It must be remembered, too, that these songs are not integral things. In many cases the stanzas have no definite order; and some stanzas may be known to one person and community, and be entirely unknown to another. Further, some songs have become hopelessly confused with others. This fact is due chiefly, I think, to the comparative scarcity of melodies, one melody being made to serve for several different songs.

In such songs as I have from recitation, I have attempted to represent by phonetic spelling the words which have a local pronunciation. In those which I know only from manuscript I have retained the spelling of the original, although that spelling rarely represents the true sound. Such manuscripts as I have been able to secure I have deposited in the Harvard College Library.

I. SONGS OF OUTLAWS

Besides the many stories of outlaws current in the mountains, we are not surprised to find some songs of outlaws. Usually, whenever an outlaw has attracted public attention, some form of song springs up concerning him. A few summers ago Harvey Logan, an outlaw of national reputation, was confined in the Knoxville jail. The public made a hero of him, and many ladies carried him flowers during his imprisonment. During the same summer he made his escape from jail in a very sensational manner. He was after this more than ever considered as a hero. I was not surprised, then, last summer to find a fragment of a ballad which had already sprung up concerning the deeds of this outlaw. Other outlaws are honored in the same way. I present below some of the outlaw songs I have picked up in the South.

I. JESSE JAMES¹



¹ See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 246, for a version from North Carolina.



A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Jesse James wuz the man ¹ who travelled thoo the lan',
 Stealin' en robbin' wuz 'is trade;
 But a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward ²
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.³

Pore Jesse James! Pore Jesse James!
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave;
 En a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.

Oh, the people uv the West, when they h'yerd uv Jesse's death,
 Wondered haow the hero come ter die;
 But a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.⁴

It wuz late one Saddy ⁵ night when the moon wuz shinin' bright
 Thet Jesse James robbed the Danville ⁶ train;
 But the Smith en Wesson ball knocked pore Jesse frum the wall ⁷
 En laid Jesse James in 'is grave.

B

(From Eastern Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of C. B. House ⁸)

Oh! Jesse was the man, he travelled through the land,
 For money Jesse never suffered pain;
 Jesse and his brother Frank they robbed Chicago bank,
 And stopped the Danville train.

Jesse said to his brother Frank, "Will you stand by my side
 Till the Danville train passes by?"
 "Yes; I'll stand by your side and fight one hundred men till I died ⁹
 And the Danville train has rolled by."

¹ In the mountains the "short a" has the standard English sound low-front-wide, not the low-front-narrow of other parts of the South.

² Compare the corresponding line in C. Howard was a pseudonym assumed by Jesse James at one time in his career.

³ Assonance is of frequent occurrence in the songs of the mountains.

⁴ This stanza has evidently been corrupted by the slipping-out of the last two lines, and the substitution of lines from the refrain.

⁵ A night much beloved by the negroes and poor whites.

⁶ Folk etymology for Glendale, a railroad-station in Missouri where a famous robbery took place. The name of the station was afterward changed to avoid the danger of frightening passengers for the road. Danville is a natural change; the mountain folk did know Danville, Ky.

⁷ Jesse James was hanging a picture on the wall when his pretended friend shot him.

⁸ Contributed by Mr. C. B. House, Manchester, Ky.

⁹ This line appears to be too long, but it perhaps never existed in a smoother version.

Oh! Robert Ford was the man, he travelled through the land,
He never robbed a train in his life,¹
But he told the courts that his aims was to kill Jesse James,
And to live in peace with his wife.

Ten thousand dollars reward was given Robert Ford
For killing Jesse James on the sly;
Poor Jesse has gone to rest with his hands upon his breast,
And I'll remember Jesse James till I die.

C

(From Jackson County, Missouri; country whites; MS. of F. A. Brown, student in
Harvard University; 1907)

How the people held their breath
When they heard of Jesse's death,
And they wondered how the hero came to die;
It was for the great reward
That little² Robert Ford
Shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse had a wife,
The joy of his life;
His children they were brave;
'Twas a thief and a coward
That shot Captain Howard
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse James was a man and a friend of the poor,³
And for money Jesse never suffered pain;
It was with his brother Frank
He robbed Chicago bank
And stopped the Glendale train.

And he wandered to the car that was not far away—
For the money in the safe they did aim;

¹ A good expression of the supreme contempt of the mountaineers for a man like Ford. To them it was the height of tragic irony that such a man should kill Jesse James.

² Ford was only a youth when he murdered Jesse James.

³ One of the chief characteristics of the outlaw hero is his kindness to the poor. Compare the legends of the generosity of Hereward, Fulk Fitz Warine, and Robin Hood. Mr. F. A. Braun, a citizen of Jackson County, Missouri, tells me the following story of Jesse James, which he says is current in his county: One day the outlaw stopped at the cottage of a poor widow and asked for something to eat. The woman generously shared her meal with the stranger. But the latter noticed that both the widow and her children were in distress. He asked the poor woman what her trouble was. With tears in her eyes she told him that the house in which she lived was mortgaged, that this was the day for payment, and that the landlord was coming for his money; but she lacked a considerable amount of the money that must be paid, and she knew that she should be turned out. The outlaw counted out the money needed, made her a present of it, and departed. He did not go far, however, but hid in a cornfield near the roadside. There he waited till the creditor had called at the widow's cottage and was returning with the money. Thereupon Jesse James took possession of the entire sum, and sent the creditor home with empty saddle-bags.

While the agent on his knees
 Delivered up the keys
 To Frank and Jesse James.

D

(From Jackson County, Missouri; country whites; MS. of F. A. Brown; 1908)

Jesse James was a man and the friend of the poor,
 And for money he never suffered pain,
 But with his brother Frank,
 He robbed Chicago bank,
 And stopped the Glendale train.

And they wandered to a car that was not far away,
 For the money in the safe was their aims.
 And the agent on his knees
 Delivered up the keys
 To Frank and Jesse James.

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Jesse had a wife
 And he loved her dear as life,
 And he loved his children brave.
 Oh the dirty little coward
 That shot Johnny Howard
 And laid Jesse James in his grave.

E

(From Southern Indiana; country whites; recitation of U. H. Smith, Bloomington, Ind.; 1908)

Jesse James had a wife,
 The joy of his life,
 And the children, they were brave;
 But that dirty little coward
 Who shot Johnny Howard
 Has laid Jesse James in his grave.

F

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Annie Reedy, student in the University of Mississippi; 1908)

Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life,
 Three children to beg for bread;
 Oh, the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,
 And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

G

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin, student in the University of Mississippi; 1908)

Jesse James had a wife who mourned all her life,
 Three children to cry for bread;
 But a dirty little coward shot down Thomas Howard,
 And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

H

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Ben Bell, student; 1908)

Jesse James was a man, a pistol in each hand
He flagged down the great Eastern train;
In the shade of the trees, he delivered up the keys
Of the trains he had robbed years ago.

He pulled off his coat and hung it on the wall,¹—
A thing he had never done before,—
Robert Ford watched his eye, and shot him on the sly,
Which laid Jesse James in his grave.

I

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. L. Byrd, student; 1908)

Little² Jesse James was a man of his own,
Killed many men and expected to kill as many more,
When he was shot on the sly by little Robert Ford,
Who laid poor Jesse in his grave.

People of the South, ain't you sorry? (*thrice*)
They laid poor Jesse in his grave.

J

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. C. Stokes, student; 1908)

Mother I'm dreaming,
Mother I'm dreaming,
Mother I'm dreaming,
Of Frank and Jesse James.

K

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909)

O Jesse James, why didn't yuh run
When Bob Ford pulled his Gatlin gun,
Gatlin gun, Gatlin gun!

2. JACK MIDDLETON

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin, student; 1908)

My name, it is Jack Middleton;
From Arkansas I came;
I am a highway roughian;
Stage robbing is my game.

I went out into Texas,
Some gamblers ther to see;
I tell you, wild and reckless boys,
I got on a western spree.

I wore a pair of six shooters,
Which made me feel quite grand.

¹ Jesse James, on this occasion, took his pistols off and tossed them on the bed.

² "Little" appears to be a favorite epithet of ballad literature.

I found myself in camps one day
With Jesse James's band.¹

You know it put sad feelings o'er me
To think of days of yore,
And it's I'll be a good boy
And do so no more.²

Jesse passed the bottle around;
We all took a dram;
Liquor put old hell in me
And I didn't give a damn.

There was Dick Little, Joe Collins, myself,
And Frank, and the other three,—
A squad containing seven men,
And a merry bunch was we.

Jesse took the train for St. Joe
And shipped the other three.
That left a squad containing
Joe Collins, Frank, and me.

Our plan was to cross the Rio Grande³
And enter the western plains,
To intercept the U. P.
And rob the West-bound train.

O'Bannan's rangers followed us
One cold and stormy night.
At last we saw our only revenge
Was to give the boys a fight.

They whistled bullets all around our ears,
Although they passed us by;
But every time our rifles cracked
A ranger had to die.⁴

I then pulled for old Arkansas,
I thought it was the best,
To put up at my girl's house,
And take a little rest.

There the sheriff tackled me,
He thought he was the boss;
But I drew old Betsy⁵ from my side
And nailed him to the cross.

¹ This is interesting as connecting a group of other men with the Jesse James matter.

² Possibly a momentary Falstaffian repentance.

³ Jesse James's band did some of their robbing across the border, in Mexico.

⁴ A touch of the true ballad brevity.

⁵ The more primitive folk are fond of giving names to their weapons. Compare the practice of the heroes of Romance.

3. OLD BRADY¹

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay, student; 1908)

O mamma, mamma! what was that?

A big gun busted right across our back!

Ho, ho! he has been on the jolly too long.

I went a little closer and then stepped back,

And saw the blood on Brady's back.²

They sent for the doctor in a mighty haste.

"Oh, yonder comes the surgeon in a racking³ pace!"

He raised his hand, and his hand was red,

"Oh, my goodness gracious! old Brady is dead!"

When the news got out that old Brady was dead,

Out come the ladies all dressed in red.

4. DOCK BISHOP⁴

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1908)

My parents advised me when I was quite young

To leave off night walking,⁵ bad company to shun.

To leave off night walking, bad company to shun.

But to their advising I paid little care;⁶

Kept rambling and gambling in the wildest career.

I rambled and gambled by night and by day

All to maintain pretty Maggie and to dress her so gay.

Ofttimes I have wondered how women could love men;

But more times I've wondered how men could love them.

They will bring him to sorrow and sudden downfall;

They will bring him to labor, spring, summer, and fall.

When I was on shipboard, pretty Maggie by me,

Bound down in strong iron, I thought myself free.

When I landed from shipboard, my old father did stand,

A-pulling his grey locks and wringing his hands,

Saying, "Son, I have warned you before to-day,

And now I am ready to be laid in the clay."

Farewell to young men and ladies so gay;

To-morrow I'll be sleeping in the coldest of clay!

¹ An outlaw who was killed some years ago in Mississippi.

² Identical rhyme, a not uncommon thing in folk-poetry.

³ A gait of a horse amounting to about a mile in four minutes.

⁴ A Mississippi outlaw who claimed that he was driven to his nefarious trade by the expensive tastes of his wife. This is a good example of the ballad of moral advice that gets itself composed anent the execution of some criminal. Compare the broadsides, "The Trial and Confession of Frederick Prentice," the lamentation of James Rogers' "John Brown's Body" and "Captain Kidd."

⁵ Compare "night-riding" as used at present in the Southern States.

⁶ Pronounced to rhyme with "career," ke-uh.

5. OLD JOE CLARK

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Ole Joe Clark 'e killed a man
 En buried 'im in the san';
 Said ef 'e had another chance,
 He'd kill another man.

Good-by, ole Joe Clark!
 Good-by, I'm gone!
 Good-by, ole Joe Clark!
 Good-by, Betty Brown!

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1908)

Old Joe Clark, he is a sharp,
 Creeping through the timber,
 Old Joe Clark shot at a lark
 And killed my wife in the window.

6. CAPTAIN KELLY

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

As I walked over Mulberry Mountain,
 I met Captain Kelly; his money he was counting,
 First I drew my pistol; then I drew my rapier,
 "Stand and deliver, for I'm your money-taker!"

Mush-a-ring-a-ring-a-rah!
 Whack fol-d' the dady O!
 Whack fol-d' the dady O!
 Ther's whiskey in the jug.

I took it home to Molly,
 I took it home to Molly,
 And she said she'd ne'er receive it,
 For the devil's in the women.

7. MY ROWDY BOY

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

Where is my rowdy boy?
Where is my rowdy boy?
He's been to the pen,
And he's got to go again.
Good-by, my rowdy boy!

8. THE STAGE ROBBER

E

(From Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905¹)

O fæther, O fæther! whut made you do so,
To rob the pore driver in the lowlan's so low?²

9. THE DYING COWBOY³

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. A. Kent; 1909)

I rode to fair Laden, fair Laden,
I rode to fair Laden so early one morn,
And there I fancied a handsome young cowboy,
All dressed in linen and ready for the grave.

Go beat the drum lowly, and play the fife slowly,
And play the dead-march as they carry me along;
Go carry me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me;
For I'm a poor cowboy, I know I've done wrong!

Oh, once in the saddle I used to be dashing,
Oh, once in the saddle I used to be gay.
'Twas then I took to drinking, from that to card-playing,
Cut short in my living, now dying I lay.

Go call around me a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the story of my sad fate;
Go tell the[ir] dear mothers, before they go further,
Go stop the[ir] wild roving before it is too late.

Go write a letter to my grey-haired mother,
Go write a letter to my sister dear,
But then there is another, yes, dearer than mother;
What will she say when she knows I am dead?

¹ This is the only stanza I can remember of a song brought from Texas. It is said to have been composed by the daughter of the criminal and sold by her at the execution of her father. In this connection the following story is of interest. Some years ago an outlaw named Callahan was executed in Kentucky. Just before his execution he sat on his coffin and played and sang a ballad of his own composing, and, when he had finished, broke his musical instrument over his knee. The situation is, of course, the same as that of Burns's "McPherson's Farewell."

² With this refrain compare *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii, p. 125.

³ For other versions of this well-known song compare *Ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 250; and vol. xxii, p. 258.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

As I went out walking early one morning,
 As I went out walking one morning in May,
 I met a young cowboy all dressed in white linen,
 All dressed in white linen and ready for the grave.

Go write me a letter to my grey-headed mother;
 Go write me a letter to my sister so dear;
 And there is another more dear than a mother,
 I know she'd be weeping if she knew I lay here.

"Go bring me a cup of cold water, cold water;
 Go bring me a cup of cold water," he said;
 But when I returned with the cup of cold water,
 I found the poor cowboy lying there dead.

C

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

Once in my saddle I used to go socking,
 Once in my saddle I used to be gay;
 I first took to drinking, and then to card-playing,
 Was shot in the breast, now dying I lay.

10. TATERHILL¹

E

(From Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1911)



Ef yer want ter git yer head knocked off,
 Ef yer want ter git yer fill;
 Ef yer want ter git yer head knocked off,
 Go back ter Taterhill.

¹ When the church now called Mary's Chapel was built, there was much dispute among the parishioners as to what the church should be named. One party stood for "Mary's Chapel," another for "Mount Zion," and another for "Tate's Hill." Officially the first prevailed; but the common people chose the last, which by folk-etymology they transformed to "Taterhill." The dispute, however, was for a time very violent, and the contending parties several times came to blows,—“drew rocks en knives,” as my friend Dave Noe expressed it. This stanza is a part of a song which sprang up to celebrate this contest. Even to this day it is not infrequent to have religious meetings broken up by a free-for-all fight. The men bring their pistols and their whiskey to the church, and, if things do not go to suit them, they sometimes resort to violence. I remember on one occasion the group on the inside of the church were besieged by the Moore clan from the outside. My cousin succeeded in holding the doorway against them by knocking down each man as he came up the steps, while the women and children were taken out through a window at the back of the building.

II. RAILROAD BILL

A

(From Alabama; negroes; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

Railroad Bill¹ cut a mighty big dash;
Killed McMillan like a lightnin'-flash.

En he'll lay yo po body daown.

Railroad Bill ride on de train,
Tryin t'ac' big like Cuba en Spain.²

En he'll lay yo po body daown.

Get up, ole woman, you sleepin' too late!
Ef Railroad Bill come knockin' at yo gate,

He'll lay yo po body daown.

Talk abaout yo bill, yo ten-dollah bill,
But you never seen a bill like Railroad Bill.

En he'll lay yo po body daown.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Railroad Bill said before he died,
He'd fit all the trains so the rounders could ride.

Oh, ain't he bad, oh, railroad man!

Railroad Bill cut a mighty big dash;
He killed Bill Johnson with a lightning-flash.

Oh, ain't he bad, oh, railroad man!

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

Railroad Bill is a mighty bad man,
Come skipping and dodging through this land.

D

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Talk about yer five er yer ten dollar bill;
Ain't no bill like de Railroad Bill.

12. JOE TURNER

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

Tell me Jo Turner's come to town; (*thrice*)
He's brought along one thousand links er chain;
He's gwine ter have one nigger fer each link,
Gwine ter get this nigger fer one link.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

¹ Railroad Bill was a "bæd nigguh" who terrified Alabama some years ago.

² A reminiscence of the Spanish-American war.

(To be continued)

WILLIAM CARTER, THE BENSONTOWN HOMER

BY PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

IN the "Harris Collection of American Poetry," at Brown University, is a small volume of verse by a forgotten country minstrel, printed in crude fashion on a poor quality of paper, now brittle and brown with age. It was published at Akron, O., in the year 1848, as appears from the titlepage.¹

"William Lorenzo Carter, the Author," to quote from the preface to the little book, "was born at Benson, Rutland County, Vermont, November 14, 1813, and was *blind from his birth*, or so nearly so that he could not distinguish objects, and could only see that there was light,² without receiving any benefit from that knowledge. His father³ was a Baptist Clergyman, of good and respectable standing at Benson,⁴ although he was not permanently located at that place. He resided mostly at Benson until William was sixteen years of age, when the Author lost his mother; and soon after this event, his father became a Mormon, and in 1833, removed to Kirtland in this State.⁵ He there commenced the study of English Grammar, learning it from lectures and from having it read to him. He made very good proficiency in this study while he continued it. But in 1834, his father went to the Mormon Settlement in Missouri, where he died, leaving the Author without any means of prosecuting his study, and in fact, leaving him without a home or any means of support, never having learned any trade (which, of course, he could only learn by the sense of feeling). In 1836, he returned to the East, with the intention of having his eyes operated upon, in the hope that he might thereby be enabled, partially, to

¹ *Miscellaneous Poems on Various Subjects*. Composed by Wm. L. Carter, who has been blind from his birth. Printed by H. Canfield, Akron, 1848.

² W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa., whose maternal grandmother was own aunt to William Carter, states, however, "There must have been one small perfect spot in the retina of the right eye, — this he made use of by means of a sort of ray filter, composed of glass arranged in layers, and enclosed in a leather tube, — by means of this he was able to read."

³ Rev. John Carter. Recent information from Benson is to the effect that he is still remembered by old people now living in that town.

⁴ W. A. S. states definitely that Rev. John Carter was a "minister in the Baptist Church at Benson."

⁵ "Kirtland, O., was the seat of the first Mormon colony. There was built the first Mormon temple. The name of John S. Carter, evidently our Benson minister, appears in the list of high priests chosen Feb. 17, 1834, to constitute the first high council of the Mormon Church" (J. H. EVANS, *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*, p. 195). The identity is settled by the following anecdote in the Journal of H. C. Kimball: In 1834, "when the cholera first broke out in the camp, John S. Carter was the first who went forward to rebuke it, but himself was immediately slain" (I. W. RILEY, *The Founder of Mormonism*, p. 285). The camp referred to was the refuge-camp on the banks of the Missouri River, whither the Mormons went after the breaking-up of their colony in Missouri.

receive his sight, if not wholly; but in this he did not succeed. He then endeavored to find some opportunity to learn a trade, but the same evil genius that seemed to preside over his destiny baffled his efforts in this respect. He next made application for admittance into the Institution for the Blind in Boston, but through some defect in the mode of application, he was rejected. Thus failing entirely in the object of his journey, he returned to Ohio, and in 1840, entered the Institution for the Blind at Columbus, and remained in that excellent Institution about a year and a half, during which time he learned to read and write, and also continued the study of English Grammar, which he had before begun; he also made some proficiency in composition while at this Institution. From thence, he went to Illinois, where he remained a short time, and then¹ returned to this State, where he has resided ever since."

Thus far the preface to the volume concerning Carter. Very little more is known of his subsequent life. From another source it is known that "in the year 1860, he left his home, near Kirtland, Ohio, to walk to Salt Lake City, Utah, he being a great walker, often undertaking journeys of a hundred miles. He reached the State of Illinois, but nothing has ever been heard from him since. No clew to his whereabouts has ever been discovered."² Evidently our poet was a zealous Mormon, and it is not unlikely that he was among the number of the pilgrims who fell by the wayside ere they reached the promised land.

"He commenced composing verses and singing them, when at the age of twelve, for his own amusement, and to while away the dull and tedious hours which hung heavily on his mind. He would also compose epigrams of a satirical character to gratify the piques that he had against some of his mates. None of these earlier poems, however, were ever reduced to writing, but were composed and recited from memory."³ The entire published product of his muse consists of six poems, five of them original, upon mournful subjects, the sixth a Scripture paraphrase.⁴ These "were composed at various times, some before, and some after he removed to Ohio, — he would compose them and retain them in his memory, until he could get some friend to write them off for him."⁵ A few stanzas from one of the best of them are worth reproducing here.

¹ Doubtless he went to Nauvoo, the Mormon city founded by Joseph Smith in 1840, his return to Kirtland being perhaps due to the Nauvoo riots of 1844.

² W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa.

³ From the preface to the volume of poems.

⁴ Contents of the volume of Carter's poems: *The Orphan's Dream*; *Lines on the Death of a Mother*; *Lines composed on parting with a Sister*; *Lines composed on a Mother's Last Words to her Son*; *Lines addressed to my Sisters, on taking Leave of them in 1843*; *Paraphrase on the First Chapter of Genesis*.

⁵ From the preface to the volume of poems.

'T is true, thy happiest youthful days
Are gone and cannot be recalled,—
Many a friend beloved by thee
No more on earth thou may'st behold.

But heaven can make the desert smile,
The withered bud to bloom a rose,
Sweet rills of pleasure to abound,
Where the dark stream of trouble flows.

Short is affliction's night at best,
And soon the glorious day will dawn,
With joy immortal to the poor,
And bid their sorrows all be gone.

When Michael stays the wheel of time
And calls the holy martyrs forth,
With all the ransomed of the Lord,
From east to west, from south to north,

Where streams of joy forever roll,
Beyond all trouble, death and pain,
Thy happy parents thou shalt hail,
Receive their loving smiles again.¹

A perusal of Carter's published compositions would lead no one to affirm that upon their intrinsic merit as poems depends his place among American bards. It is as the Bensontown Homer that he is significant for us. This title befits him as the author of the now celebrated American traditional ballad, "Fair Charlotte."² This ballad is now current in the States from Maine westward to Dakota, thence southward to Oklahoma;³ it has, moreover, lately been recorded in Nova Scotia. It is a highly significant fact that no trace of it has appeared in the rich "ballad country" of the Southeastern States. "There is no question as to William Carter being the author and composer of this song,"⁴ the motive for which, according to the statement of the poet's cousin, being "the happening of the events described, in his old Vermont town of Benson, or Bensontown."⁵ It appears to have

¹ W. L. Carter, *The Orphan's Dream*, stanzas 80-84.

² See my article, "Native American Balladry," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, pp. 365-373.

³ In my collection *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States* are nineteen versions, distributed as follows: Maine, three; Vermont, one; Massachusetts, two; Pennsylvania, four; Ohio, two; Wisconsin, two; Kansas and Dakota, one each; also one from Nova Scotia. The Kansas version is traced to Ohio; both Ohio versions, to Vermont. Professor Henry M. Belden, Columbia, Mo., has collected a dozen versions, most of them in the State of Missouri. The Oklahoma version is in *Cowboy Songs* (edited by John A. Lomax), p. 239.

⁴ W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa., in a communication dated March 29, 1910.

⁵ W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa., so testifies on the authority of his mother, who is own cousin to William Carter himself.

passed into oral circulation probably as early as the year 1835,¹ so that its life as a traditional ballad covers little more than three-quarters of a century.

To-day the ballad is current under the same conditions of transmission that govern all folk-song, as the acquired property² of the singing folk. It is quite as communal as the best of the ancient British ballads. That it has become so widespread in its distribution, is due largely to the wanderings of the nomadic Carter himself, a modern representative of the old-time wandering minstrel. We might also speak of it as a brief unwritten chapter in the history of the indirect influence of the Mormon movement. Important "foci of infection," as it were, for the ballad, are in Vermont, central Pennsylvania, northeastern Ohio, and Missouri, — places in which it is known that Carter or some member of his family has tarried.³ It is of course, at this late day, quite beyond our expectation to be able to recover with any degree of certainty, or even probability, the *ipsissima verba* of Carter's own composition. There is no record whatever to show that it was ever printed; perhaps it was never even written down from the author's dictation. We may not be far wrong, however, in assuming that a version presently to be put in evidence, said to be derived from a native of Vermont "who knew that the story was as it is related, taking place on New Year's Eve, and . . . either knew the people spoken of, or those who knew them," is fairly close to Carter's original.⁴

FAIR CHARLOTTE

(Traditional text of a ballad composed by William Lorenzo Carter)

1. Fair Charlotte lived on a mountain side,
In a wild and lonely spot,
No dwelling was for three miles round,
Except her father's cot.
2. On many a cold and wintry night,
Young swains were gathered there,
For her father kept a social board,
And she was very fair.

¹ The ballad, of course, was composed before Carter left Vermont, in 1833, to join the Mormon colony in Kirtland, O. A Kansas version, kindly communicated to me by Professor A. H. Tolman, Chicago, Ill., is one of a number of ballads taken down from D. S., Winfield, Kan., whose father, R. H. B., lived in Ohio, and from whom D. S. learned at least one ballad in 1835.

² That is, folk-song is folk-song solely by reason of its traditional currency among the singing folk. Any definition *by origin* is beside the point. See my article, "Irish Folk-Song," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, pp. 332-343.

³ Vermont, of course, is important as the poet's own home; in Lancaster, Pa., his cousin lives; northeastern Ohio knew Carter as a member of the Mormon colony at Kirtland; and it is not unlikely that he accompanied his father to Missouri in 1834.

⁴ "Fair Charlotte," K. *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*, from L. P. S., Warren, O., as derived from M. E. L., Warren, O., whose grandfather was the Vermonter to whom reference is made. L. P. S., whose great-great-grandfather founded the village of Fairhaven, near Benson, Vt., also knows the ballad.

3. Her father loved to see her dress
Fine as a city belle, —
She was the only child he had,
And he loved his daughter well,
4. On New Year's eve, when the sun was set,
She gazed with a wistful eye,
Out of the frosty window forth,
To see the sleighs go by.¹
5. She restless was, and longing looked,
Till a well known voice she heard,
Came dashing up to her father's door,
Young Charley's sleigh appeared.
6. Her mother said, — "My daughter dear,
This blanket round you fold,
For 't is an awful night without,
And you'll be very cold."
7. "Oh nay, oh nay," young Charlotte cried,
And she laughed like a Gypsy queen,
"To ride in blanket muffled up,
I never will be seen."
8. "My woolen cloak is quite enough,
You know it is lined throughout,
Besides I have my silken shawl,
To tie my neck about."
9. Her gloves and bonnet being on,
She jumped into the sleigh,
And off they went, down the mountain side,
And over the hills away.²
10. With muffled faces, silently,
Five long, cold miles were passed,
When Charles, in few and broken words,
The silence broke at last.

¹ N. A. S., version I, from J. M. L., Mahanoy City, Pa., has after this, —

- 4a. At the village inn, fifteen miles off,
There's a merry ball to-night,
The air is piercing cold as death,
But her heart is warm and light.

It appears also in other versions.

² N. A. S., I, has after this, —

- 9a. There's music in the sound of bells,
As o'er the hills they go,
What creaking do the runners make,
As they leave the frozen snow.

Two versions only have both stanzas.

11. "Oh! such a night I never saw,
My lines I scarce can hold,"—
Fair Charlotte said, in a feeble voice,
"I am exceeding cold."
12. He cracked his whip and they onward sped,
Much faster than before,
Until five other dreary miles,
In silence they passed o'er.
13. "How fast," says Charles, "the frozen ice
Is gathering on my brow,"
Said Charlotte, in a weaker voice,
"I'm growing warmer now."
14. Thus on they went thro' the frosty air,
And in the cold starlight,
Until the village and bright ball-room,
They did appear in sight.
15. Charles drove to the door, and jumping out,
He held his hand to her,—
"Why sit you there like a monument,
That has no power to stir?"
16. He asked her once, he asked her twice,
She answered never a word:
He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.
17. He took her hand into his own,
Oh God! it was cold as stone!
He tore the mantle from her brow,
On her face the cold stars shone.
18. Then quickly to the lighted hall,
Her lifeless form he bore,
Fair Charlotte was a frozen corpse,
And her lips spake never more.
19. He threw himself down by her side,
And the bitter tears did flow,
And he said, "My own, my youthful bride,
I never more shall know!"
20. He twined his arms around her neck,
He kissed her marble brow,
And his thoughts went back to where she said,
"I am growing warmer now."¹
21. He bore her body to the sleigh,
And with it he drove home:
And when he reached her father's door,
Oh! how her parents mourned!

¹ Many versions of the ballad end here.

22. They mourned the loss of a daughter dear,
 And Charles mourned o'er her doom,
 Until at last his heart did break,
 And they both lie in one tomb.¹

This text is a representative of what may fairly be called the Vulgate text of "Fair Charlotte." Of the thirty versions of the ballad known to me, — a number of which, however, are incomplete, — all but four conform very closely to it. Of these four, one was taken down in Hathorne, Mass.; another in Kansas City, Mo.;² a third comes from South Dakota;³ the fourth from Rome, Pa.⁴ By reason of the passing uniqueness of certain stanzas,⁵ the Kansas City version, the full text of which is herewith printed, is extremely interesting.

THE FROZEN GIRL ⁶

Verse 1.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side
 In a wild and lonely spot
 No dwellings there for three miles round
 Except her father's cot.⁷

2nd

At evening when their work was o'er,
Young swain would gather there
 For her father kept a social board
 And she was very fair *Rep.*

3rd

At the close of a cold and stormy day
 With beaming anxious eye
 Young Charlotte by the window stood
 To see the sleighs go by.

¹ Five versions only have these concluding stanzas.

² From J. G. H., Kansas City, Mo., as sung in eastern New York about forty years ago; 1907. MS. in possession of Professor Henry M. Belden, Columbia, Mo.

³ From M. E. H., a student at the University of Wisconsin, — a version for which I am indebted to the kindness of Professor A. Beatty. In it is the following noteworthy stanza:

He took her lily-white hand in his,
 O God! 't was stiff and cold.
 He took her bonnet from her head,
 As down the death-sweat rolled.

⁴ See my article "Native Balladry in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

⁵ Indicated by being printed in Italics.

⁶ MS. of J. G. H., Kansas City, Mo., kindly communicated to me for this article by Professor Belden. (Copied *verbatim et literalim*.)

⁷ Note of J. G. H. "In singing, the two last lines of each verse are repeated."

4

*The snow had fallen all day long
The wind to northward veered —
And dashing up to the cottage door,
Young Charlie's sleigh appeared.*

(5)

*Charles drove a pair of Morgan blacks,
That were his special pride,
His cutter had just space enough
For Lottie at his side.*

(6)

*"At a village inn fifteen miles off
There's a merry ball to-night"
The air is freezing cold as death
But her heart is warm and light*

(7)

*Her father just then coming in¹
It took not long to gain
Consent from him and his good wife
For Charles, their favorite swain.*

(8)

*Her mother said, "My daughter dear
This blanket round you fold"
For it is a dreadful night abroad
You'll take your death of cold*

(9)

*Oh no! Oh no! Young Charlotte cried
For she felt like a Gypsy Queen
To ride in blankets muffled up
I never can be seen.*

(10)

*Five miles along the mountain roads
Charles drove his blacks with pride
He was as proud as any king
With Lottie at his side*

(11)

*Said Charles such a night I never saw
The reins I scarce can hold
When Charlotte said in a feeble voice
I am exceeding cold*

¹ E. A. H., from whom the South Dakota version was obtained, adds that there was also a stanza beginning

Her father he was a dark, stern man.

(12)

He cracked his whip urged on his team
 Much faster than before
 Until at length five weary miles
 In silence they passed o'er.

(13)

He swung his arms, chirped to his team
Dashed frost from beard & brow
 When Charlotte said in a voice quite low
 I'm growing warmer now.

An interesting point remains to be considered; namely, the significance of "Fair Charlotte" for our conception of the ballad as a species of folk-song. Defined in its simplest possible terms, a ballad is the record of action cast in poetical form; a folk-ballad, consisting of text and melody,¹ is a ballad traditionally current among the singing folk. Under this definition there is no question of the right of Carter's "Fair Charlotte," Saunders's "Casey Jones,"² and other items of American balladry, to be reckoned among folk-ballads. Yet into this apparently very simple situation enter at once certain complications. Though it is hardly germane to a general treatment of the subject of folk-balladry to deal with texts apart from melodies,³ we have still the right to analyze ballads as literature. The result of such analysis has been the discovery that not all folk-ballads are alike. Two distinct species are now recognized,⁴ set off from each other by a marked divergence of literary convention. That is, we have, in the first place, the "popular" ballad,⁵ notable for its dramatic impressiveness, its free use of abrupt dialogue and change in situation, not to speak of

¹ All folk-ballads are sung, and always have been. Recited ballads are the product of accident. A folk-singer may be unwilling to sing because of age or infirmity, or before strangers.

² "Casey Jones" (*Railroad Man's Magazine*, May, 1908, November, 1910, December, 1911, April, 1912) was composed and sung by Wallace Saunders, a negro laborer. Its subject is the last run of John Luther Jones, nicknamed "Casey Jones," an engineer on the Chicago & New Orleans Limited, who, on March 18, 1900, lost his life in a rear-end collision with a freight-train at Vaughans, Miss. It is current in many parts of the States, and has lately been recorded in the Canal zone.

³ Mention may here be made of the melodies to "Fair Charlotte." Eight are known. Of these, six are sets of the original air to which Carter himself sang the ballad, another remote set of which is the hymn-tune "Golden Hill." Five of the sets are closely related; the sixth, belonging to the unique Kansas City version of J. G. H., being more distant. The seventh and eighth, from Maine and Nova Scotia respectively, are sets of an Irish air, — the same as that from which is derived the melody to the students' song, "Michael Roy."

⁴ H. M. Belden, "The Relation of Balladry to Folk-Lore," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, pp. 1-13. "The ballad . . . has two main types. . . . Both . . . are popular in character and in vogue."

⁵ For instance, "Earl Brand," or "Lord Randall."

its characteristic iterative style.¹ This species is not by any means extinct, and may well outlast its later-born relative, the "vulgar" ballad, so called.² Conventional narration, in all its dead-level dullness, is the touchstone of the genuine in vulgar balladry, as turned out by the ton from the presses of Pitts, Such, and Jemmy Catnatch. Furthermore, however much we may call into question the significance of this difference, or doubt that it bears witness to any actual difference in origin; however much we may deny the right of the critic to establish upon its basis a ballad aristocracy,³ — we cannot deny that the difference exists.

Now as to "Fair Charlotte" itself. A perusal of the text, as given in a preceding paragraph of this article, would leave us little hesitation as to where to place the ballad. We should, perforce, include it in the second category, as the American representative of the British "vulgar" species. As a matter of fact, however, the folk is not content to let it stay there. Evidence is at hand to show that, under the influence of seventy-five years of communal re-creation,⁴ Carter's ballad has developed something more than impersonality of authorship, and multiplicity of version, both as to text and melody. It has earned the right, provided there be a ballad aristocracy, with its noble blood determined by a critical test, to enrol itself in the number of the nobility; that is, it has begun, at least, to acquire an iterative style, not only in the melody,⁵ but, what is more important for us here, in the text as well.⁶

Herewith may be cited in full the acquired characteristics of the versions in question.⁷

¹ That is, the effective repetition of suggestive phrases, verses, or stanzas. The iterative style may be parallel, as in Hebrew poetry; or climactic, as in the ancient ballad. Even Nietzsche recognized its effectiveness (see especially *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, The Yea and Amen Lay).

² This unfortunate name it seems impossible to better: it carries with it no connotation of vulgarity in the language or subject-matter.

³ That is, to regard the three hundred and six "popular" ballads as having an exclusive right to the name "ballad."

⁴ By "communal re-creation" is meant the process of passing through the minds of a large number of folk-singers, good, bad, and indifferent, which issues in certain well-known effects upon the text and melody of all folk-songs.

⁵ Ballad melodies (this applies quite as much to the melodies of vulgar as of popular ballads) possess an important, if long unrecognized, characteristic feature, — the climactic iteration of partial melodies (see my article "Folk-Music in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 72-81).

⁶ This is not unprecedented, as will later appear.

⁷ For convenience, the references to re-created stanzas are taken in the order in which the corresponding stanzas occur in the archetype.

Stanzas 4, 5 (Columbia, Mo.¹)

'T was New Year's eve, and the sun was low,
High beams her lingering eye,
As she to the frozen window went,
 To watch the sleighs go by.

High beams her lingering eye,
 When a well-known voice she heard,
As she to the frozen window went,
 Young Charles in his sleigh appeared.

An effective iterative style is produced by subconscious assimilation of language.²

Stanza 4a (Hathorne, Mass.³)

"In yonder village, miles away,
 There's a merry ball to-night,
 Although it is extremely cold,
 Our hearts are warm and light."

Here is a direct change from a descriptive passage to unIntroduced dialogue.

Stanzas 9a-11 (Cameron, Mo.⁴)

"There is music in the sound of bells,
 As o'er the hills we go,
 What a creaking noise those runners make,
 As they glide o'er the frozen snow.

"Such a night as this I never seen,
 The reins I scarce can hold."

In this case, a passage of continuous abrupt dialogue is produced by the loss of stanza 10, introductory to dialogue, and the change of 9a from description to dialogue. In no other version has the change been so marked, though in four others the dropping-out of stanza 10 has left the dialogue in stanza 11 unIntroduced.⁵

Stanza 10 (Rome, Pa.⁶)

Along the bleak and dreary way,
 How keen the winds do blow!
 The stars did never shine so bright,
 How creaks the frozen snow!

¹ Recollected by J. F., kindly communicated to me by Professor Belden.

² By an exactly analogous process, folk-music develops an iterative style (see my article "The Origin of Folk-Melodies," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, pp. 440-445.

³ "Fair Charlotte," E, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*.

⁴ From W. L. H., for which I am indebted to Professor Belden.

⁵ In one Missouri version, that of J. F. (see note 1), iteration occurs,

"Such a night, such a night, I never saw!"

⁶ "Fair Charlotte," D, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. For the full text see my article "Native Balladry in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

*Along the bleak and dreary way,
Five lonely miles they passed,
When Charles in a few and frozen words
The silence broke at last.*

This iterative passage is one of the several peculiarities of this version.

Stanza 14 (West Plains, Mo.¹)

*This on the way through the frost and snow
While the wintry stars shone bright,
"Oh, now we are to the village inn,
And the ball-room is in sight."*

This version is unique in the bold change from description to un-introduced dialogue.

Stanzas 15-16 (South Dakota ²)

*"Why sit you there like a monument
That has no power to stir?
He asked her once, he asked her twice,
But received no answer from her,
He asked her once, he asked her twice,
But she answered not a word.
He asked her for her hand again,³
And still she never stirred.*

The iteration is acquired by the simple act of subconscious repetition of the phrase containing the thought most impressive to the hearer.

Stanza 18 (Hathorne, Mass.⁴)

*A lifeless corpse young Charlotte was,
For she froze by the mountain side,
A lifeless corpse young Charles he bore,
Into the inn's fireside.*

The admirable effectiveness of the iteration in this passage is quite in keeping with the style of the ancient ballad.

It might be objected that these examples are few; yet they are all that, under the circumstances, we have any right to expect, if not more. Communal re-creation is not a rapid process, nor a uniform one. Carter's ballad has been subject to it for less than a century, whereas the ancient ballads may well have been in oral circulation for a period of several centuries. Furthermore, whereas their history has

¹ From MS. of M. D., West Plains, Mo., kindly communicated to me by Professor Belden.

² From M. E. H., kindly contributed to me by Professor Beatty.

³ In N. A. S., version E, this line appears as introduced dialogue,—

"Give me your hand!" he said again.

⁴ "Fair Charlotte," E, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*.

been laid in the golden age of folk-song, it has been the fate of the American ballad to struggle into life during a period of decadence, when the fashion of folk-singing was on the decrease. And it being admitted, as it must be, that the iterative style is a very old form of expression, we should expect exactly what we find to be the case; namely, that reversions to this primitive form — literary atavisms, as we may call them, traceable to the subconscious action of communal re-creation — should be numerous in the ancient British ballad, and sporadic in the late-born child of the American folk-muse.

Still another objection must be met and answered. In the vulgar ballad of Britain, a type much older than our native ballad, only the faintest traces of the "ballad style," as far as the text is concerned, grow out of communal re-creation.¹ Yet the very fact that the iterative style, while generally present in the melodies,² is absent in the texts, should lead us to suspect the presence of some factor inhibitive of communal re-creation with respect to the text only. This factor is the busy press of Jemmy Catnatch and his kind, who practically never printed melodies. The cheapness and ready accessibility of the broadsides tended to produce and preserve a "vulgate text," while the singers were left free to vary the melody according as the subconscious fancy led them: hence the absence, except in sporadic cases, of the iterative style from the text of the vulgar ballad in oral tradition. The ancient ballads, on the contrary, were many of them never printed. Such as were printed and circulated in broadside form had been in oral circulation so long that their characteristic style was fixed. It has been the good fortune of Carter's ballad that, like "Lord Randall" and some others, it never fell into the maw of the broadside press.

In the last analysis, it seems that much of our "ballad problem" has been one of our own making. We can now be sure that folk-song and folk-ballad can be accounted for on the basis of individual invention, with subsequent communal re-creation; moreover, that the characteristic reversion to the primitive iterative style, with its dramatic impressiveness, develops in ballads quite spontaneously, as an effect of continual folk-singing. In "Fair Charlotte" we have laid before us a history, in miniature, of folk-song and folk-ballad the world over. So much do we owe to the humble genius of William Lorenzo Carter, the village Homer of old Bensontown.

FELTON HALL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

¹ It does, however, appear to some extent in versions re-created by the folk-singers of the Southeastern States, etc.

² See my article "Folk-Music in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 72-81.

A TEXAS VERSION OF "THE WHITE CAPTIVE"

BY CHARLES PEABODY

Two versions of this ballad have been published, — one in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for 1909, pp. 256 and 257, and edited by G. F. Will; and the other in "Cowboy Songs" (New York, 1910), by John A. Lomax.

Professor Lomax's version is by far the most complete, and probably approaches nearer to the original form than either of the others. It contains fourteen verses, against ten and a half in the present form.

In addition to the presentation, there is not much to be said. In both of the longer versions there is repetition without any addition to the story, which bears the marks of being handed down from mouth to mouth.

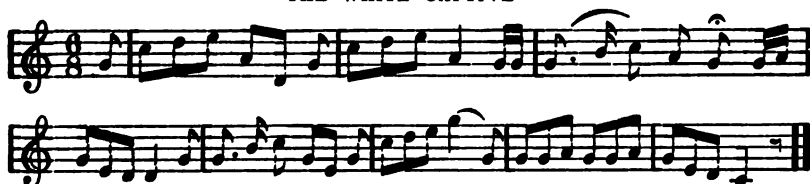
The names of the hero and heroine in Mr. Lomax's version are Albon and Amanda, while in the present version they are Albion and Amandia. It seems likely that the original version contained "Albion" and "Amanda," which became "Amandia" by a sort of attraction. Changes in familiar names are not uncommon; as, for instance, "Elen-der" and "Alender" in the American versions of "Lord Thomas."¹

As regards the ballad as a whole, its content places it somewhere in the Appalachian region, whence it went with the emigrants to the West; for all three versions hail from Texas. The use of the word "cot" for "cabin" gives the impression of a literary, if not European origin. So far, the only European cycle suggested by it is the "Maiden Freed from the Gallows" (Child, No. 95). In the Continental versions of the cycle there are the motives of the abduction and of the self-sacrificing lover, but the similarity ends there.

The ballad in question surely harks back to one of the early wars of this country, where the Indians had an Englishman for a leader. Possibly the massacre of Wyoming in the Revolutionary War may be faintly echoed here.

The music, reduced to its interval order, presents a major scale lacking its fourth, and may be a suggestion of the Celtic pentatonic scale or of the hexachordal scale lacking its leading tone, that superseded it in the fifteenth century in Scotland.

THE WHITE CAPTIVE



¹ Compare G. L. Kittredge, in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, No. LXXIX, p. 254; and the *Berea Quarterly* for April, 1905.

1. The sun has gone down o'er the hills in the west,
And its last beams have faded o'er the mossy hill's crest;
The beauty of nature, the charms of the fair,
A maiden was bound with her white bosom bare.
2. At the foot of the mountain Amandia did sigh
At the hoot of an owl or a catamount cry,
At the howl of some wolf from its long granite cell
Or the crush of some dead [forest] tree as it fell.
3. The camp-fire was kindled and fanned by the breeze,
And its red embers shone o'er the evergreen trees;
But fierce was the looks of that wild savage scene,
The light o'er their features in entrance did gleam.
4. The watch-fire was kindled, and its red light did glare.
This maiden was bound with her white bosom bare.
Around her stood this mercerless throng,
Impatient to join in the war-dancing song.
5. They brought out then the captive all friendless, forlorn,
Her face bathed in blood and her garments all torn.
She counted vengeance in the face of the foe,
And sighed for the time when her suff'rings might close.
6. They waited a moment while they gazed on the fair,
Whose dark hazel eyes were uplifted in prayer.
And down on her bosom her dark locks did flow,
Which hid from the gazers her bosom of snow.
7. The chief of these warriors, young Albion, drew near
With an eye like an eagle and a step like a deer.
"Forbear," cried young Albion, "your freedom to crave,"
Gave a sigh for her suff'ring, and a tear o'er her grave.
8. "Forbear," cried young Albion, "your tortures forbear!
This maiden shall live, by the heavens I swear!
To-night if a victim shall burn at your tree,
Young Albion, your leader, your victim shall be."
9. At the dawn of the evening, at the close of the day,
A birch-tree canoe was seen gliding away.
Swifter than the wild duck that skims o'er the tide
Young Albion and Amandia together did ride.
10. At the dawn of next morning a white cot was seen
With its blue curling smoke o'er the wild willows green,
But great was the joy when she stepped on the shore
To embrace her kind father and mother once more.
11. But all that he asked was kindness and food,
From the parents of Amandia to the chief of the woods.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FIVE OLD-COUNTRY BALLADS¹

OF the following ballads, the first two are from the recollection of Miss Lucy R. Laws of Christian College, Columbia, Mo. She learned them in her childhood in Mercer County, Kentucky, from a Shakeress who was a nurse in the family. Concerning "Andy Bardan" she writes, "The ballad came to us from the Shakeress's son-in-law. He was a pensioner of the Civil War, brought up in Indiana, I think, but of the old Kentucky Sims family. He came to Mercer County in the late sixties to look up an orphan half-sister who was a step-daughter of the Shakeress. He introduced the ballad among the children of the neighborhood about that time. The Shakeress had been a nurse in our family, hence we had the benefit of the songs. Charlie Sims, the singer, became a well-known figure in the county, and died in Harrodsburg, a pensioner upon the Government and upon the charity of the people. On one side he was connected with a large and well-known family in West Mercer (the hill region) and adjoining counties; on the other side he must have been of very obscure and undesirable extraction. I always supposed that he heard the ballad while in army service, though the Sims family might well have preserved folk ballads." "The Gypsy Laddie" is also from the Shakeress's repertory; though Miss Laws tells Professor Belden that she heard portions of it in Columbus, Ind., in 1869. The tune was entirely different, and the ballad altogether suggestive of conscious coarseness:

"Last night she slept in a warm feather bed
And in her arms her baby;
To-night she sleeps the Devil knows where,
In the arms of Gypsy Davy."

Chorus

"Hoops now's all the go,
Sets the darkies crazy;
This is the way we all shall go
Along o' Gypsy Davy."²

1. ANDY BARDAN³

Three brothers in old Scotland did dwell,
Three loving brothers were they;
They all cast lots to see which of them
Should go robbing around the salt sea.

¹ Nos. 1 (first two versions), 2, 3, 4, were contributed and edited by Professor H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.; the third version of No. 1 was contributed by Professor George B. Woods, of Miami University, Oxford, O.; No. 5, by Dr. Alma Blount, of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.—G. L. K.

² Sometimes "Davy-o."

³ Compare Child 250, E, which is also from oral tradition in America; but "Andy Bardan" is nearer than Child's E to "Sir Andrew Barton," since it has kept the King's

The lot fell on to Andy Bardan,
The youngest of the three,
For to maintain the other two
A-robbing around the salt sea.

He had not sailed very many long nights
Before a ship he did spy;
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,
And then it came sailing close by.

"Who's there, who's there?" said Andy Bardan,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We are the rich merchants from old England;
If no offense, let us pass by."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Andy Bardan,
"Oh no, that never can be!
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."

The news came into King Henry
(For it was him they crowned)
His ship and his cargo both were lost
And all his merry men drowned.

"Go build a ship both wide and deep,
And build it safe and secure,
And if Andy Bardan you do not bring in,
Your lives shall no longer endure."

They had not sailed very many long nights
Before a ship they did spy;
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,
And then it came sailing close by.

"Who's there? Who's there?" said Captain Charles Stewart,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We are the bold robbers from old Scotland;
If no offense, let us pass by."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Captain Charles Stewart,
"Oh no! that never can be;
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."

"Peel on! peel on!" said Andy Bardan,
And loud the cannon did roar;
And Captain Charles Stewart took Andy Bardan,
He took him to Fair England's shore.

name as Henry, not George, and represents the pirate as conquered and taken back to England. In "Sir Andrew Barton" he is killed, and his head is carried back as a trophy.

"What now, what now," said Andy Bardan,
 "What now my fate it shall be!
 The gallows are ready for Andy Bardan,
 The bold robber around the salt sea.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
 And dig it close to the sea;
 And tell my brothers as they pass by,
 I'm done robbing around the salt sea."

2. THE GYPTIAN LADDIE (Child, 200)¹

"O would you leave your house and home,
 O would you leave your honey?
 O would you leave your three little babes
 To go with the Gyptian laddie?"

Chorus

Raddle-um-a-ding, a-ding, ding, ding,
 Raddle-um-a-ding-a-dary,
 Raddle-um-a-ding, a-ding, ding, ding,
 Raddle-um-a-ding-a-dary (*or*, She's gone with the Gyptian laddie!)

"O yes, I'd leave my house and home,
 O yes, I'd leave my honey,
 O yes, I'd leave my three little babes
 To go with the Gyptian laddie!"

The old man came home that night,
 Inquiring for his honey;
 The maid came tripping along the hall, —
 "She's gone with the Gyptian laddie!"

"Go saddle for me my milk-white steed,
 Go bridle for me my brownie;
 I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day,
 I'll overtake my honey."

"O come go back with me, my love,
 Go back with me, my honey;
 I'll lock you up in a chamber so high,
 Where the Gyptian can't come near you."

"I won't go back with you, my love,
 I won't go back, my honey;
 I'd rather have one kiss from the Gyptian's lips
 Than all your land and money."

.²

¹ A version from Missouri was printed in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 294, 295.

² Forgotten stanzas, in which he bids her strip off her finery, after which the 'Gyptian casts her off.

"Last night I slept in my fine feather bed,
 And in my arms my dearie;
 Tonight I sleep in an old . . .
 And the Gyptian won't come near me."¹

Another version comes to me through Miss G. M. Hamilton from D. Hogan of the West Plains (Mo.) High School, who got it "from an old lady."

BLACK JACK DAVY

"Come go with me, my pretty little pink,
 Come go with me, my honey;
 Come go with me to a distant land
 Where we never will need for money,
 Where we never will need for money."

"The river slow, the heather bright,
 The sky is low and hazy,
 But ere the morning dawns again
 You'll be gone with Black Jack Davy,
 You'll be gone with Black Jack Davy."

"Go bring me out my high heel shoes
 That's made of Spanish leather,
 And I will wear them out to-day
 For flowers at the distant heather,
 For flowers at the distant heather."

"Go bring me out my milk-white horse
 Which rides so light and steady;
 I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night
 Till I overtake my lady."

Still another version was communicated in December, 1911, by Professor George B. Woods, of Miami University, Oxford, O., who had it from one of his pupils, Mr. C. V. Sensenbaugh. The ballad was learned by Mr. Sensenbaugh's grandmother, before 1850, from a family named Wolf. Mr. Sensenbaugh says that "lonely" is sometimes heard instead of "shady" in stanza 3. He also has a single line ("Surrounded by the band of Gypsies") which seems to belong to an additional stanza, though it is sometimes sung in place of the last line of the last stanza.

THE GYPSY DAVY

1. A Gypsy riding o'er the plain,
 He sang so loud and clearly;
 He sang and he sang, till he made the valley ring,
 And he charmed the heart of a lady.

¹ Or "And the Gyptians all around me."

2. "Will you go with me, my bonnie a lass,
Will you go with me, my honey?
And I will swear to the sword that hangs by my side
You shall never want for money."
3. He slipped on his high-heeled boots
Made out of Spanish leather;
She slipped on her low-cut shoes,
And away they tripped together.
4. When the master he came home that night
Inquiring for his lady,
The servant made him a bold reply,
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy."
5. "Go saddle me my old gray horse,
The black one's not so speedie;
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night
Until I find my lady."
6. He rode and he rode till he came to black sea,
Where it looked so dark and shady;
The tears came trickling down his cheeks
When there he beheld his lady.
7. "Will you forsake your house and lot?
Will you forsake your baby?
Will you forsake your new-wedded lord
And go with the Gypsy Davy?"
8. "Yes, I'll forsake my house and lot;
Yes, I'll forsake my baby;
Yes, I'll forsake my new-wedded lord
And go with the Gypsy Davy.
9. "Last night I slept on my own feather-bed,
And in my arms my baby;
To-night I'll sleep in the low wilderness
In the arms of my Gypsy Davy.
10. "Last night I slept on my own feather-bed,
And in my arms my baby;
To-night I'll sleep, the Lord knows where,
But with my Gypsy Davy."

3. BANGUM AND THE BOAR (Child, 18)

Some fragments of this were printed in this Journal, vol. xix, p. 235. The following version was written out for Professor Belden by Professor G. C. Broadhead of Columbia, Mo., who tells him he has known it for nearly sixty years.

"There is a wild boar in these woods
Dillum down dillum

There is a wild boar in these woods

Dillum down

There is a wild boar in these woods

Who'll eat your flesh and drink your blood."

Kobby ky cuddle down killy quo cum.

"Oh how shall I this wild boar see?"

"I'll blow a blast and he'll come to me."

Old Bangum blew both loud and shrill;

The wild board heard on Temple Hill.

The wild boar dashed with such a rash

He tore his way through oak and ash.

Old Bangum drew his wooden knife

And swore he'd take the wild boar's life.

They fought four hours in a day;

At last the wild boar stole away.

They traced the wild boar to his den,

And found the bones of a thousand men.

4. SHIPWRECK (Child, 289)

This was written down by Agnes Shibley of the Kirksville (Mo.) Normal School, who learned it from her mother. It was sent to Professor Belden by Miss Hamilton.

One Saturday night as we set sail,

Not being far from shore,

'Twas then that I spied a pretty fair maid

With a glass and a comb in her hand, her hand,

With a glass and a comb in her hand.

Chorus

The stormy wind did blow,

And the raging sea did roll,

And we poor sailors came leaping to the top

While the landsmen lay down below, below, below,

While the landsmen lay down below.

Then up came a boy of our gallant ship,

And a noble-spoken boy was he;

Saying, "I've a mother in distant York town

This night is a-weeping for me."

Then up came a lad of our gallant ship,

And a beautiful lad was he,

Saying, "I've a sweetheart in distant York town

This night is a-looking for me."

Then up came the clerk of our gallant ship,
And a noble-spoken man was he,
Saying, "I've a wife in distant York town
This night a widow will be."

Then up came the captain of our gallant ship,
There is no braver man than he,
Saying, "For the want of a yawl-boat we'll be drowned
And we'll sink to the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round our gallant ship turned,
Three times round she turned;
Three times round our gallant ship turned,
Then she sank to the bottom of the sea.

5. CAPTAIN WARD (Child, 287)

The following version of "Captain Ward" was contributed by Dr. Alma Blount, of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich., March 14, 1912, as written down by Mr. Kerns, one of her students. It has been traditional in his family for many years. About twenty years ago one of them made a written copy. The Kerns family came from the North of England to New Jersey about a hundred and fifty years ago, and it is thought they brought the ballad with them (in memory, not in print).

1. Strike up, ye lusty gallants, that love the sound of drum!
I have discovered a rover, that on the sea doth run;
His name it is bold Captain Ward, as plain it doth appear;
There hasn't been such a rover found out this hundred year.
2. He sent a letter unto our queen the ninth of February,
Desiring that he might come in, with his company so merry;
Desiring that he might come in, and when his tale was told,
For his ransom he would give fully thirty tons of gold.
3. "Oh, no! oh, no!" then said our queen. "This thing it may not be,
That I should reign upon the land and not upon the sea.
He hath deceived the Queen of France, likewise the Queen of Spain,
And how should he prove true to me when he hath deceived twain?"
4. Our queen then fitted out a ship, a gallant ship of fame,
And she was called the Rainbow, if you would know her name.
So well she was provided for, and fitted for the sea,
With fifty good brass pieces to bear her companie.
5. It was four o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,
And cannons they kept roaring till eight o'clock at night.
"Shoot on! shoot on!" says Captain Ward, "your sport well pleaseth me;
And if you fight a month or more, your master I will be!"

6. And now the gallant Rainbow is returning home again,
Saying, "Yonder sails proud Captain Ward, and there he may remain."

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[Several stanzas missing]

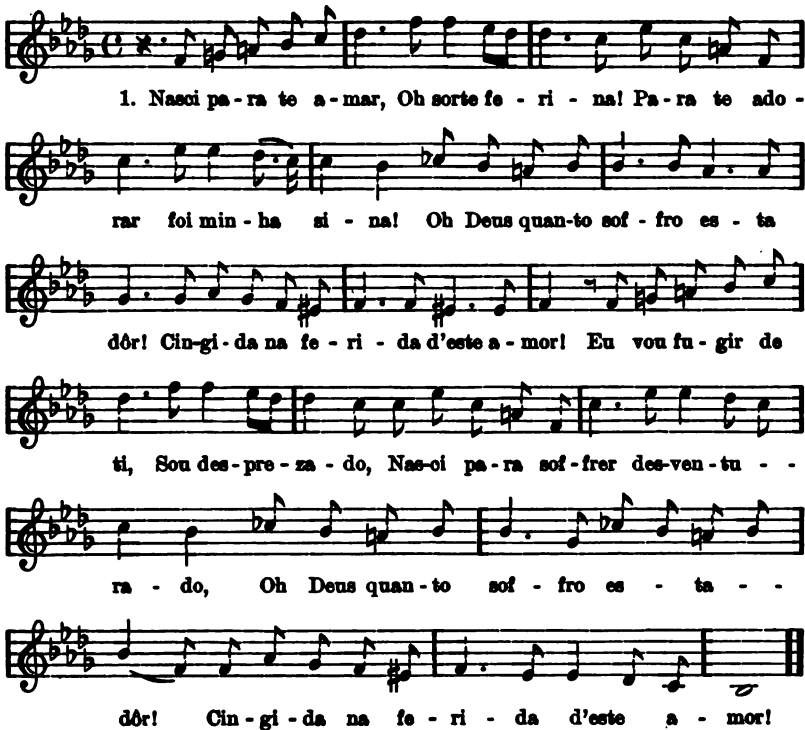
7. "Alack! alas!" then said our queen, "for I've lost jewels three:
There was Captain Drake and Witherington and bold Lord Willoughby.
If e'er a one of them was alive, he'd have brought proud Ward to me."

BRAZILIAN SONGS

BY ELEANOR HAGUE

THE first three of the following songs are sung in northern Brazil. The fourth I learned originally from a friend who had heard it in a remote part of Portugal. Later I found that it is also sung in Brazil.

1. NASCI PARA TI AMAR



1. Nasci pa-ra te a-mar, Oh sorte fe - ri - na! Pa-ra te ado -
rar foi min - ha si - na! Oh Deus quan-to sof - fro es - ta
dôr! Cin-gi-da na fe - ri - da d'este a - mor! Eu vou fu - gir de
ti, Sou des-pre-za - do, Nas-ci pa-ra sof-frer des-ven-tu - -
ra - do, Oh Deus quan-to sof - fro es - ta - -
dôr! Cin-gi-da na fe - ri - da d'este a - mor!

2. MEU ANJO ESCUTA



1. Meu an - jo escu - ta u - ma flauta ao lon - ge, De um pobre
bar - do que en - lou - que - ceu, Ouve se a flau - ta n'uma lon - ga



2. E meia noite o triste bronza chora,
A lua occulta sob nuvem obscura,
Calou-se a flauta-n'uma longa queixa,
E o pobre bardo morreu de amargura.
3. Morreu o bardo que nas noites bellas,
Ao som da flauta supplicava amor,
Morreu a bella que adorava a bardo,
Morreu sonhando n'um provir em flor.

3. TORMENTOS DA VIDA



2. Sinto dôres que férem meu peito!
Sinto magoas crueis e paixão!
Eu não vejo no mundo aquem dei,
Nem motivos en meu coração.

4. OH, FONTE QUE ESTÁS CHORANDO!



Oh, fon - te que es - tás oho - ran - do,
não tar - da - rás a seo - car,..... Oh!
fon - te que es - tas oho - ran - do, não tar - da -
rás a seo - car,..... Mas os meus o - lhos são
fon - - tes, Que não pa - - ram de oho -
rar, Ail Mas os meus o - - lhos são
fon - - tes, Que não pa - ram de oho - rar.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BALLADS FROM NOVA SCOTIA. — *Continued*

BY W. ROY MACKENZIE

LITTLE MATHA GROVE

IN the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for July–September, 1910, I published, under the title “Little Matha Grove,” a version of “Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard”¹ (Child, No. 81). The basis of this text was a recitation by Mrs. Levi Langille, of Marshville, Nova Scotia; but I also recorded stanzas and lines as delivered by three other persons who had some familiarity with the ballad. In August, 1911, I received from Mrs. Bigney, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, additional variants on a few of the stanzas; and these variants I shall record below, indicating their positions in the ballad by reference to my previously published version.

Stanza 3 is slightly changed; then follows a new stanza; and stanza 4, which was incomplete, is rounded out. The three new stanzas read thus:

Lord Daniel's wife, who was standing by,
On him she cast her eye,
Saying, “This very night, you little Matha Grove,
You must come with me and lie.”

“I wouldn't for the world, I wouldn't for my life,
For fear Lord Daniel should hear,
For I know you are Lord Daniel's wife
By the ring on your hand you do wear.”

“Well, what if I am Lord Daniel's wife,
As you suppose me to be?
Lord Daniel's away to the New Castle
King Henry for to see.”

Stanza 14 is thus rendered:

They rumbled and tumbled till they both fell asleep;
And not a word did they say
Till Lord Daniel stood by the bed-side
Little Matha for to slay.

The following combination is made of stanzas 17 and 18:

“Get up, get up, you little Matha Grove,
And fight me for your life.” —
“How can I fight when you've two bright swords,
And I've got scarcely a knife?”

¹ “Three Ballads from Nova Scotia,” *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii (July–September, 1910), No. LXXXIX.

Stanza 22 is thus rendered :

"Cursèd be my wife," said he,
"And cursèd be my hand.
They have caused me to slay the prettiest lad
That ever trod England's land."

THE GREENWOOD SIDING

The following version of "The Cruel Mother" (Child, No. 20) I also obtained in August, 1911, from the singing and recitation of Mrs. Bigney, of Pictou, Nova Scotia.

1. There was a lady came from York
Down alone in the lonely.¹
She fell in love with her father's clerk
Down alone by the greenwood siding.
2. She loved him well, she loved him long,
Till at length this young maid with child she did prove.
3. She leaned her back against an oak,
When first it bowed, and then it broke.
4. She leaned herself against a thorn,
And then her two babes they were born.
5. She took her penknife, keen and sharp,
And she pierced it through their innocent hearts.
6. She dug a hole seven feet deep,
She threw them in and bid them sleep.
7. It's when this young maid was returning home
She saw two babes a-playing ball.
8. "O babes, O babes! if you were mine,
I would dress you up in silks so fine."
9. "O mother, mother! when we were thine,
You did not dress us in silks so fine.
10. "But you took your penknife, keen and sharp,
And you pierced it through our innocent hearts.
11. "You dug a hole seven feet deep,
You threw us in and bid us sleep."
12. "O babes, O babes! what shall I do
For the wicked crime I have done unto you?"

¹ Mrs. Palmer, whom I shall introduce presently, substituted here the slightly different refrain, —

All a lee and a loney, O.

13. "O mother, O mother! it's us can tell,
For it's seven long years you shall ring a bell,
14. "And seven more like an owl in the woods,
And seven more like a whale in the sea.
15. "The rest of your time you shall be in hell,
And it's there you'll be fixed for eternity."

DONALD MUNRO

The following ballad, which in its motive is reminiscent, though rather vaguely, of "Babylon, or The Bonnie Banks O Fordie," I obtained in September, 1911, from the singing and recitation of Sandy Murphy, of Cape John, Nova Scotia. Its interest is due partly to the glimpse that it gives of America from the Scottish point of view.

1. Ye sons of North Britain, you that used to range
In search of foreign countries and lands that was strange,
Amongst this great number was Donald Munro.
Away to America he likewise did go.
2. Two sons with his brother he caused them to stay
On account of their passage he could not well pay.
When seven long winters were ended and gone,
They went to their uncle one day alone,
3. To beg his consent to cross o'er the main
In hopes their dear parents to meet with again.
Their uncle replied then, and answered them, "No,
Thou hast no money wherewith thou canst go."¹
4. And when they were landed in that country wild,
Surrounded by rebels on every side,
There being two rebels that lurked in the wood,
They pointed their pistols where the two brothers stood.
5. And lodging a bullet in each brother's breast,
They ran for their prey like two ravenous beasts.
"You cruelest monsters, you bloodthirsty hounds,
Hou could you have killed us until we hath found,
6. "Found out our dear parents whom we sought with much care?
I'm sure, when they hear it, they'll die in despair,
For they left us in Scotland seven twelvemonths ago.
Perhaps you might know them; their names were Munro."
7. "Oh, curse to my hands! Oh, what have I done!
Oh, curse to my hands, I have murdered my sons!"
"Is this you, dear father? How did you come by?
And since I have seen you, contented I'll die."

¹ Either the two brothers were persons of great independence and spirit, or else a stanza is missing between 3 and 4.

8. "I'll sink into sorrow till life it is o'er,
In hopes for to meet you on a far brighter shore,
In hopes for to meet you on a far brighter shore,
Where I'll not be able to kill you no more."

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

The following ballad I obtained from the singing and recitation of Mrs. Palmer, of Brule, Nova Scotia. It is a version of the popular modern ballad motive including the meeting between the young man just returned from the sea, or from some foreign land, and his sweetheart, who does not recognize him. The maiden bewails the absence of her lover. The young man states that he has known the lover, who is now dead, or, worse still, happy in the company of a new mistress; then, at the signs of grief which prove the constancy of the maiden, he reveals his identity, and happiness reigns. "The Lady of the Lake," like "Donald Munro," is a British ballad pointing towards America.

1. As I walked out one evening down by the river-side,
Along the banks of sweet Dundee a lovely lass I spied.
First she sighed, and then did say, "I fear I'll rue the day"
.
2. "Once I had a kind sweetheart, his name was Willie Brown,
And in the 'Lady of the Lake' he sailed from Greenwich Town,
With full five hundred emigrants bound for Americay,
And on the banks of Newfoundland I am told they were cast away."
3. When she made mention of my name, I to myself did say,
"Can this be you stands by my side, my own dear Liza Gray?"
I turned myself right round about, my tears for to conceal,
And with a sigh I then began my mournful tale to tell.
4. "I own this loss of Greenokay, for I in that vessel went;
Along with your true love, Willie Brown, some happy hours I spent.
Along with your true love, Willie Brown, some happy hours spent we;
He was my chief companion upon the raging sea.
5. "We tossed upon the raging main five hundred miles from shore.
The nor'west winds and fields of ice down on our vessel bore.
That night the 'Lady of the Lake' to pieces she was sent,
And all the crew but thirty-two down to the bottom went."
6. She said, "Kind sir, if that be true, what you relate to me,
Unto all earthly pleasures I'll forever bid adieu,
And in some lonely valley I'll wander for his sake,
And I'll always think on the day he sailed in the 'Lady of the Lake.'"

¹ I have strangled the temptation to round out this stanza. The rhyming word for the last line is almost certainly "Americay," as the next stanza will show.

7. "O Liza, lovely Liza! from weeping now refrain;
For, don't you see, the Lord spared me to see your face again?
For don't you see what you gave me when I left Greenokay?"
In his hand he bore the likeness of his own dear Liza Gray.

The specimens just presented are selected from a fairly large and unsteadily increasing body of ballads which I have been collecting from summer to summer in Nova Scotia. The last two, as I have indicated, are included partly because of their mention of America. Practically all of the ballads in my collection are English and Scottish, and very few of them recognize the existence of the country in which they are now being fostered.

The Mrs. Bigney who furnished me with the additional variants to "Little Matha Grove" is Mrs. Bigney only in her adopted home of Pictou. In the district where she was reared (i. e., Marshville) she is "Isaac's Ellen;" that is to say, she is a daughter of Isaac Langille, who was a neighbor of a certain patriarch of ballad-singers whom I mentioned in my edition of this ballad. We have, then, one more road leading to Rome, which city is in my tale merely a symbol for an old cobbler, long since dead, whose name was Edward Langille.

It was by purest accident that I obtained from "Isaac's Ellen" the ballad presented above as "The Greenwood Siding." Ellen had many songs that she considered worthy of presentation to a person of taste and delicacy, but among these "The Greenwood Siding" did not appear. It is to her small niece, who was too young to have eaten from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, that my thanks are due. The latter supplemented my indefinite requests for "old songs" by a suggestion that her aunt should sing "the one about the lady that killed her two babies," whereat she was hastily informed that there was no such song, and further requested not to open her meddlesome mouth again. I boldly supplemented the niece's entreaties, and extorted the admission that there was such a song, but was assured that it was incredibly foolish, very indecent, and that nobody would be offended sooner than myself if it were sung in my presence. I averred my catholicity of taste, and finally the song was sung. At my expressed delight in its interest and mellow antiquity, however, Ellen was inclined to be sardonic. The story, she asserted, must be an out-and-out lie. There might be such things as ghosts, though she had her doubts even of that; but when it came to a game of ball and a long sermon from two babies who had been killed and buried, the person who made up the lie was going a little too far. And as to the song being an old one, it was well known that sidings were synchronous with railroads, and it was not so very long since railroads had been started. Ellen had learned the ballad, she was ashamed to

say, from her mother and her two uncles, who, many years ago, had been in the habit of foregathering in the evenings and singing ballads in turn.

As to the provenience of "Donald Munro," no definite information was given by my authority, and consequently none can be hazarded by me. The song is about the only one remaining on the windy shores of Cape John, though Sandy could "mind well of the days" when songs and "ballats" — that is, songs procured and transmitted orally and songs printed on broadside sheets — were as thick as the eel-grass on the flats below his house. He supposed he had picked this one up in the old days, but he didn't know; he wasn't the singer that he used to be. His interest was, in fact, chiefly centred upon a double menace to the efficiency of his establishment, arising from a cataract on his wife's eye and a stiff joint on the nigh for'a'd leg of his horse.

The way of the ballad-collector is hard; but seldom is it so beset with rocks and so overgrown with thistles as it was on the afternoon when I spent two solid hours receiving the solemn assurances of old Ann Wink, or the Widow Palmer, that she "couldn't mind of a line nor a word" from one of the ballads that she was known to have sung in times past. The blight on her memory was due to the cause that is familiar to every collector of ballads in these evil days. The young fellows, she supposed, were just coming around to have a little fun with a poor old woman who went on her bare feet in summer and was thought, falsely, to be in the habit of singing foolish old songs. After the above-mentioned two hours of unflinching gravity under close inspection, confidence was at last established, and I could settle down to the comparative relaxation of copying at lightning speed while the Widow alternately sang and recited her list of ballads, including "The Lady of the Lake." She had begun to sing them so long ago, that it was no use trying to remember what had started her singing them. But my grief at this paucity of information was lost in my amazement at having received the ballads at all.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY,
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTES AND QUERIES

AMERICAN BALLADS.—The writer of this communication is making extended researches into the history of certain American folk-ballads, and takes this opportunity of requesting information from readers of the Journal.

1. *Fair Charlotte (Young Charlotte, Lottie)*.—Of a young woman who freezes to death by her lover's side, while riding in a sleigh with him to a Christmas Eve ball. This ballad was composed by William L. Carter of Benson, Vt., before 1833. It is current in popular tradition from Nova Scotia westward through the States from New England to Dakota, and southward to Oklahoma.

2. *Jealous Lover (Florilla, Emma, Nellie, Lena, Aurilla, Ella, Abbie Summers, Weeping Willows)*.—Of a youth who takes his lady-love to walk in the woods and there stabs her, being stricken with remorse as she dies, forgiving him. This ballad, of unknown authorship, is current from Nova Scotia westward and southward through the States, New England to Kentucky, and westward to Missouri. Some texts contain stanzas derived from a song "She Never Blamed Him," by Thomas H. Bayly.

3. *Casey Jones (Cassidy, Shannon, etc.)*.—Of the last run of an engineer, who becomes a hero by sticking to the throttle and going down in a wreck with his engine, while the fireman jumps to safety. This ballad, ascribed to the agile fireman, is current throughout the country, and is the source of the well-known vaudeville song.

Information is eagerly desired concerning the origin, authorship, and currency of these ballads, and particularly texts and melodies, for which the undersigned will be duly grateful to readers of the Journal, as being desirous of collecting all known versions.

PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

FELTON HALL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TWO ABNAKI LEGENDS.—The following legends are from the tribes belonging to the Confederacy, whose name, Abnaki, means "the whitening sky at daybreak," or the "Eastern people." I remember hearing a Passamaquoddy, I believe it was, tell one of their Creation myths which I think has never been published. He was around selling baskets in Augusta, Me.; and in reply to some question of my grandmother's, he told this story to show the Indian's belief in his divine right to all the land. I was a little child at the time, and the language made an impression on my mind. I give the story in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them, as told at my childhood's home in Augusta, Me.

1. *Creation Myth*.—When the Great Spirit come to make man, he grab up some clay from *anywhere*, an' slap it together *anyhow*, an' toss him into the oven to bake. He got burnt to a crisp, so his hair kinked all up; an' this was the black man. Then the Great Spirit threw him way across the big water.

Then he pick out some better clay, an' put it into shape more careful, an' put him in the oven to bake. This one come out slack done, an' he was the "pale-face." Then the Great Spirit threw him over the big water straight towards the sunrise.

But the Great Spirit no give up; an' He said, "This time there's goin' to be a man just right every way." So He look all round an' pick out the very best clay, an' put it together so as to have every part of him just right. An' all the time he was in the oven the Great Spirit watch every minute, an' take him out when he had just the right bake on; an' this was the red man that was made to live right here, an' everything was made for him, an' the Great Spirit gave him all this land.

It is impossible to convey to you the full idea of this Indian's self-sufficiency as he swept his arm around and declared their divinely given rights.

One of the most beautiful of all their legends was told to my father by a Penobscot chief. This has never been published in full, and I am not sure that a single sentence of the story has ever been in print.

My father was quick to catch the meaning of any story which the Indians told in their dialect or broken English; but he preferred to give me this in his own language, because at first I was too young to grasp more than the outlines of the legend. It was not until I had learned the names of our common trees and plants, and knew something of the habits of animals, that I fully comprehended the story, although I was never tired of hearing it.

2. *Origin of Vegetation.* — This bit of folk-lore is of the *old*, OLD time when there was not a blade of grass to be found in all the land, and there was not a leaf on any tree except those needle-shaped ones that grow on the pines and hemlocks. It was so bleak and cold that the little animals crept into hollow trees and holes in the ground to get warm, and the larger beasts hid themselves in caves.

Then the Great Spirit pitied His children, and He sent a wonderful goddess to visit the earth. She ran over the hills and through the valleys, bringing warmth and gladness everywhere. She just looked at the bare trees, and green leaves came out on them.

Wherever her glance rested, there appeared beautiful flowers, as if in response to her look. Wherever she touched the earth in any way (hand, elbow, wrist, or any part of her body), something was sure to grow that was good to eat. Every plant had life in itself, and all helped the Great Spirit to feed His children. Every movement of the goddess gave rise to some distinct species.

I think the whole tradition was supposed to give the origin of all the plants to be found in the Penobscot and Kennebec valleys.

My father was a classical scholar, and he saw the analogy between this legend and the story of Persephone, the Greek goddess of vegetation; but it seemed to him as if the Indian version bore internal evidence of originality. The Penobscot legend, if told in full, with all its native plants, would, I think, fit no other place in the universe.

The American Indian is very reticent, and he will generally allow you to think that he recalls no legends rather than to speak when he prefers

to keep silence; but if you can persuade him to unlock the treasures in his stories of the *old*, OLD time (which was long before the white men came to these shores), you will find a wealth of poetic imagery. The Indian will rarely waste his folk-lore stories on those who are unable to appreciate them.

HELEN KEITH FROST

WESTFORD, MASS.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXV.—JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1912—No. XCV

FOUR MEXICAN-SPANISH FAIRY-TALES FROM AZQUELTÁN, JALISCO

BY J. ALDEN MASON

THE following four fairy-tales were collected by the writer in the pueblo of Azqueltán, state of Jalisco, Mexico, January, 1912. This little village is the centre of a small and rapidly disintegrating population of an isolated branch of the Tepehuane, heretofore, but probably incorrectly, known as Tepecano. The collection of these few tales was merely incidental to a more extended study of the language and religious customs of the group, made under the auspices of the International School of American Archæology and Ethnology in Mexico.

Like most of the Indian peoples of Mexico, the aboriginal culture of the people has been greatly changed under Spanish influence, practically all phases of primitive material culture having almost entirely disappeared, and native language, mythology, and religion being on the verge of extinction. Of native mythology, it has been possible to secure only comparatively few mythological texts from the older natives. The native mythology has, however, to a great extent been replaced by European material of the familiar "fairy-tale" type introduced by the Spanish. These are known in considerable numbers by the natives.

The four tales here given are European fairy-tales. In some of the incidents a slight assimilation to Mexican customs is noted; but, on the whole, there is a remarkably close adherence to incidents and customs pertinent only to European traditions, and entirely foreign to the life of the Mexican Indian.

1. THE FROG-WOMAN (*Cuento de la Ranita*)

Once there was a king who had two sons, one of whom was betrothed to a maiden. The other prince went one day to the edge of the lake to water the donkeys, and there the Frog-Woman appeared to him. She asked him to marry her, and he finally agreed. So he went to his father and asked him to give him the necessary money, so that he

might marry the Frog-Woman. The king was surprised, and asked him why he wished to serve the Frog-Woman, but nevertheless gave him the money.

Then the king ordered both of his daughters-in-law to be dressed in elegant clothes, in order that he might see which of the two was the more womanly; and he gave to each a dog and a bird. He gave instructions that the two princes be kept secluded in the castle, and then went to see his daughters-in-law.

First, all sat down to a banquet, and then the king expressed his desire to dance with his daughters-in-law. First he danced with the maiden; and while so engaged, the Frog-Woman seized some chicken-bones from the table, and began to cast magic spells by means of them. When the maiden saw this, she desired to do the same. Then the king left her, and began to dance with the Frog-Woman, who continued casting the bones while dancing; but no sooner did she begin to throw them than they changed into pure gold. When the maiden saw this, she was more anxious than ever to do the same, and, seizing some chicken-bones from the table, she likewise cast them; but the first bone hit the Frog-Woman on the head and killed her.

2. CINDER-MARY (*Cuento de Maria Ceniza*)

Once there was a poor orphan-girl who lived in an ash-hole belonging to the Black Moors. One day when one of them went there to throw out the ashes, he saw her, and asked her to come to their house. There they asked her name; but the poor girl did not know her own name, nor were they able to discover it. Finally they gave her the name of Maria Ceniza (Cinder-Mary). Now, the Black Moors were witches; but they did not wish Cinder-Mary to learn the fact, so they gave her a black sheep's skin and a half-*real*¹ of soap, and sent her to the river, telling her not to waste the soap, but to wash the sheep-skin until it was as white as a pod of cotton.

Cinder-Mary knelt by the river and wept, because she could not wash the sheep-skin as the Moors had commanded her. Suddenly there appeared a lady, who asked her why she was weeping; and Cinder-Mary replied, that, if she could not wash the black sheep-skin as white as a pod of cotton, the Black Moors would kill her. Then the lady told her that she would bring her two white stones with which she would be able to wash the black sheep-skin. Presently she returned, and soon Cinder-Mary had washed the sheep-skin as white as a pod of cotton. Then the lady gave her a magic wand, and told her that when she needed anything, she need only speak to the wand. Then, placing a tiny star on Cinder-Mary's forehead, she disappeared.

Now, one of the Black Moors had a daughter; and when she saw

¹ 1 real = 12.5 centavos, Mexican code.

the star on the forehead of Cinder-Mary, she was very jealous, and asked her mother to have a black lamb killed, that she also might go to the river to wash the skin. So, going to the river, she commenced to weep; and when the lady appeared to her and asked her why she was weeping, she replied that it was because she could not wash the black sheep-skin. Then she asked her if she would not put a star on her forehead likewise, but the lady replied that she would put nothing but "mango de burro" there. Then the girl returned to the house of the Black Moors.

Another day the Moors said to Cinder-Mary that they were going to mass, and they left her behind to prepare the breakfast. "If you have not a good breakfast ready when we return, we shall kill you," they said. Then Cinder-Mary asked her magic wand to give her a dress such as had never before been seen in the world, and some shoes, in order that she might go to mass. Then she followed a little behind the Moors, and entered the church; and neither the Moors nor the rest of the people recognized her. When the priest saw her, he was much impressed with her beauty, and thought that she would make an excellent wife for the prince; so he gave orders that double guards be stationed at the doors of the parish, and that she be not allowed to leave. This, however, did not deter Cinder-Mary, who fastened some wings to her back, so that they might not catch her. The guards tried to restrain her, but only succeeded in catching one of her shoes. Then she flew back to the house of the Moors and ordered her magic wand to prepare a breakfast with good food. Soon the Moors came home, and began to talk about the beautiful maiden whom they had seen with a star which illumined everything up to the grand altar; but it was Cinder-Mary.

Then the king ordered his men to search all the villages and ranchos for the maiden who had left the shoe behind. Soon they came to the house of the Black Moors, and found Cinder-Mary's other shoe. They were about to carry the daughter of the Moor to the king, when a little dog commenced to howl, saying, "Mango de Burro goes, and Star of Gold remains." Then the king's retainers demanded to see the other maiden who was hidden in the house. Accordingly they left the girl who had the "mango de burro" on her forehead, and carried Cinder-Mary to the king, that she might marry the prince. There was a grand wedding, and Cinder-Mary was given a castle in which to live with the prince.

Soon afterwards the Black Moors came to the castle and asked that they be allowed to louse Cinder-Mary. They came to her while she was bathing, with her hair loose, and commenced to louse her. Suddenly they stuck a pin into her head, so that she became enchanted and flew away, for they were afraid that she would denounce them

because they were witches. Then they left without as much as saying good-by.

When her attendants came for Cinder-Mary, she was gone, and the only living being they could find was a dove in a cypress-tree. Then they went to the head servant and asked him how much he would give them for the dove which they had found singing in the cypress-tree, and which said in its song that it wanted to see the king in his palace. The dove, they said, was crying piteously. The servant went at once to the king and told him about the dove. Then the king asked him how much he wanted for bringing the dove to him; and the servant replied, that if he would give him five hundred pesos, he would bring it. The king agreed, and the servant went and brought him the bird. While stroking its back, the king found a pin stuck in its head, and pulled it out. Immediately the bird became Cinder-Mary. Then he asked her why the Black Moors had thus bewitched her; and she replied, that it was because they were witches, and were afraid that she would denounce them.

Then the king ordered that the Moors be brought before him, and he condemned them all to be burned to death with green wood. But Cinder-Mary entered the palace where she was to live, and locked the door, so that no one might open it for five days. When at last the door was opened, it was a virgin who was shut in there.

3. THE BIRD OF THE SWEET SONG (*Cuento del Pajaro del Dulce Canto*)

Once there was an old man who was blind, and the sorcerers whom he consulted told him that the only thing which would cure his blindness was a certain sweet-voiced bird. So his son started out to find the bird. Soon he came to a rancho, where he found a dead man who had no one to bury him. Feeling reverence for the dead, he sought a man to attend the corpse, and then sent for a priest to bury him. The priest inquired of the messenger whether he came on his own business or for another, remarking that it were better if the other should himself come to present his requests. Nevertheless he went, and the corpse was buried with responses. Then the boy went on his way.

Soon afterwards he met in the road the spirit of the dead man to whom he had given the charity of burial. It had assumed the form of a Fox, who asked him where he was going, and why. He replied that he was going to the country of the Moors to fetch the bird of the sweet song. Then the Fox told him that it was very near, and that he would give him a horse to assist him. The Fox knew whether the horse was given pasture or not. He further advised him that if he should find the Moors with their eyes open, it was a sign that they were sleeping, but that if their eyes were closed, then he should know

that they were wide awake. But the Fox warned him that he must not carry away any of the beautiful maidens which he would find in the house of the Moors.

Soon the boy arrived at the castle of the Moors, and entered. There he found the Moors with their eyes open, and by this he knew that they were sleeping. Many birds were there in beautiful cages; but he passed these by, and took a plain, common cage in which was a homely bird, for he knew that this was the bird of the sweet song. Likewise he seized one of the beautiful maidens, contrary to the Fox's orders, mounted a wooden horse which he found there, and flew through the window.

Then the Moors awakened, and pursued them, and soon overtook them. They carried the boy and the maiden back to their castle, and imprisoned them there. Soon the Fox re-appeared to him, and said, "You did not do as I instructed you." He then told him that the maiden was in the garden and would speak to no one, and that the bird refused to sing, but that he had gone for some charcoal, and begged permission of the Moors to give her two pieces. Then she at once began to talk, the bird to sing, and the horse to neigh.

Soon afterward the boy again seized the maiden and the bird, mounted the horse, and flew away. Again the Fox re-appeared, warning them not to cross the river with the bargemen, for, should they attempt to do so, they would never reach the other shore; but, disregarding the warning, they kept on until they came to the river where they met the bargemen. These said that they did not have room for all to cross at once, but that they would first cross with the maiden, the bird, and the horse, and later return for the boy. The girl, bird, and horse were safely landed on the other shore, and the bargemen then returned for the boy; but when they reached the middle of the river, the boat was upset. Now, it happened that there was a sabino-tree in the middle of the river, and the boy held tightly to this.

Then suddenly the Fox appeared on the river-bank, and told him to hold tight until he made a rope. So he began to pull the hairs out of his tail, and twisted them to form a rope. When it was long enough, he threw it out to the boy, and told him to tie it about his waist, so that he might pull him ashore. Reaching the shore, the boy went sadly home, leaving the bird of the sweet song, the maiden and the horse, on the other side of the river.

When the blind father heard that his son had lost the bird of the sweet song, he again went to the sorcerers, who told him that the sole remedy now for his blindness was to bathe in the sea every afternoon. The first day that he went there, an ugly Worm appeared, and told him that if he would give him one of his three daughters, he would cure his infirmity. Returning, he told his daughters of this;

and they agreed, that, if the Worm would cure their father, one of them would go with the Worm. So the next afternoon the old man took his eldest daughter; but when she saw the Worm, she was horrified, and said that she would never go with such an ugly creature. The next afternoon when the blind father went to bathe, he took his second daughter; but she likewise refused to go when she saw the ugliness of the Worm. Now, only the youngest remained, but she said that she would gladly do anything if only her father might be cured. So she went with him the next afternoon when he went to bathe. Then the ugly Worm appeared, and asked her if she were willing to go with him. Turning to her father, she asked him to give her his blessing. Then from the sea there came a great wave which carried the maiden and the Worm out to sea with it.

4. THE STORY OF THE SUN AND THE MOON (*Cuento del Sol y la Luna*)¹

Once there was a soldier who saw a maiden in his house one night. He thought he might have been dreaming when he saw her, and decided to watch again the next night. When she appeared again, he lighted a candle, that he might see how beautiful she was; but no sooner had he done so, than he received a blow in the face which caused him to drop the candle and spill a drop of wax on the floor. Then the maiden disappeared. "I will go and search for her," said the soldier, and he set out.

Soon he met on the road two brothers who were fighting about their inheritance. One of them said to the other, "Here comes a man who will know how to arrange it." When the soldier came up to them, he asked, "What are you doing, my good men?" And they replied, "We are fighting over our inheritance." — "My father," said one of them, "had these magical boots, this magical cudgel, and this hat; and my brother wishes to inherit all of them. So I told him that you would arrange the matter for us." The soldier agreed, and told the boys to run a race to a near-by hill and back. "Whoever arrives here first," said he, "will be the owner of all that your father possessed." The boys agreed, and started off; but when they returned, the soldier had disappeared with the magical objects. "Did I not tell you that he would settle the matter for us?" said one to the other.

Then the soldier went on, taking three leagues at a step, with the aid of his magic boots, until he came to the house of the Sun. Entering, he said to the old woman there, "Good evening, grandmother!" —

¹ Compare Sergio Hernández de Soto, *Cuentos populares de Extremadura*, in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x (1886): "El mágico Palermo," p. 48; "El Castillo de 'Irás y no volverás,'" p. 63; "Don Juan Jugador," p. 76; "Fernando," p. 90; and Note, p. 105. Antonio Machado y Alvarez, *Cuentos populares españoles*, *Ibid.*; vol. i, p. 126. — Ed.

"What are you doing here, my good son?" she asked. "When my son comes home, he will eat you!" Soon they heard the Sun approaching; and when he came in, he was very angry. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried. "Here is a human being! Give him to me! I will eat him!" But the old woman only replied, "No, my son! It is only a poor traveller, who is stopping here." And then she gave the Sun a little box on the ear.

Then the soldier went on, taking three leagues at a step, until he came to the house of the Moon, and went within to greet the occupants. Seeing an old woman, he said to her, "Good evening, grandmother!" — "Why have you come here, my good son?" she asked. "My son will come home and eat you!" And soon arrived the Moon, very angry, and cried out, "Here is a human being! Give him to me! I will eat him!" But the old woman, the mother of the Moon, merely replied, "No, my son, you must not eat him. It is only a poor traveller, who is stopping here." Then she boxed his ears.

The soldier went on until he came to the house of the mother of the Wind. Here he found the Wind weeping because his mother had just died. So he said to the Wind, "What will you give me if I revive her?" — "Would that you could do so, my friend!" cried the Wind. "If you succeed, I will go with you to seek your lady." Then the soldier hit the old woman three times with his magic cudgel, and she rose up and began to talk. Then the soldier said, "Let us go to seek my lady. I will go ahead, and you follow behind." Then he set out at such a pace that the Wind was unable to keep up with him. "It is these boots which make me travel so fast," he said to the Wind. "Lend me one of them," replied the Wind. "Then we may converse as we go."

Finally the Wind said, "Wait here a little while. I will go to see the maiden for whom we are searching." Presently he arrived, and found the mother of the maiden warming herself. He entered very briskly; and the old woman said, "Daughter, go to your sister and give her food." So the girl went to carry the food. Then the Wind said, "I told the soldier to follow a little ways behind."

Soon the soldier came in, and did not stop until he had looked through the entire house for his lady. After opening the seven doors, he at last found her, and she immediately commenced to give thanks to God. Then she and the soldier began to arrange a plan of escape from the place where she was confined. He told her to get a comb, a brush of pine needles, a thimbleful of ashes, and another of salt. Then he gave her a piece of the magic hat, a bit of the boot, and another piece of the cudgel. He embraced her, and they left the room where she had been imprisoned. Then they fled.

Soon the old woman found that they were gone, and commenced to

pursue them, and soon drew near to them. "Throw down the piece of comb!" said the soldier; and immediately there grew up a thick brush behind them, and the fugitives fled on. Soon the old woman was near overtaking them again, and the girl threw behind them the brush; and immediately there grew up a wood of spiny pine-trees, and the fugitives fled on. Again the old woman came nearer, and this time they threw down the thimble of ashes, and there appeared a fog of great density, and the fugitives fled on. But again the old woman approached them; and this time they threw down the thimble of salt, and there appeared behind them a great river. Then the old woman sat down on the bank and began to weep, crying, "Oh, ungrateful daughter! The grain of corn will return in the spring of water!" Then the girl turned to the soldier, and said, "You have released me from the prison where I was confined, but not from the curse which my mother has laid upon me."

Soon the soldier said to the maiden, "I will leave you here a little while, and go to see my parents." — "Very well," she replied. "I will tie three knots in your belt. In one I will tie my clothes; the second is that you may not forget me; and the third is that you do not allow your parents, nor your brothers and sisters, nor any of your kinsfolk, to embrace you." So the soldier went home and met his family; but at night, while he was sleeping, his grandmother came and embraced him, and immediately he forgot the maiden whom he had left at the spring of water.

Then the parents of the soldier decided to marry him with another woman, and the wedding was about to be celebrated. Then there came to the wedding the maiden whom the soldier had left at the spring of water, begging that she be allowed to give an entertainment at the wedding feast. So, when all were assembled, she took two little doves, and said to them, "You remember, ungrateful little dove, that you released me from the prison where I was confined, but from the curse of my mother, no!" — "Kurukuku, I do not remember." — "You remember, ungrateful little dove, that you left me at the spring of water." — "Kurukuku, I believe that I am beginning to remember." — "You remember, ungrateful little dove, that I tied my clothes in your belt." Then the little dove remembered, and the soldier embraced the maiden and they went away. But the other woman they killed, and so ends the story of the Sun and the Moon.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

June 1, 1912.

STORIES FROM TUXTEPEC, OAXACA

BY WM. H. MECHLING

THE following stories were collected in Tuxtepec, in the Mexican state of Oaxaca, during the past winter, while studying the dialect of that village for the International School of American Archæology and Ethnology. Since very little is known about the ethnology of that part of Mexico, a short description of Tuxtepec and its inhabitants may not be out of place.

Tuxtepec is a pretty, tropical town on the Rio Popolohuápam, not far from the Vera Cruz border. Being the outlet of the famous tobacco of the Valle National, and of the coffee of the Ejutla district, it is a rather prominent place in that region. It is only about two hundred feet above the sea-level, and therefore resembles the state of Vera Cruz climatically more than the state of Oaxaca.

The language formerly spoken was Mexican. This has been superseded by Spanish, partly as the result of the influx of new settlers. Out of the entire population of several thousand, there are to-day not over a hundred who understand Mexican. Of these, not over one-half speak it fluently, while not over one-eighth use it habitually. I did not find any of the latter number satisfactory informants.

Though Tuxtepec itself is an old Aztec village, all the surrounding villages are either Chinantec or Mazatec. The nearest Aztec village is quite a distance away, over a hundred kilometres (and, by the way, the people speak a different dialect of Aztec).

Tradition says that Tuxtepec was occupied by a garrison of Aztec troops, who collected tribute from the Chinantecs, Mazatecs, and Popolocos, for the Mexican Emperor. If this is true, the soldiers must have come from another place than the valley of Mexico, for the dialect spoken at Tuxtepec does not belong to that group of Mexican.

There are several places not far from Tuxtepec where archæological remains are found, which, I regret to say, I did not have sufficient time to study carefully. The most important of these is about a mile above Tuxtepec, and within a hundred yards of the river. On the river side of the road are several mounds. However, there are no traces of architecture or pottery on them.

A little farther along, on the opposite side of the road, entirely hidden by the jungle, is what is locally known as "The Fort," but more probably it was a temple.

Opposite the mounds large quantities of obsidian rejects are found. In all probability a workshop of obsidian implements was located

there. Broken pieces of pottery may be picked up practically anywhere within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The type of this pottery is quite different from that found in the valley of Mexico. It is very thin and fine, and has very little decoration in colors. Small heads of men and animals, a little over an inch high, are quite numerous.

There does not seem to be an abundance of folk-lore of any description among the present inhabitants of Tuxtepec, and what can be found is chiefly European. However, I managed to collect two versions of the Coyote story. They are very much alike. The only episode that is different is the last one.

The first episode — "Rabbit and Tar Baby" — is quite a common one, and is found widely distributed over America. It occurs among the Yuchi in almost identical form. In California (Yana) and Oregon (Takelma) it is interesting to note that Coyote is substituted for Rabbit. The other incidents of these myths call for no comment.

The story of Lion is typical of the European folk-lore, which has largely replaced the native American.

COYOTE STORY (*first version*)

An old woman had one son. This son cultivated a field and planted beans, but Rabbit came and did them much harm. Indeed, he did them much damage. Said the son to his mother, "What shall we do to catch Rabbit?" His mother answered, "We will make a doll-baby, and place it where Rabbit enters the field." So they made the doll-baby and placed it where Rabbit entered.

That night Rabbit came and fell over the doll-baby, and stuck fast with one foot. Then Rabbit said, "Let go, and give me room to pass!" The doll-baby did not answer; so this made Rabbit angry, and he said, "If you do not give me room to pass, I shall hit you." But the doll-baby did not answer. Then Rabbit struck him, and said, "You will see how I shall hit you." But his hand stuck fast, and he cried, "Let me go, or I will give you another blow!" So he kicked him, and his foot stuck fast; and Rabbit cried, "Let me go, or I shall strike you again!" The doll-baby did not answer; so this made Rabbit more angry, and he struck him again. Then he was fast with both hands and feet.

Now Rabbit said, "Let me go, or I shall bite you!" Again the doll-baby did not reply, and again he got angry and bit the doll-baby.

Now he was fast with hands and feet and mouth. A little later the old woman came, and said, "What are you doing, Rabbit? Now you have finished eating my bean-field." Then she seized Rabbit and put him in a bag, and tied the mouth of the bag. Next the old woman went to her house to heat a spit. While she was gone, Coyote came, and found Rabbit in the bag. Coyote said to him, "What are

you doing here?" Rabbit answered, "I am tied in here, because the old woman wants me to marry her daughter; but I don't want to marry her, because I am very small, and the girl is very large." Then Coyote said, "Come out, and I will get in!" So Rabbit jumped out, and Coyote got in. Then Rabbit tied up the mouth of the bag and ran away.

Then the old woman came with her spit which she had heated, and, thinking Rabbit was in the bag, she stuck the spit into Coyote. Then Coyote ran away. Meanwhile Rabbit had gone into a wood, and was in a zapote-tree eating zapotes. Coyote passed by, and Rabbit called to him, "Where are you going, Uncle Coyote?" Coyote answered, "Now I am going to eat you." But Rabbit answered, "Don't eat me! I am going to give you a zapote." — "Well," said Coyote, "throw me one!" So Rabbit threw him first a good one; but afterwards he threw him a green one, which stuck fast in his throat. While Coyote was choking, Rabbit ran away, and hid in a place where there were many reeds. Here he was playing on a guitar when Coyote passed.

He said to Coyote, "Where are you going?" Coyote answered, "Now I am going to eat you." Rabbit answered, "Don't eat me! I am hiding here, waiting for the bride and groom. They have just gone to get married. Come here and play! When you hear the noise of their approach, play louder." So Rabbit went to set fire to the reeds, and then ran and hid in the thick underbush.

The fire came and burnt Coyote, who then fled in search of Rabbit. Meanwhile Rabbit had gotten under a stone. Coyote passed by; and Rabbit shouted, "Halloo, Coyote!"

Then said Coyote, "Now, surely, I am going to eat you." — "No, don't eat me! If you do, the world will end. Come here, Uncle Coyote, and get under this stone; for, if this stone is thrown down, the world will come to an end."

So Coyote got under the stone; and Rabbit ran behind him and threw another stone on top of it, so that Coyote died; and Rabbit said, "Now you are dying, but I am free."

COYOTE STORY (*second version*)

This version is not as clear as the first, and seems to have several omissions. It differs but slightly from the first.

The old woman bought a doll-baby (*muñeco*), and placed it at the entrance of her bean-field. When Rabbit came there and found the doll-baby, he said to it, "Friend, give me room to pass." Since the doll-baby did not answer, Rabbit got angry, and slapped the doll-baby. His hand stuck fast. [The doll-baby was evidently made of tar, or some such adhesive substance, although neither version states this to be the case.]

He then repeated, "Give me room to pass!" Since the doll-baby did not seem to want to give him room, he kicked it, and found that his foot also stuck fast. Then Rabbit said, "Let me go, or I'll bite you!" Since the doll-baby did not answer, he bit him. Then his hands and feet and teeth were all fast.

Then the old woman came up, and said to the knave (*pícaro*), "Have you already fallen into my hands?" Saying this, she picked him up and put him in a bag. Then she went away to heat a spit to cook Rabbit on.

While she was gone, Uncle Coyote came up, and said, "Nephew, what are you doing in that bag?"

Rabbit answered, "They want me to get married; but I don't want to, because I am very small, while the girl is very large. You, uncle, are very large, so get inside in my place." Coyote did as was suggested, and Rabbit ran away.

A little later the old woman returned with her spit, and stuck Coyote with it; so Coyote jumped up and ran in search of Rabbit. He found him in a zapote-tree, eating zapotes.

Coyote said to the knave, "Now I am going to eat you." But Rabbit answered, "Now, look here, uncle! Don't eat me! See what fine zapotes these are, eat a fine ripe one of these!"

"Well, then, throw me one!" said Coyote; and Rabbit threw Coyote a ripe one, which he ate. The next one that Rabbit threw him was a green one, and this stuck in Coyote's throat and choked him. Rabbit climbed down and ran away, while Coyote was choking.

When Coyote recovered, he went in search of Rabbit. He found him in a place where reed-grass abounds, lying in a hammock and playing a guitar.

Coyote said to Rabbit, "Now, surely, I am going to eat you!" But Rabbit answered, "No, Uncle, don't do that! Don't you see why I am hidden here? Now there is going to be a wedding, so I am waiting to serenade the bride and groom; you can help me. I will go to find the rest of the party. When you hear the noise of the wedding party approaching, play all the louder and faster until the couple arrives." Coyote agreed, and in this manner Rabbit was able to escape, leaving Coyote playing. So Rabbit set fire to the reeds. When Coyote heard the noise of the fire, he played all the louder, thinking it was the wedding party approaching.

Finally Coyote saw the fire; so he fled in search of Rabbit, in order to revenge himself. He found Rabbit on the shore of a lake, and said to him, "Now, knave, surely you will not escape from my hands!" But Rabbit answered, "First let us eat some cheese! Don't you see that one out in the lake? We will drink all the water we can, and then take a rest."

So they started to drink; and Coyote drank so much, that he burst his stomach and died. However, it was not cheese, but the reflection of the sun in the lake.

THE LION

A hungry lion pursued a calf and a lamb, which, full of fear, fled, and hid in a dense forest. The Lion, who was very weak from hunger, said to himself, "I am going to die." Then he shouted and yelled, saying that he was very sick, for he thought this pretext would serve to bring some animals to him.

There were several who were in the vicinity; but they remembered that the Lion was sick on account of hunger, and would eat all who came to see him.

The Fox was one of these. He drew near to the door of the Lion's den. When the Lion saw him, he said, "Come in and sit down beside me, just as the other animals do, for I am very fond of the Fox!" But the Fox answered, "I can come in, but I couldn't go out." So he departed.

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NOTES ON MEXICAN FOLK-LORE

BY FRANZ BOAS

THE following notes were collected while I was engaged in work for the International School of American Archæology and Ethnology in Mexico.

I. FOLK-LORE OF POCHULATA, OAXACA

In January and February of this year I visited Pochutla, a village in the southern part of Oaxaca, not far from Puerto Angel on the Pacific coast, and about one hundred miles west of Tehuantepec. In former times Zapotecan was spoken in all the villages around Pochutla, while in the village itself a dialect closely akin to the Mexican (Nahua) of the valley of Mexico was spoken. The dialect is almost extinct, but I was able to collect enough to show its close relation to the Mexican dialects of southern Vera Cruz, and probably of Tabasco. The people of Pochutla to-day speak Spanish, and their folk-lore is based largely on Spanish sources. An important position among the folk-tales is held by the "Rabbit and Coyote" tales, which are known from Mexico City eastward to the Gulf coast, and southward to Central America.

Besides the tales, I recorded a number of verses which are sung to the accompaniment of the guitar, riddles, and "decimas" such as are presented by young men to the girls whom they court. The tales were dictated to me by an elderly man, Pedro Marcelino Pastor, and by his daughters. I give here English translations and the Spanish original.

I. TALE OF THE RABBIT

There was a woman who had a *chile*-garden; and every day she went to watch it, because the Rabbit ate much of it. One day she went, and on the road met an *arriera*,¹ and asked her if she did not know how to prevent the Rabbit from eating the *chile*. The *arriera* replied that she did not know, and that she should ask her sister the *barendera*,¹ who came behind. She met the *barendera*, and asked her. Then she said that she should make four little monkeys of wax, and that she should nail them up in the opening in the wall where the Rabbit entered, two on each side, and that she should go the next day to see if the Rabbit had fallen into the trap.

She placed the four little monkeys of wax; and the Rabbit arrived, and said to them, "See here, monkey of wax! If you do not let me pass, I'll box your ears;" and he boxed his ears, and his little hand stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you don't let me pass, I have another hand, and I'll box your ears again;"

¹ A kind of ant.

and he boxed his ears, and the other little hand stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you do not let go of my little hands, I'll kick you;" and he kicked him, and his little foot stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you don't let go of my hands and of my foot, I'll kick you again. I have another little foot."

They were talking thus when the good little daughter arrived, and said to him, "Ah, it must be you who eats my *chile*! Now you'll pay it to me." She put him in a net which she was carrying, and took him to her house. When she arrived, she hung him up in the middle of the house, and said, "What shall I do with you?" She thought she would throw boiling water over him; but the lady had no water, and went to fetch it and left the door locked.

The Rabbit was still hanging in the net; but since the house stood by the roadside, it so happened that a Coyote passed by, and the Rabbit, as soon as he saw the Coyote, began to talk, to speak, and said, "How can they want to marry me by force — me, who is so small, and I do not want to marry!" Then the Coyote drew near, and asked him what he was saying; and Rabbit spoke to him, (asking him) if he (the Coyote) would not place himself in that net, for he himself was caught in the net because they wanted to marry him to a pretty girl, and he did not want to marry. Then the Coyote said to him that he accepted what the Rabbit proposed. The Coyote placed himself in the net, and the Rabbit escaped.

When the dear old woman found the Coyote, she said to him, "Ah, how did the Rabbit turn into a Coyote!" put the pot of water over the fire, and, when it was boiling, she threw it over the Coyote. The Coyote was burnt, but only his backside was burnt. Then the Coyote left, rolling himself on the road, but the Rabbit was on a *pitahaya*-plantation.

When the Coyote passed by, the Rabbit said to him, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" and then the Coyote turned to see who spoke to him, and the Coyote said, "Why did you deceive me?" And the Rabbit replied, "Because they did not find me, they punished you; but really I was about to marry a girl." Then he said to him, "Better let us eat *pitahayas*," and threw one down from above. He said to him, "Shut your eyes and open your mouth!" He threw one down, and then another one. The two were clean; but the third one he did not clean, but threw it down with all the spines on it. The Coyote rolled about, and the Rabbit went away.

He saw the Coyote pass by, and said to him, "Coyote, burnt backsides!" The Coyote said, "What do you say to me?" and the Rabbit replied, "I say to you, that you shall come and help me rock my little sister, who is crying, and my mother is not here." The

Coyote did not reply to this. "You owe me much. You deceived me, saying that I was going to marry, and then you threw me a *pitahaya* with spines, and now I'll take revenge for what you have done to me." He said to him, "But I do not know you, and have never seen you. Maybe those are others, perhaps my brothers." And the Coyote said to him, "Then you have brothers?" — "Certainly," he said to him. "Man alive, who knows which one that may be!" — "And you, what are you doing here?" — "My mother has been away a long time to get *tortillas* to eat, and left me here rocking this little girl. Now I wish that you would stay here in my place, while I go to look for her, that she may come." The Coyote staid there. When the Rabbit left, he said to him, "If you see that my sister does not stop crying, box her ears and leave her." The Coyote did so. He got tired of rocking the cradle, and the noise did not stop. He boxed her ears with vigor, and out came a swarm of wasps, who gave the Coyote a good dose and flew away.

The Coyote followed the road, and said to himself, "Where shall I find the Rabbit?" He walked along the road. The Rabbit spoke to him, and said, "Coyote, burnt backsides!" and the Coyote asked him what he was saying. The Rabbit said to him that he was asking him to help him pull out a cheese that was there. The Rabbit was in a pond, and the moon was shining and was seen in the water, and this was the cheese which the Rabbit said he was pulling out. The Rabbit left the Coyote there, saying that he was going to rest for a while, because he was very tired. The Coyote began to pull at the cheese; but since he could never do it, he got tired and went on his way.

After that he walked along the road, when the Rabbit spoke to him, and said, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" The Coyote said to him, "Now you won't escape me, for you have deceived me much." — "No," said the Rabbit to him, "it is not I. Since the world has existed I have been placed here in this place, with this stone in my hand;" for the Rabbit, as soon as he had seen the Coyote, put a large stone into his hand, and said that he had been left right there supporting that stone, for, if he let go of it, the world would be lost. The Coyote believed him; and the Rabbit said to him, "Sir, will you not help me a little while with this stone, for I am very tired?" The Coyote took the stone. The Rabbit said to him, "O Uncle Coyote, sir! Don't let go of the stone, else the world will be lost."

The Rabbit went away, saying to the Coyote that he would soon return; but the Rabbit did not come back. He went on; and the Coyote, who was tired, let the stone down gradually, and looked at the sky to see if it was coming down. But when he looked and saw that it was not so, he let the stone down until he put it down on the ground.

He left it and went, and said, "Whenever I find the Rabbit, I must kill him, because he has fooled me too much."

The Rabbit placed himself by the wayside, among the reeds. When the Coyote passed by, the Rabbit held a guitar, which, as soon as he saw the Coyote, he began to play, and said, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" The Coyote said to him, "Come down, that we may talk together!" — "No, Uncle Coyote! Indeed, sir, you are much annoyed with me." The Coyote said to him, "You have deceived me much, and therefore I am annoyed." — "No, Uncle Coyote," he said to him, "I am the best one of all, and, sir, don't be annoyed with me. I know well what has happened, but I did not do those things. My brother, he is a very bad one, it is he who has done all these things. But now he is about to marry, and I am waiting for them. They have been delayed a very long time. Who knows what they are doing! I should like to go and look for them if you would stay here and play the guitar; I'll give you a sign, sir, when the bridal couple are coming. I'll fire some rockets, so that you may know it, sir; and then you must play more strongly, so that they can dance when they come."

The Coyote did so. The Rabbit went. After a little while the Rabbit came and set fire to the reeds. The Coyote, believing that the bridal couple were coming, continued to play and began to dance. Before he knew it, he was in the midst of the flames. He could not escape; and the poor Coyote was burnt, and died.

The Rabbit came to look, and mourned the death of the Coyote, and said to himself, "Poor Uncle Coyote! Now he is dead, indeed, and where shall I go now?"

The Rabbit went to the bank of a river. He could not cross the river, and began to say, "Whoever takes me across may eat me." He was saying thus, when the Alligator came, and said to him, "I'll take you across." — "Well!" said the Rabbit. He climbed up on the back of the Alligator. When he came near the other bank, the Alligator said to him, "Now I am going to eat you." — "And don't you feel any pity," replied the Rabbit, "to eat such a little fatty as myself?" The Alligator said, "What shall we do?" — "Let us go nearer the bank," replied the Rabbit, "that you may eat me easily, sir." Already they were on the bank. The Rabbit said to the Alligator, "Does it not seem to you, sir, that there are some large leaves there? I'll fetch them; and then I shall throw myself down, that you may not lose anything." The Alligator agreed. The Rabbit went, and never came back.

On the other side there were old stubbles; and the Rabbit found only a little piece of field, and thought, "I'll sell much corn, and to whom shall I sell it? I'll sell one bushel to Aunt Cockroach, another

one to Aunt Hen, one to Uncle Dog, one to Uncle Lion, and one to Uncle Hunter."

The time came when the corn was to be delivered. The Rabbit had a little ranch; and when he went out to take a walk, he used to lock the door of the ranch. Since, however, he had fooled the Alligator and owed him his life, the Alligator informed himself as to where he lived, and went to place himself near his bed, that the Alligator might eat the Rabbit when he arrived.

The Rabbit was on his guard; and when he arrived, he said, "Good-day, dear House!" The House never replied; but one day when he said, "Good-day, dear House!" the Alligator replied, "Good-day, Rabbit!" — "What? You never answer me, dear House!" He opened the door, looked inside, and, when he saw the back of the Alligator, he said, "What are those pegs that I see here? I am not a guitar-player, and I am not a violinist. I had better go to another ranch!"

There he was when the Cockroach arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Aunt Cockroach." — "I come for my corn." — "All right, only it is very early. Let us lunch first, and then we will go." They were waiting for their lunch when they saw the Hen. The Rabbit said to the Cockroach, "Listen, Aunt Cockroach! Will not the Hen want to eat you?" — "Certainly, where shall I hide?" The Rabbit said to her, "Madam, hide under this piece of bark here."

When the Hen arrived, "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Aunt Hen!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly, let us first take lunch, and then we will go and shell it." The Hen sat down; and the Rabbit said to her, "Madam, would you not like to eat a cockroach?" — "Certainly," said the Hen, "where is it?" The Rabbit showed her the cockroach; and the Rabbit said, "Thus I am getting rid of my troubles."

The Rabbit and the Hen were talking when they discovered the Dog, who was coming. The Rabbit said, "Where are you going to hide, madam? for the Dog is coming, and will want to eat you. Hide under this carrying-basket." The Hen hid, and the Dog arrived.

"Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Uncle Dog!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly! Sit down for a moment." The Dog seated himself; and the Rabbit said, "Listen, sir! Would you not like to eat a hen?" — "Where is it?" — "It is under this basket." The Dog ate the hen, and continued to talk with the Rabbit.

They were still talking when they saw the Lion; and the Rabbit asked the Dog if he was not afraid that the Lion would eat him. The Dog said, "I am frightened. Where shall I hide?" and the Dog hid behind the house.

The Lion arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day,

Uncle Lion!" — "I came for my corn." The Rabbit said to him, "Sir, enter for a moment, we will go right away." The Lion entered; and the Rabbit said to him, "I'll tell you something, sir. Would you not like to eat a dog?" — "Why not? Where is it?" The Rabbit showed him where the dog was, and the Lion ate it at once.

There they were still talking when they discovered the Hunter, who was coming; and the Rabbit said, "Will he not want to kill you, sir?" — "Certainly," said the Lion. "Where shall I hide?" — "Hide on the rafter of the house. There he will not see you, sir, even if he should come. He will not do you any harm."

The Hunter arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Uncle Hunter!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly," he said to him. "Come in, sir, and take a lunch first of hot cakes and fresh cheese, and then we will go to shell the corn. This is the only remaining debt that I have. Meanwhile, sir, would you not like to kill a lion?" The Hunter said "Where is it?" The Rabbit showed him where the lion was, which the Hunter killed. The Hunter killed the lion, and the Rabbit made his escape. When the Hunter came back to the house to look for the Rabbit, he did not find him. The Rabbit had gone away.

He went on, and met a Serpent, who was under a stone and could in no way get out; and she asked every one who passed to pull her out. The Rabbit took pity on her and went to get some levers. He lifted the stone, and the Serpent was able to get out. When she was free, she wanted to eat the Rabbit. Then he said to her, "Why do you want to do this to me? Haven't I done you a favor in taking you out from under that stone?" The Serpent said to him, "Certainly, but don't you know that a good deed is repaid by evil deeds?" — "Allow me three witnesses before I die."

When two horses came down, the Rabbit said, "Excuse me, gentlemen! Just one word! Is it true that a good deed is repaid by an evil deed?" — "That is very true," said the Horse, "for formerly I was a good horse for my master. When he was a boy, he loved me well, and fed me well. Now I am old, and he has let me go into the fields without caring how I fare. Thus it is well said that good deeds are repaid by bad ones."

The Serpent said to him, "Now, do you see? You have only two more chances." When two Steers passed by, the Rabbit said, "Excuse me, gentlemen! Just one word! Is it true that a good deed is repaid by evil ones?" The Steers said, "Even if it causes sorrow, for once my master considered me a valuable animal. I served him well in my time. I was very obedient. As I served him, he loved me well. Now I am old; I am useless; and he has said that he has let me go to the field to recuperate a little, so that he can kill me."

They went on, and met a Donkey. He was standing on one side of the road, and was very sad. "Friend," said the Rabbit, "is it true that a good deed is repaid by evil ones?" — "Even if it causes sorrow," answered the Donkey, "for I gave good service to my master when he was a boy; and to-day, when I am old, he does not want to look at me. I just come from receiving a sound beating, which they gave me because I went to see my master."—"There is no help," said the Serpent, "you must die."

They were talking when a Rooster passed by; and he said to him, "Friend, I must die because of a good deed." — "What good deed have you done?" said the Rooster. "I pulled the Serpent from under a stone, where she had been a long time." The Rooster said, "How was she?" The Serpent placed herself just in the same way as she had been under the rock; and he said, "That is the way you were placed?" The Serpent replied, "Yes." Then he said, "If you were in this position, stay in it." The Rabbit replied, "I owe you my life."

He followed on his way; and they were nearing a town, when the Hunter arrived at his house, and saw the Rabbit. "There is no help, I'll kill you." He put a ball through him, and the Rabbit died. The Hunter took the Rabbit, who was half dead; and the Rabbit said, "Now I believe that a good deed is repaid by evil ones."¹

EL CUENTO DEL CONEJO²

Estaba una señora que tenía un chilarro y todos los días lo iba cuidando porque mucho lo comió el conejo. Un día fué y se encontró con una arriera en el camino y le dijo que si sabía un remedio para curar el conejo que no comiera el chilarro. La arriera contestó que no sabía, que le preguntara á su hermana que era la barendera que atrás venía. Se encontró con la barendera y la preguntó. Entonces ella le dijo que hiciera cuatro monitos de cera, y que los clavara en el portillo á donde entraba el conejo, dos á cada lado, y que al día siguiente fuera á ver si ya había caído el conejo en la trampa.

Puso los cuatro monitos de cera, y el conejo llegó, y el conejo le dijo, "Mira, monito de cera, si no me dejas pasar te doy una trompada," y le dió la trompada y quedó la manita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no me dejas pasar tengo mi otra manita, y te doy otra trompada," y le dió la trompada y quedó la otra manita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no sueltas mis manitas te doy una patada," y le dió la patada; y quedó la patita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no sueltas mis manitas y mi patita te doy otra patada. Tengo mi patita."

En estas pláticas estaban cuando llegó la buena viejita y le dijo, "Ah, tu eres quien comes mi chilarro. Ahora me lo vas á pagar." Lo puso en una red que

¹ The incidents of this story beginning with the tale of the Rabbit and the Alligator do not seem to form part of the regular Rabbit and Coyote cycle. The two Aesopian fables of the Man and the Serpent and the Ingratitude of Man are often told in various parts of Mexico, but do not ordinarily form part of the Rabbit cycle.

² The Spanish is here given without change from the dictated form.

llevaba y lo llevó á su casa. Llegando allá le colgó en media casa y dijo, "¿Qué haré contigo?" Pensó que le iba á echar un poco de agua caliente, pero no tenía agua la señora y se fué á traerla y dejó la puerta cerrada.

El conejo siempre colgaba en la red, pero la casa estaba en frente del camino, así es que pasaba un coyote, y el conejo, tan luego como vió al coyote, comenzó á hablar, á decir, diciendo, "Cómo es posible que me quieran casar á la fuerza, cuando yo estoy muy chiquito y no quiero casarme." Entonces se acercó el coyote, y le preguntó qué cosa es lo que él decía; y le dijo, que si no se quería poner el coyote en esa red, porque él estaba preso porque querían casarlo con una muchacha muy bonita, y él no quería. Entonces el coyote le dijo que sí aceptaba lo que el conejo decía. El coyote se metió en la red y el conejo se salió.

Cuando llegó la buena vieja y se encontró con el coyote, le dijo, "¡Ah, como el conejo se volvió coyote!" puso la olla de agua en la lumbre y, después que estaba hirviendo, la echaba al coyote. El coyote se quemó, pero no se quemó más que atrás en las nalgas. Entonces se fué el coyote; revolcando en el camino se fué, mas el conejo estaba en un pitahayal.

Cuando el coyote pasaba el conejo le dijo, "Adiós, tío coyote," y entonces volvió el coyote quien le hablaba, y le dijo el coyote, "¿Porqué me engañastes?" Y el conejo contestó que "Porqué ya no me encontraron, por eso le dieron á Vd. un castigo; pero, en verdad, me iba á casar con una muchacha." Entonces le dijo, "Mejor será vamos á comer pitahayas," y le tiró una desde arriba. Le dijo, "¡Cierre Vd. los ojos y abra Vd. la boca!" Le tiró una, y le tiró otra. Estaban las dos limpias, pero la tercera no la limpió, sino la tiró con todas las espinas y aguates que tenía. El coyote se quedó revolcando y el conejo se fué.

Vió pasar al coyote y le dijo, "¡Coyote, nalgas quemadas!" El coyote dijo, "¿Qué es lo que me dices?" y el conejo contestó, "Te digo que me vengas á ayudar á mecer á mi hermanita que está llorando, y mi mamá no está." Nada de eso le contestó el coyote. "Tú me debes mucho. Tú me engañastes que me iba á casar, y luego me tirastes la pitahaya con espinas, y ahora me voy á vengar de lo que me has hecho." Le dijo, "Pero yo no te conozco ni te ví. Tal vez serán otros, mis hermanos que tengo." Y le dijo el coyote "¿Entonces tienes más hermanos?"—"Pues sí," le dijo. "Pues hombre, quien sabe quien de ellos será."—"¿Y tú, qué haces aquí?"—"Hace tiempo que mi mamá se fué á buscar tortillas para comer y me dejó meciendo á esta muchachita. Ahora quiero que te quedes aquí en mi lugar, mientras yo me voy á buscarla que venga." El coyote se quedó. El conejo al irse le dijo, "Si ves que mi hermanita no para de llorar, le pegas una trompada y la dejas." El coyote así lo hizo. Se enfadó de mecerla y no paraba el ruido. Le dió una trompada fuerte, y entonces salieron un montón de avispas que le dieron su buena tunda al coyote y se fueron.

El coyote siguió su camino y se dijo "¿A dónde encontraré al conejo?" En el camino iba, andando. El conejo le habló y le dijo, "¡Coyote, nalgas quemadas!" y el coyote le dijo que es lo que él decía. El conejo le dijo, que le rogaba que fuera á donde él estaba para que le ayudara á sacar un queso que estaba allí. El conejo estaba en una laguna de agua, y la luna era la que la alumbraba y que se miraba adentro del agua, y eso era el queso que el conejo le dijo al coyote que sacaba. Allí dejó el conejo al coyote, mientras le dijo que él se iba á descansar un rato, porque él estaba muy cansado. El coyote empezó á sacar el queso, pero como nunca pudo hacerlo, se enfadó y mejor se fué.

Después iba en el camino, cuando el conejo le habló y le dijo, "¡Adiós, tío

coyote!" El coyote le dijo, "Ora no te me escapas, porque tú me has engañado mucho."—"No," le dijo el conejo, "yo no soy. Desde que el mundo es mundo me pusieron aquí en este lugar con esta piedra en la mano," porque el conejo, tan luego como vió al coyote, se puso una piedra grande en la mano y dijo, que ahí lo habían dejado sosteniendo esa piedra, porque, si él la soltaba, el mundo se perdería. El coyote lo creyó y el conejo le dijo, "¿Vd. no me quiere ayudar un momento con esta piedra? porque es que yo estoy cansado." El coyote agarró la piedra. El conejo le dijo, "¡Ay, tío coyote, no venga Vd. soltar la piedra, porque entonces se pierde el mundo."

El conejo se fué diciendo al coyote que volvería luego. El conejo ya no volvió. Se fué adelante y el coyote, ya cansado, poco á poco fué bajando la piedra y miraba él al cielo á ver si sí venía abajo. Pero como miraba que no era así, fué bajando la piedra hasta que la puso al suelo.

La dejó, y se fué, y dijo, "A donde yo encuentro al conejo, lo tengo que matar, porque mucho se ha burlado de mí."

El conejo se puso á la orilla del camino, encima de un carrizal. Cuando el coyote pasaba, el conejo tenía una guitarra que, tan luego como vió al coyote, empezó á tocarla y le dijo "¡Adiós, tío coyote!" El coyote le dijo, "Bájate que vamos á hablar."—"No, tío coyote; sí Vd. está muy enojado conmigo." El coyote le dijo, "Tú me has engañado mucho, y por eso es que estoy enojado."—"No, tío coyote," le dijo, "yo soy el más bueno de todos, y no se enoje Vd. conmigo. Yo sé bien lo que ha pasado, pero yo no he hecho á Vd. estas cosas. El hermano mío, ese es muy malo, y es quien ha hecho tantas cosas. Pero ahora se va á casar, y estoy en espera de ellos. Se han dilatado mucho. Quien sabe que harán. Yo quisiera ir á verlos, si Vd. se quedara tocando esa guitarra. Le voy á dar á Vd. una seña cuando ya vengan los novios. Voy á tirar dos cohetes para que Vd. sepa, y entonces toca Vd. más para cuando ellos vengan, vengán á bailar."

El coyote sí lo hizo. El conejo se fué. A poco rato vino el conejo y le prendió lumbre al carrizal. El coyote creyendo que los novios venían, siguió á tocar y empezaba á bailar. Cuando el menos sintió estaba en medio de las llamas. Ya no pudo escapar el pobre coyote y se murió quemado.

El conejo vino á ver y lloró la muerte del coyote y se dijo, "Pobre tío coyote, ahora sí se murió y ¿ahora por dónde me iré?"

El conejo se fué á la orilla de un río. No podía pasar el río y empezó á decir, "El quien me pase, me comerá." Así estuvo diciendo, cuando el lagarto llegó y le dijo, "Yo te paso."—"Está bueno," le dijo el conejo. Se subió sobre la espalda del lagarto. Ya que iba cerca de la orilla del otro lado, le dijo el lagarto, "Ahora sí te voy á comer."—"¿Y que no le dé á Vd. lástima," contestó el conejo, "comer á este animal tan gordito que estoy?" El lagarto dijo, "¿Qué hacemos?"—"¡Vamos más á la orilla!" contestó el conejo, "para que Vd. pueda comerme bien." Ya estaban en la orilla. El conejo dijo al lagarto, "No le parece á Vd. que allá están unas hojas muy grandotas. Voy á traerlas y allí me echo para que Vd. no pierda nada." El lagarto le dijo que sí. El conejo se fué, y jamás volvió.

Al otro lado estaba un rastrojo viejo, y no encontró más el conejo que un piceto de milpa, y pensó, "Voy á vender mucho maíz ¿y con quien venderé? Voy á vender con tía cucaracha una fanega, y otra con tía gallina, otra con tío perro, otra con tío león, otra con tío cazador."

El tiempo llegó de entregar el maíz; y él tenía un ranchito, que, cuando el

conejo salió á pasear, cerraba la puerta del ranchito. Pero, como había engañado al lagarto, y le debía la vida, el lagarto se informó á donde vivía y fué á colocarse cerca de su cama, para que, cuando el conejo llegaba, el lagarto lo comía.

El conejo era muy listo, y un día que llegó, dijo él solo, "Buenos días, casita." La casita nunca le contestaba, pero hubo un día que dijo, "Buenos días, casita," el lagarto contestó, "Buenos días, conejo."—"¿Qué? Si á mi nunca me contestastes, mi casita." Abrió la puerta y vió así adentro, cuando vió el lomo del lagarto, y dijo, "¿Y que son estas clavijas que veo ahí? Yo no soy guitarrista y no soy violinista. ¡Mejor me voy á otro ranchito!"

Allí estaba cuando la cucaracha llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tía cucaracha."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Está bien. Nada más que está muy temprano. Vamos á almorzar primero y en seguida nos vamos." Estaban esperando el almuerzo cuando divisaron á tía gallina. El conejo dijo á la cucaracha, "Oiga, tía cucaracha, ¿que no quedrá (querrá) comer á Vd. la gallina?"—"¡Como no! ¿A dónde me escondo?" El conejo le dijo, "Escóndase Vd. bajo esta cáscara de palo que está ahí."

Cuando llegó la gallina, "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tía gallina."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Como no, pero primero almorzaremos y en seguida iremos á desgranarlo." La gallina se sentó y el conejo le dijo, "¿Vd. no quisiera comer una cucaracha?"—"Como no," dijo la gallina, "¿á dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á la cucaracha y el conejo dijo, "Así me voy quitando las drogas."

Estaban platicando el conejo y la gallina, cuando divisaron al perro que ya venía. El conejo dijo, "A dónde se esconderá Vd., porque el perro viene y la quedrá (querrá) comer. Escóndase Vd. bajo de este cargador. "La gallina se escondió, el perro llegó.

"Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío perro."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Como no. ¡Siéntese Vd. un momento!" El perro se sentó y el conejo dijo, "Oiga Vd., ¿no quisiera Vd. comer una gallina?"—"¿A dónde está?"—"Está bajo ese cargador." El perro comió á la gallina y siguió á platicar con el conejo.

Platicando estaban cuando divisaron al león y le dijo al perro que si no tenía miedo del león que lo fuera á comer. El perro dijo, "Me da mucho miedo. ¿A dónde me escondo?" y el perro se escondió atrás de la casita.

El león llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío león."—"Vengo por mi maíz." El conejo le dijo, "Entre Vd. un momento que orita nos vamos." El león entró y el conejo le dijo, "Voy á decir á Vd. una cosa. ¿Vd. no quisiera comer un perro?"—"¿Y porqué no? ¿A dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á donde estaba el perro y el león luego lo comió.

Después estaban platicando, cuando divisaron al cazador, quien ya venía, y el conejo dijo, "¿Que no quedrá (querrá) matar el cazador á Vd.?"—"Como no," dijo el león. "¿A dónde me escondo?"—"Escóndase Vd. en el tirante de la casa. Ahí no le vé aunque venga. No le hace nada."

El cazador llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío cazador."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Como no," le dijo. "Pase Vd. Vamos á almorzar primero tortillas calientes y queso fresco, y en seguida nos iremos á desgranar el maíz. Es la única deuda que me queda. Entre tanto ¿Vd. no quisiera matar un león?" El cazador le dijo, "¿A dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á donde estaba el león que el cazador mató. Mató al león el cazador, y el conejo se huyó. Cuando volvió el cazador á la casa para buscar al conejo ya no le encontró. El conejo se fué.

Adelante iba, cuando encontró á una serpiente que estaba bajo una piedra y no podía salir de ningun modo, y cada persona que pasaba, le suplicaba que la sacara. El conejo se compadeció y fué á traer unas palancas. Alzó la piedra y la serpiente pudo salir. Después que estaba libre quería comer al conejo. Entonces le dijo, "¿Porqué me quieres hacer eso? ¿No es un bien que yo te he hecho en sacarte de esa piedra?" La serpiente le dijo, "Como no, ¿pero tu no sabes que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Permíteme tres testigos antes de morir."

Cuando bajaban dos caballos, el conejo dijo, "Dispensen Vdes. una palabra. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Es muy cierto," dijo el caballo, "porque antes yo fui buen caballo para mi amo. Cuando era muchacho me quería mucho, me asistía muy bien. Ahora estoy viejo, y me ha largado al campo sin saber de mi vida. Así es que está muy bien dicho que un bien con un mal se paga."

La serpiente le contestó, "¿Ya ves? No te faltan más que dos." Cuando iban pasando dos bueyes, y dijo el conejo, "Dispénseme Vdes. una palabra. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?" Los bueyes dijeron, "Aunque cause sentimiento, porque yo fui un buen animal para mi amo. Le serví mucho en mi tiempo. Fui muy obediente. Como le servía me quería mucho. Ahora estoy viejo; ya no le sirvo para nada, y ha dicho que me largó al campo para que me repusiera un poco y así podrá matarme."

En seguida siguieron adelante y encontraron á un asno. Estaba á un lado del camino muy triste. "Amigo," dijo el conejo. "¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Aunque cause sentimiento," contestó el asno, "porque yo, cuando era muchacho le di buenos servicios á mi amo, y ahora que estoy viejo ya no quiere verme. Acabo de llegar de una fuerte paliza que me dieron por ir á visitar á mi amo."—"No tiene remedio," dijo la serpiente, "Tienes que morir."

Estaban platicando cuando pasaba un gallo que le dijo, "Amigo," me voy á morir por hacer un bien."—"¿Qué bien has hecho?" dijo el gallo. "He sacado esta serpiente que estaba bajo una piedra hace mucho tiempo." El gallo dijo, "¿Cómo estaba?" La serpiente se puso enteramente igual como estaba bajo la peña y le dijo, "¿Así estabas?" La serpiente dijo, "Así." El dijo, "Así estabas, así te quedas." El conejo contestó, "A tí te debo la vida."

Siguió su camino y iban llegando cerca de una población, cuando el cazador llegaba á su casa y divisó al conejo. "Sin remedio voy á matarte." Le pegó un balazo y el conejo se murió. El cazador cogió al conejo que estaba medio muerto y el conejo le dijo, "Ahora sí acabo de creer, que un bien con un mal se paga."

2. RABBIT AND TOAD

The Toad challenged the Rabbit to run a race of five hundred metres. The Rabbit asserted that he would even bet his life; when he saw that the Toad was very stout, he was sure that he would win. The stake amounted to five hundred dollars. The Toad risked the bet because he saw that he could not run fast enough; but he worked it in such a way that he gathered five hundred companions, and placed them in a straight line. Once the line was formed, they tore away; and with the first jump the Rabbit made, he said, "átrepon;" and the

Toad replied, "árrabon." — "Atrepon." — "Arrabon." When the Rabbit saw that he could not win over the Toad — how could he win when the five hundred tore away all at the same time? The Toad had to win because the Rabbit was one, and they were five hundred. He lost the bet.

CONEJO Y SAPO

El sapo le llamó la atención al conejo para que echaran una carrera de quinientos metros. El conejo aseguraba que apostaba hasta su vida; de ver el sapo tan barrigón aseguraba que no le había de ganar. La apuesta era de quinientos pesos. El sapo se arriscó á apostar porque lo vió que no corría bastante, pero el sapo trabajó de tal manera que fué á recoger quinientos compañeros y los formó en línea recta. Una vez que estaba formada, entonces arrancaron y cuando el primer salto que pegó el conejo, decía, "átrepon," y el sapo contestó, "árrabon." — "Atrepon." — "Arrabon."¹ Viendo el conejo que no le pudo ganar al sapo, — ¿cómo había de ganar cuando los quinientos arrancaban á un mismo tiempo? Tuvo que ganar el sapo porque el conejo era uno y aquellos eran quinientos. Perdió la apuesta.

3. GOD

There was a man who had three sons. One day the oldest one said to his father, "Father give me your blessing, for I am going to seek my fortune;" and he went. He walked and walked along a road until he came to an old hut, and there was an old man who was God. The boy said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, son!" replied the old man. "Have you no work, sir?" — "Certainly," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! Let us take lunch, and then you shall go and take a letter to Monjas." After the boy had eaten, he said to him, "Sweep the house, and saddle this donkey and go and take this letter."

The boy went, and came on the road to a red river, and he was much frightened. He threw the letter into the river and went back. The old man said at once, "Have you come back already, son?" — "Already, sir," he said to him. "Did you deliver the letter?" — "Yes;" and the letter had come back again to the hands of God.

"All right!" he said. "Now what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Money," he said to him. "Then take this napkin," he said to him, "and you will have in it whatever you wish for."

The boy went to his house well satisfied, and said, "Father, here I bring this napkin, and we must lunch with it presently." Then the boy said, "Napkin, by the virtue given to thee by God, I ask thee to give me a lunch;" and at once a table was there, with much to eat.

After this the second brother said, "Father, give me your blessing, for I am going to seek my fortune;" and he went the way which his brother had taken. He found the old hut and also the old man. He

¹ Atrapón, "deceiver"?; rábon, "tailless"?

said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, my son!" — "Have you nothing to do, sir?" — "Yes," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! We will lunch. Then sweep the house, put flowers on the altar; saddle the donkey, and go to take this letter to Monjas."

The boy did so, and also met the red river, threw the letter into the river, and came back. The letter came again to the hands of God.

The boy arrived; and the old man said to him, "Have you come already, son?" — "Already, sir," he replied. "And now, what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Money," replied the boy. Then he presented him with an empty trunk, took a little pole, touched the top of the trunk with it, and said, "Pole, pole, by the virtue that God has given to thee, put this trunk in my house;" and immediately the trunk was transferred to the house of the boy. He bade good-by to the old man; and when he arrived in his house, the trunk was there full of money.

Then the youngest brother said, "Father give me your blessing, for I, too, will seek my fortune." The father gave him his blessing, and the boy took the same road. He found the old hut and God who lived there. The boy said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, boy!" replied the old man. "Have you no work, sir?" — "Yes," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! We will lunch," and he gave him some very tough cakes to eat; and the boy said to himself, "Poor old man! How can he sustain himself on those tough cakes?" and God heard him, and said, "Arise, sweep the house; put flowers on the altar, saddle this donkey, and go to Monjas to take this letter there."

The boy went. First he came to the red river. He had no fear, passed it, and the water reached to the hoofs of the donkey. He went on. He walked and walked. He came to a white, white river. He passed it. Then he came to a green, green river. He passed it. Then he came to a grassy hill, and the cattle that roamed there, how lean they were! Then he came to a barren hill, and the cattle that roamed there were fat. He walked on and on, and came to rocks which were striking one another. Again he walked on and on, and came to a roast that was roasting.

He arrived at Monjas, inquired for the church, and delivered the letter into the hands of the Virgin. Then the Virgin said to the boy, "Take this little hat as a sign that you have delivered to me my letter. Tell God what you have seen on the road."

When the boy went back, there was nothing on the road. He reached the hut of the old man, and the old man said to him, "Have you come already, son?" — "Already," replied the boy. "Well," said the old man to him, "tell me about what you have seen on the road."

"Sir," said the boy to him, "first I saw a red, red river." — "That red river," said God, "is the blood that your mother shed for you."

"Then I saw a white, white river." — "That is the milk that you have sucked."

"Then I saw a green, green river." — "Those are your mother's veins."

"Then I saw a grassy hill with lean cattle." — "Those are the cattle of the rich."

"Then I saw a barren hill with fat cattle." — "Those are the cattle of the poor."

"Then I saw several rocks which struck one another." — "Those are the godmothers when they are fighting."

"When I came to Monjas there was a roast roasting." — "That is the tongue of the gossip."

"Well, son," said God to him, "and now what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Grace," replied the boy. "All right!" said the old man to him. "Take this crucifix, and on the base you will find a present every day."

The boy left well satisfied. When he arrived at his house, he placed the crucifix on his altar; and every day early, when he awoke, he found two dollars on the base of the crucifix.

One day when the boy was eating, he saw at a distance an old man wrapped in his sheet, and full of ulcers, and disgusting to see. He came to the entrance, and said, "Good-day!" — "Good-day, sir!" replied the boy; while the other brothers began to cover the food, because the old man was very disgusting to see. Only the youngest boy gave the old man to eat.

Then the Lord said, "You have not felt disgust at seeing me; and now I'll take you up, body and soul." He took up the boy, and the brothers remained with their food full of grubs, and in the pot, instead of the food, a snake.

DIOS

Era un hombre que tenía tres hijos. Un día le dijo el más grande á su papá, "Papá, écheme Vd. la bendición porque me voy á rogar suerte," y se fué. Anda y anda por un camino, cuando se encontró con una casita vieja y allí estaba un viejecito que era Dios. Dijo el niño, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"¡Buenos días, hijo!" contestó el viejecito. "¿No tiene Vd. trabajo?"—"Como no," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate. Vamos á almorzar, y en seguida te vas á dejar una carta á Monjas." Acabó de almorzar el niño y le dijo, "Barre la casa y ensilla este burro, y te vas á dejar esta carta."

Se fué el niño, y en el camino se encontró con un río colorado y se asustó mucho. Tiró la carta en el río y se regresó. Luego le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya, señor," le dijo. "¿Entregastes la carta?"—"Sí," y la carta había vuelto otra vez á las manos de Dios.

"Bueno," dijo, "¿que quieres ahora? ¿Dinero ó las gracias?"—"Dinero," le dijo. "Pues ten esta servieta," le dijo, "y todo lo que quieras, lo tendrás en ella."

Se fué el niño para su casa muy contento y dijo, "Papá, aquí traigo esta servieta que con ella tendrmos que almorzar orita." Entonces dijo el niño, "Servieta, por la virtud que te ha dado Dios, quiero que me des un almuerzo," y luego se formó una mesa con mucho que comer.

En seguida dijo el segundo hermano, "Papá écheme Vd. su bendición, porque me voy á rogar suerte," y se fué por el camino que tomó su hermano. Se encontró con la casita vieja y el viejecito también. Dijo, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"¡Buenos días, hijo mío!"—"¿Que tiene Vd. que trabajar?"—"Sí," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate, vamos á almorzar. En seguida barres la casa y echas florecitas al altar; ensillas el burro y te vas á dejar esta carta á Monjas."

Así lo hizo el niño y se volvió á encontrar con el río colorado, tiró la carta en el río y se regresó. Volvió otra vez la carta á las manos de Dios.

Llegó el niño y le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya, señor," contestó. "Y ahora ¿qué quieres? ¿Dinero ó las gracias?"—"Dinero," contestó el niño. Entonces le regaló un baúl vacío, y cogió una barrita y le tocó encima del baúl y dijo, "Barrita, barrita, por la virtud que te ha dado Dios, ponme este baúl á mi casa," y luego se trasladó el baúl á la casa del niño. Se despidió del viejecito y cuando llegó á su casa, estaba el baúl lleno de dinero.

Entonces dijo el hermanito más pequeño, "Papá écheme Vd. su bendición, porque yo tambien me voy á rogar suerte." Le echó su bendición el padre y tomó el niño el mismo camino. Se encontró con la casita vieja y Dios que estaba allí. Dijo el niño, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"Buenos días, niño!" contestó el viejecito. "¿Que tiene Vd. trabajo?"—"Sí," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate, vamos á almorzar," y le dió que almorzar unas tortillas muy duras, y dijo el niño entre sí, "Pobre viejecito, como se mantiene con estas tortillas tan duras," y Dios lo oyó y dijo, "Levántate; barre la casa; échale florecitas al altar, ensillas este burro, y te vas para Monjas á dejar esta carta."

Se fué el niño. Primero se encontró con el río colorado. No tuvo miedo, pasó, y le daba el agua hasta los cascos del burro. Se fué. Anda y anda. Se encontró con un río blanco, blanco. Pasó. En seguida se encontró con un río verde, verde. Pasó. Después se encontró con un cerro zacatoso y se rodaban las vacas de flacas que estaban las vacas. Después se encontró con un cerro pelón y se rodaban las vacas de gordas. Luego anda y anda, y se encontró con unas piedras que se encontraban unas con otras. Después anda y anda otra vez y se encontró con una asadura que estaba asando.

Llegó á Monjas, se los preguntó la iglesia y entregó la carta en manos de la Virgen. Entonces le dijo la Virgen al niño, "Toma este sombrerito como seña que me entregastes mi carta. Díle á Dios todo lo que has visto en el camino."

Cuando el niño regresó ya no había nada en el camino. Llegó á la casita vieja y le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya," contestó el niño. "¡Bueno!" le dijo el viejecito, "cuéntame algo de lo que vistes en el camino."

"Señor," le dijo el niño, "primero ví un r o colorado, colorado."—"Pues ese río colorado es," le dijo Dios, "la sangre que derramó tu madre por tí!"

"Después ví un río blanco, blanco."—"Ese es la leche que mamastes."

"Después ví un río verde, verde."—"Ese son las venas de tu madre."

"Después ví un cerro zacatoso que se rodaban las vacas de flacas."—"Esas son las vacas de los ricos."

"Después ví un cerro pelón, que se rodaban las vacas de gordas."—"Esas son las vacas de los pobres."

"Después ví unas piedras que se pegaban unas con otras."—"Esas son las comadres de pila cuando se pelean."

"Cuando llegué á Monjas estaba una asadura asándose."—"Esa es la lengua del chismoso."

"Bueno, hijo," le dijo Dios, "¿y ahora qué quieres, el dinero ó las gracias?"—"Las gracias," contestó el niño. "Está bien," le dijo el viejecito, "ten este crucifijo, y en la peaña (peana) encontrarás todos los días un diario."

Se fué el niño muy contento. Cuando llegó á su casa le colocó en su altar y todos los días cuando amanecía, encontró dos pesos en la peaña del crucifijo.

Cuando un día de tantos estaba el niño almorzando, divisó á lo lejos un viejecito envuelto en su sábana y lleno de llagas, asqueroso. Llegó hasta las puertas y dijo, "¡Buenos días!"—"¡Buenos días, señor!" contestó el niño, y sus demás hermanos comenzaron á tapar la comida, porque les daba mucho asco. Solamente el niño más pequeño le sirvió de comer al viejecito.

Entonces dijo el señor, "Tú no has tenido asco de mí, y ahora te llevaré en cuerpo y alma." Se lo llevó al niño, y sus hermanos se quedaron con sus comidas llenas de gusanos y en la olla, en lugar de comida, una culebra.

4. THE LONG-LEGS¹

There was a Long-Legs, and it was very cold. He was sleeping in the foliage of a tree, and on the next day he could not sleep because his foot was broken.

Then said the Long-Legs, "Cold, cold, how strong you are, who have broken my foot!" Then the Cold said, "But stronger is the Sun, because he heats me."

He went to where the Sun is, and said to him, "Sun, how strong you are, — Sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the cloud, because it covers me."

"Cloud, how strong you are, — cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the wind, because it dissolves me."

"Wind, how strong you are, — wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the wall, because it resists me."

"Wall, how strong you are, — wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the mouse, because he perforates me."

"Mouse, how strong you are, — mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the cat, because he eats me."

"Cat, how strong you are, — cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the stick, because it kills me."

"Stick, how strong you are, — stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that

¹ A kind of mosquito with very long legs.

dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the fire, because it burns me."

"Fire, how strong you are, — fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the water, because it quenches me."

"Water, how strong you are, — water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the steer, because he drinks me."

"Steer, how strong you are, — steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the knife, because it kills me."

"Knife, how strong you are, — knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the blacksmith, because he makes me."

"Blacksmith, how strong you are, — blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is Death, because he kills me."

He went to Death, and said, "Death, how strong you are, — death that kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is God, because he sends me."

"God, how strong you are, — God who sends Death, Death who kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!"

ZANCUDO

Era un Zancudo. Hacía mucho frío y se quedó dormido en la hoja de un árbol, y el día siguiente ya no pudo volar porque se lo quebró su pié.

Entonces dijo el Zancudo, "Frío, frío, qué tan valiente eres tú, que has quebrado á mi pié." Entonces le dijo el frío, "Pero más valiente es el sol, porque me calienta."

Fué á donde está el sol y le dijo, "Sol qué tan valiente eres tú,—sol que calienta al hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la nube porque me tapa."

"Nube, qué tan valiente eres tú,—nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta al hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el aire, porque me deshace."

"Aire, qué tan valiente eres tú,—aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la pared, porque me resiste."

"Pared, qué tan valiente eres tú,—pared que resiste al aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el ratón porque me agujerea."

"Ratón, qué tan valiente eres tú,—ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el gato porque me come."

"Gato, qué tan valiente eres tú,—gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el palo porque me mata."

"Palo, qué tan valiente eres tú,—palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la lumbré porque me quema."

"Lumbré, qué tan valiente eres tú,—lumbré que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el agua porque me apaga."

"Agua, qué tan valiente eres tú,—agua que apaga lumbré, lumbré que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el buey porque me bebe."

"Buey, qué tan valiente eres tú,—buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbré, lumbré que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el cuchillo porque me mata."

"Cuchillo, qué tan valiente eres tú,—cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbré, lumbré que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el herrero porque me hace."

"Herrero, qué tan valiente eres tú,—herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbré, lumbré que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la muerte porque me mata."

Fué á la muerte y dijo, "Muerte qué tan valiente eres tú,—muerte que mata herrero, herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es Dios porque me manda."

"Dios, qué tan valiente eres tú,—Dios que manda muerte, muerte que mata herrero, herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."

5. THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

There was a charcoal-burner who had a friend who was very poor and went to sell a basketful of charcoal every day. He gained four *reales*. Once upon a time he came to a very lonely brook, and found some boxes of cigarettes and cigars, several large tables, and began to sweep under the tree. He found four *reales*.

He went home well satisfied, and went to talk with his friend about what he had found. His friend said at once, "I'll go too, and do the same."—"All right!" said he. He gave him instructions, telling him what he had to do.

His friend arrived at the brook and began to sweep, and found the four *reales*; and this was the cave of the robbers. He climbed a tree. At midnight the robbers arrived. They began to play at dice, and the man in the tree above coughed. Then the robbers took him down from the tree and left him half dead. They gathered up his money and took it along.

When a coachman passed by, the charcoal-burner asked him to take him to his house. The coachman agreed. When he arrived at home, he complained to his friend, and said, "You are to blame for my misfortune."—"Don't trouble yourself," he said to him, "I'll give you alms every day. Come to my house, and I'll give you bread."

He went every day; and one day his friend got tired, and said to him, "Look here, friend! I'll give you a very great present, and then you shall never come back to molest me." Then he ordered several cakes to be made, and in every cake a guinea to be put, and then he sent them to the house of his friend.

Then the sick friend said to his daughter, "Look here, daughter! Let us go and distribute these cakes among our neighbors! for we have enough, and what shall we do with so many cakes?" They distributed them, and not one was left to them.

Then they went again to the house of the friend. "How is this?" said the friend to him, "when I gave you so large a present, that you should never come again and trouble me? Imagine! in every cake

there was one guinea." Then the friend said to him, "I have just distributed them among my neighbors, for I did not know what to do with so many."

Before this he had told his daughter to set fire to his hut when she should see him from afar, and the daughter did so. She set fire to the hut, and it is still burning.

EL CARBONERO

Era un carbonero que tenía un compadre que era sumamente pobre y que iba á vender un canasto de carbón todos los días. Ganaba cuatro reales. Una vez llegó á un arroyo muy solo, y encontró unas cajitas de cigarros, de puros, y unas mesas grandes, y comenzó á barrer debajo del árbol. Encontró cuatro reales.

Se fué para su casa muy contento, y él fué á platicar á su compadre lo que se había encontrado. Luego el compadre le dijo, "Yo tambien voy á hacer lo mismo."—"Está bien," le dijo. Le dió todas las indicaciones, que había de hacer.

Llegó el compadre al arroyo y comenzó á barrer y encontró los cuatro reales, y era la cueva de los ladrones. Se trepó al árbol. A media noche llegaron los ladrones. Comenzaron á jugar á los dados, y el señor que estaba en el árbol arriba tosió. Entonces los ladrones lo bajaron del árbol y lo dejaron medio muerto. Recogieron su dinero y se lo llevaron.

Cuando pasó un cochero y le rogó el carbonero que lo trajera á su casa. Aceptó el cochero. Llegando á su casa se quejó con su compadre y le dijo, "Tu tienes la culpa que haya quedado infeliz."—"No tengas cuidado," le dijo, "yo te daré una limosna todos los días. Vienes á mi casa para que yo te dé el pan."

Iba todos los días, y un día de tantos se enfadó el compadre, y le dijo, "Mira, compadre, te voy á dar una limosna muy grande, para que jamás y nunca me vengas á molestar." Entonces mandó hacer unas tortas de pan y en cada torta de pan una onza de oro, y se lo mandó á la casa del compadre.

Entonces el compadre enfermo le dijo á su hija, "Mira, hija; vamos á repartir estas tortas á los vecinos, porque tenemos bastantes, y ¿que harémos con tantas?" Comenzaron á repartirlas sin que le quedaba ninguna.

Se fueron en seguida otra vez á la casa del compadre. "¿Cómo," le dijo el compadre, "¿si ya te dí una limosna tan grande, para que jamás y nunca me vinieras á molestar? Figúrate que cada torta de pan tenía una onza de oro." Entonces el compadre le dijo, "Las acabé de repartir con mis vecinos, porque no sabía que hacer con tantas."

Más antes le había dicho á su hija, que cuando lo viera de lejos, le encendiera lumbre á su casa, y así lo hizo su hija. Le encendió lumbre á la casa y hasta ahora se está quemando.

6. THE DEVIL

There was a man pursued by the Devil, to whom, wherever he went, he appeared in the form of a manikin. Once upon a time the man went to mass, and there was the Devil. Whatever the padre did at mass, the Devil did too. He alighted on the shoulders of the boys, and made them sleep.

The man went and talked with the curate; and the padre said, "I'll take your confession, in order to see why you have these visions. To-morrow go to early mass, in order to see if you'll again see that manikin."

The man went to mass, and there he was. Then he went to confession, and the Demon went there also. Then the padre said, "My son, take this string, and follow the Demon wherever he goes, catch him with this string, and bring him to me."

Again the man went to church with the string in his hand. The Demon left the church, and the man followed behind. He saw how he made some dogs fight; he saw how he made some drunkards fight; and the man followed the Demon. He entered a saloon, and put himself into a pot of *tepache*.¹

Then he went to notify the curate that the Demon had put himself in a pot of *tepache*; and the curate said to him, "Go and ask the lady how much she wants to allow you to put your hand in and pull out that beast that is in the pot." The lady was frightened, and said, "You shall pay me nothing, only pull that beast out of there." Then the man put his hand and the string in, and caught him in a noose. It was not a manikin that came out, but a person with the feet of a rooster; and he took him to where the padre was; and the padre said to him, "Tie him up here, and give him hay to eat."

Then the padre went to where the beast had been tied up, and said to him, "Why are you interfering where it does not behoove you?" The Demon said to him, "Let me go! Promise to free me, and I'll tell you why." — "Yes," said the padre. "I promise to free you; But tell me, why do you come to my church?" Then the Demon replied, "Because you owe a vow to Rome; and if you wish to fulfill it, I'll take you there in four and twenty hours." — "Yes," said the padre to him. "But you know," said the Demon, "we shall not travel by land, but by sea." — "All right!" said the padre. "Early to-morrow we will go."

The next day, when daylight broke, a saddled mule was in front of the door of the curate's house. The padre mounted, and they went on the waters. In four and twenty hours they were in Rome.

The padre arrived at a house, and tied up his mule. The padre went to church, and brought from there many relics, pictures, and rosaries, which he put into a satchel. He did not find the mule tied up, but the people of the house were very much frightened because the mule had turned into a man; and the man said to the landlord, "Would you like to see how I put myself into this bottle of wine here?" — "Yes," said the people, "we should like to see how you do it." Then he put himself into the bottle.

¹ An alcoholic liquor made of a solution of unrefined cane-sugar (*canela*).

The padre came, put the string inside the bottle, caught him in the noose, and pulled him out in the shape of a man. "Let us go!" he said, "I am ready." He tied up the man by the nape of his neck, and he turned again into a saddled mule, and the curate mounted her. Then the mule could not walk, on account of the relics which the curate carried. The Mule said to him, "Throw away those things which you are carrying, for they burn me much. I promise you that you shall find them on your table."

Then the padre threw his relics into the middle of the sea, and in four and twenty hours he arrived at his house. The padre let him go, and said, "Go away, accursed one, and never come again to trouble me." The Demon did not come back.

EL DIABLO

Era un hombre perseguido del diablo que, dondequiera que iba, siempre se le andaba apareciendo en figura de un machín. Una vez se fué á misa el hombre y allí estaba el diablo. Todo lo que hacía el padre en misa lo hacía el demonio también. Se iba en el hombro de los niños y los echaba á dormir.

Fué el hombre y se lo platicó al cura; y le dijo el padre, "Ahora te voy á confesar, á ver porque andas mirando esas visiones. Vas mañana á misa temprano á ver si vuelves otra vez á ver ese machín."

Fué el hombre á misa y allí estaba. En seguida se fué á confesar y allí iba el demonio. Entonces le dijo el padre, "Ten, hijo, este cordón, y dondequiera que vaya el demonio, tú lo sigues y lo lazas con este cordón y me lo traes aquí."

Se fué el hombre otra vez á la iglesia con el cordón en la mano. Salíó el demonio de la iglesia y el hombre detrás. Vió como echó unos perros á pelear; vió como echó á unos borrachos á pelear, y siguió el hombre al demonio. Entró en una taverna y se metió en una de las ollas de tepache.

Entonces le fué á avisar al cura que ya estaba allí metido en una de las ollas de tepache, y le dijo el cura, "Anda preguntale á la señora que cuanto quiere por que le metas la mano y saques á este animal que está dentro de la olla." Entonces la señora se asustó mucho y le dijo, "Nada me pagarás, pero saca ese animal de allí." Entonces el hombre metió la mano y el cordón, y lo lazó. Ya no salió el machín sino que un hombre que tenía piés de gallo; y se lo llevó á donde estaba el padre; y le dijo el padre, "Amárralo allí, y échale zacate que comer."

Entonces vino el padre á donde estaba amarrado el animal y le dijo, "¿Porqué tú te andas metiendo á donde no te conviene?" Entonces le dijo el demonio, "¡Déjame ir! Prométeme que me sueltas y te diré porqué."—"Sí," le dijo el padre. "Te prometo soltarte, pero dime ¿porqué te vas en mi templo?" Entonces contestó el demonio, "Porque debes una promesa á Roma, y si quieres ir á cumplirlo yo te llevaré en veinticuatro horas."—"Sí," le dijo el padre. "Pero sabes," le dijo el demonio, "que no vamos á caminar por tierra, sino que por el mar."—"Está bien," le dijo el padre. "Mañana muy temprano nos iremos."

Al otro día, cuando amaneció, una mula ensillada estaba en la puerta del curato, y se montó el padre, y se fueron encima de las aguas. En veinticuatro horas ya estaban en Roma.

Llegó el padre á una casa y amarró la mula. Se fué el padre al templo, y

trajo de allá muchas reliquias, estampas, rosarios. Le colocó en una petaca. Ya no encontró á la mula amarrada, sino que la gente de la casa estaba muy asustada porque se volvió en hombre la mula, y el hombre le dijo al dueño de la casa, "¿Quiéren Vdes. ver que yo me puedo meter en esta botella que está ahí?"—"Sí," le dijeron los hombres, "queremos ver que te metas." Y entonces se metió en la botella.

Llegó el padre, metió el cordón dentro de la botella, lo lazó y lo sacó en figura de un hombre. "Vámonos," le dijo, "ya estoy listo." Amarró al hombre del pescuezo y se volvió otra vez la mula ensillada, y se montó en ella el cura. Entonces ya no podía andar la mula por las reliquias que llevaba el cura. Le dijo la mula, "Tira esos mecates que llevas, porque me queman mucho. Te prometo que en tu mesa los encontrarás."

Entonces el padre tiró sus reliquias en medio del mar y en veinticuatro horas llegó al curato. Lo soltó el padre y le dijo, "¡Anda, vete maldito! ya no me vengas á perturbar jamás." Ya no volvió el demonio.

7. THE DEAD

There was an old woman who worked much at night, spinning and weaving her cloth. One moonlight night her dog howled much; and the old woman said, "Why does my dog howl so much?" She took it in her arms, and took the excretion out of the eyes of the dog and put it in her own eyes, and remained there looking out on the street, and she saw a procession coming, — many people with burning candles in their hands. She stood there, and the procession passed the door of her house.

Then one person came out of the procession and gave a candle to the old woman who was standing in the doorway. He said to her, "Take this candle, and to-morrow, when we pass again at the same hour, give it to me." — "Well," said the old woman. She took the candle and put it on her altar. She took the excretion out of her eyes and went to sleep.

The next day, early in the morning, there was no candle, but the shin-bone of a dead person. The old woman was frightened, and went to confession. Then the padre said to her, "Go get a very young infant, and stand in the doorway of your house with the shin-bone in one hand, and the infant in the other. When the procession passes and the man asks for the candle which he gave you last night, and when you give it to him, pinch the baby so that it cries, and give the man the candle with your other hand."

The old woman did so. She stood in the doorway and pinched the baby while she passed the candle to the man; and the Dead said to the old woman, "This protects you, for this was the hour when we were to take you;" and thus the old woman freed herself.

LOS MUERTOS

Pues, era una viejecita que trabajaba mucho de noche en hilar y tejer su manta. Una noche de luna lloraba mucho un perro que tenía, y dijo la viejecita, "¿Porqué

llorará tanto mi perro?" Entonces abrazó al perro y le quitó las chinquifas de los ojos del perro, y se lo colocó ella en sus ojos, y se quedó mirando á la calle, y vió una procesión que venía: mucha gente con velas en la mano ardiendo. Se quedó parada ella y pasó la procesión en la puerta de la casa.

Entonces salió uno de ellos y le dió una vela á la viejecita que estaba parada en la puerta. Le dijo, "Ten esta vela, y mañana, cuando volvamos á pasar á estas mismas horas, me la das."—"Bueno," dijo la viejecita, cogió la vela y la puso en su altar. Se quitó las chinquifas y se fué á dormir.

Al otro día ya no amaneció la vela, sino que una canilla de muerto. Se asustó la viejecita y se fué á confesar. Entonces le dijo el padre, "Vas á buscar una criatura tierna, y te paras en la puerta de la casa con la canilla en tu mano, y la criatura en la otra mano. Cuando pase la procesión entonces te pide la vela el hombre que te la dió anoche, y cuando tú le des la vela, entonces le pegas un pellizco al nene para que lllore, y con la otra mano le das la vela al hombre."

Así hizo la viejecita. Se paró en la puerta y le dió un pellizco al nene cuando le pasó la vela al hombre; y le dijeron los muertos á la viejecita "que te valga eso, sino ahora era tiempo para que te lleváramos," y así se libró la viejecita.

RIDDLES¹

1.

In a very dark room is a dead one,
the living one handling the dead one,
and the dead one is shouting.

A piano.

2.

They say I am king, and I have no
kingdom.

They say I am blonde, and have no
hair.

I set the watch, and am no watch-
maker.

The sun.

3.

I am round, like the world;

I am lady with a wreath;

Four hundred sons I have,

And with my tail I hold them.

Pomegranate.

4.

Dark and black

He goes to the sky,

And then falls back,

After giving a cry.

A*rocket.

ADIVINOS¹

1.

En un cuarto muy oscuro está un
muerto, el vivo tentando al muerto, y
el muerto dando gritos.

El piano.

2.

Dicen que soy rey y no tengo reino.

Dicen que soy rubio y no tengo pelo.

Compongo reloj y no soy relojero.

El sol.

3.

Soy redondo como el mundo,

Soy señora con corona,

Cuatrocientos hijos tengo

Y con la cola los mantengo.

La granada.

(Chile 305, 758; Dem. 1010)

4.

Un negrito

Subió al cielo,

Pegó un grito,

Cayó al suelo.

Cohete.

¹The comparative notes are from Eliodoro Flores, *Adivinanzas corrientes en Chile*, Santiago de Chile, 1911 (quoted: Chile); Antonio Machado y Alvarez (Demófilo), *Colección de Enigmas y Adivinanzas*, Sevilla 1880 (quoted Dem.); Fernán Caballero, *Cuentos, Oraciones, Adivinas y Refranes populares é infantiles*, Leipzig 1878 (quoted Cab.); F. R. Marín, *Cantos populares españoles I*, Sevilla 1882 (quoted Mar.). The references to the three last-named books have been taken from the notes to Flores' collection.

5.
(A play on *santa* and *judía*.)

5.
No soy *santa* ni *judía*
Hasta la semana *santa*
Llegó mi día.

La sandía.
(Compare Chile 674)

6.
A play on *plata-no*.

6.
Oro no es, *plata no* es,
Abre la cortina
Y verás lo que es.

El plátano.
(Chile 618, 619; Dem. 823)

7.
In a very dark hole
Is a man
Mending his rain-coat
With a turkey-feather.

Garlick.

7.
En un barranco muy oscuro
Está un hombre
Remendando su capote
Con pluma de guajalote.

El ajo.
(Compare Chile 400)

8.
White vine,
Black seeds,
Five little bulls,
One calf.
Paper, ink, fingers, pen.

8.
Pámpano blanco,
Semillas negras,
Cinco toritos,
Una ternera.

Papel, tinta, dedos, pluma.
(Chile 548)

9.
A watered court,
A dry court,
Out comes a monkey
Quite tipsy (?).

The toad.

9.
Patio regado,
Patio árido,
Sale un monito
Bien empinado.

El sapo.

10.
White as a dove,
Black as pitch,
It talks and has no tongue,
It runs and has no feet.

A letter.

10.
Blanca como la paloma,
Negra como la pez,
Habla y no tiene lengua,
Corre y no tiene piés.

Una carta.
(Chile 166; Dem. 251, 252; Cab. 129)

11.
In the field has well arisen
That which never has been sowed,
With its green cape
And its pretty red.

Gold.

11.
En el campo bien nacido
Lo que nunca fué sembrado,
Con su capotito verde
Y su bonito encarnado.

Oro.
(Chile 174)

12.
Tiviriviri
Tavaravará

12.
Tiviriviri
Tavaravará

Painted sheet,
What may it be?

The sky.

Sábana pintada,
¿Que cosa será?

Cielo.

13.

Pingre pingre is hanging,
Mángara mángara is standing.
If pingre pingre should take a fall,
Mángara mángara would eat it all.
Meat and cat.

13.

Pingre pingre está colgado,
Mángara mángara está parado.
Si pingre pingre se cayera,
Mángara mángara lo comiera.
Carne y gato.
(Chile 222; Dem. 563; Cab. 120)

14.

A pinpín,
A tantán,
A chirivín,¹
A scorpion.

Bells.

14.

Un pinpín,
Un tantán,
Un chirivín,
Un alacrán.

Campanas.

15.

(A play on *cala* [cut of a melon] and
basa.)

Calabash.

15.

En la *cala* del melón
Tengo fijado mi nombre;
Y en la *basa* del jugador
Mi sobre nombre.

Calabasa.

16.

Letters come and letters go,
Through the air above they blow.
Clouds.

16.

Cartas ven y cartas vienen,
En el aire se mantienen.
Las nubes.
(Compare Chile 192; Dem. 275)

17.

A little basket filled with flowers
Opens at night
And closes in the day.
The stars.

17.

Una canastita llenita de flores
De noche se extiende
Y de día se recoge.
Las estrellas.
(Chile 272, 296)

18.

Button over button,
Button of filigree.
You don't guess me now,
And not from here till to-morrow.
Pineapple.

18.

Botón sobre botón,
Botón de filigrana.
No me adivinas ahora,
Pero ni de aquí á mañana.
Piñas.
(Compare Chile 178, 179)

19.

(Play on words on *agua-cate*.)

19.

Agua pasa por mi casa
Cate de mi corazón
No me divinas ora
Pero ni de aquí á la ocasión.
Aguacate

¹ A kind of root.

20.
A little black one above,
And red Juan below.
Baking-plate on fire.
20.
Chico negrito arriba
Y Juán colorado abajo.
Comal y lumbre.
21.
Without being mule in the mill,
I go with my eyes covered
And feet apart.
Scissors.
21.
Sin ser mulo de molina
Voy con los ojos tapado
Y las patas al compás.
Las tijeras.
(Compare Chile 725-731, 733)
22.
An oven,
Four pillars,
Two man-frighteners,
One fly-frightener.
22.
Un horno de pan,
Cuatro pilares,
Dos espanta-gentes,
Un espanta-mosca.
A cow. La vaca.
(Chile 117, 761-764; Dem. 1012; Cab. 78)
23.
A cow of many colors
Threw herself into the sea.
My sea-water
It could not pass (?).
Darkness.
23.
Una vaca pinta
Se tiró á la mar.
Mi agua de mar
No pudo pasar (?).
La oscuridad.
(Chile 488, 701)
24.
In a mountain
Is a man.
He has teeth and does not eat,
He has a beard and is no man.
Ear of corn.
24.
En un monte monterano
Está un hombre franco sano,¹
Tiene diente y no come,
Tiene barbas y no es hombre.
Mazorca.
(Chile 36, 40, 41, 231; Dem. 47)
25.
A lady is coming who has a lord
With many patches
Without a stitch.
A hen.
25.
Una señorita viene aseñorada
Con muchos remiendos
Sin una puntada.
La gallina.
(Chile 286, 287; Dem. 461; Emilia Pardo Bazan,
"Folk-Lore Gallego," in *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares*, vol. iv, p. 69)
26.
He is small, like a rooster,
But can stand more than a horse.
?
26.
Chiquitito, como un gallo
Pero aguanta más que un caballo.
Las cámaras
(Chile 149)

¹ In Chill, hay un padre franciscano.

27.
A pock-marked Indian
Called Barrabas
Who pushes the women
To and fro.

The metate.

27.
Un indito cacarizo
Que se llama Barrabás
Que empuje á las mujeres
Por delante y por detrás.

El metate.

28.
I come from Pochutla
Displeased with Tutepec
My eyes are black
And my heart yellow.

The egg.

28.
De Pochutla vengo arriba
De Tutepec ofendido
Traigo los ojitos negros
Y el corazón amarillo.

El huevo.

(Chile 345, 346, 447; Dem. 536,
541, 543)

29.
What is that thing which one orders
weeping, and that one uses singing?
He pays for it who does not want it,
and he uses it who does not order it.

A coffin.

29.
¿Cuál es el objeto que se encarga
llorando, y se trabaja cantando? Lo
paga él que no lo quiere; y lo usa él
que no lo encarga.

El ataúd.

(Chile 69, 70, 71; Dem. 188)

SONGS

(Sung to the accompaniment of the guitar)

1. A las mujeres quererlas
Y no darles de comer
Darles palo como burro
Y agua caliente á beber.
2. Anda, vete y déjame
Estoy cansado de amarte.
No me metas en peligro
De matar ó que me maten.
3. Díme si ya t'enojastes
Que no me hablas te agradezco.
Del mismo genio soy yo
Que cuando quiero aborrezco.
4. Las mujeres son los diablo
Pariente de los demonio.
Con una tijera vieja
Pelaron á San Antonio.
5. Para quedarme dormido
En medio de tus brazitos
Como niño consentido
Mamando los pechitos.

6. Yo le pregunté á Cupido
Que sí se aman las casada;
Y me respondió afligido
Que esas son las apreciada
Que ofenden á su marido
Y sin interés de nada.
7. No duermo por adorarte
Y por que verte me despero
Que t'estimo hast' en el sueño
Pero cuando la rana crie pelo.
8. Yo te quisiera decir;
Pero sí me duele el alma,
Gertrudis y Margarita,
Dolores y Felicianá.
9. Tus ojitos me han gustado
En compañía de tu ceja;
Tus ojos me quieren hablar
Pero sí tú no los deja.
10. Cúpido con Salomón
Salieron al campo un día,
Pudo más el interés
Que el amor que le tenía.
11. Navegando en una balsa
Me quise desvanecer,
Y me agarré de una zarza
No me pude detener.
Por una cuartilla falsa
Me despreció una mujer.
12. Me embarqué en una falúa
En un barco navegué.
Anda, vete tú por agua,
Que yo por tierra me iré.
13. Que bonito par de ojitos
Me las quisieras vender
Me gusta por San Ganito
Que hast' en el modo de ver(?).
14. Si la pasión te domina
Ó te hace grado el amor
T' estiende la vista y mira
'Hora que estás en la flor
No después te cause envidia
Y quedarás otro mejor.
15. Cupido con su chulona
En el sueño le decía,

"Si no me quieres, pelona,
Abrázame, vida mia
Muérdeme, no seas chiquiona."

16. La mujer de Salomón
Lo vide y le quise hablar
Y me respondió afligido:
"Póngase á considerar
El que se meta conmigo
La vida le va á costar."
17. De Salomón y Cupido
Traigo versos muy bonito.
18. Las mujeres al querer
Tienen demás un sentido
Querellan á sus marido
Como potro á persogado
Relinchido y relinchido.
19. Soy como 'l amante mudo
Que ama sin poder hablar
La lengua sí me hace un nudo
Cuando me quiero explicar.
20. Quisiera ser pavo real
Para tener plumas bonita
Pero he sido cardinal
Criado en las tortolita
Como el que quiso no pudo
Querer á la más bonita.

DECIMAS

(Poems presented by young men to their sweethearts)

I.

Un jardín voy á formar
De todas las señoritas
Unas para convertirlas en flores
Y otras en puras rositas.

1. Las Petronas son manzanas
Las Antonias chirimoyas
Las Gregoritas cebollas
Y limas las Cayetanas
Duraznos serán las Juanas
Que á todo lo han de hermosear
Y el quien quisiere comprar
Prevéngase de antemano
Que para ser hortelano
Un jardín voy á formar.

2. Uvas serán las Marcelas
 Las Candelarias sandías
 Calabasas las Marías
 Y las Teresitas son peras
 Las Matianas y Ceberas
 Ni más ni menos zapote
 Las Marcelinas camote
 Buenos para refrescar
 Las Angelas tejocote
Del jardín que he de formar.

3. Piñas serán las Panchitas
 Las Lolitas azucenas
 Propias para verbenas
 Creo son las Margaritas
 Lechugas las Josefitas
 Las Guadalupes pepinas
 Las Ignacias son cominos
 Que también debo plantar
 Ha de quedar de primera
El jardín que he de formar.

En fin: 4. Brevas serán las Torribias
 Las Juanitas anonovias
 Guayabitas las Zenobias
 Y naranjas las Emilias
 Guineo son las Basiliás
 Como son las Leonarditas
 Las Mónicas y Mariquitas
 Que á la vista han de agradar
 Y con puras Margaritas
Un jardín voy á formar.

Fin.

II.

Hasta el muelle fui con ella
 Comunicando los dos
 Ahí fueron los suspiros
 Cuando ella me dijo adiós.

1. La prenda que yo estimaba
 Ya se apartó de mi lado
 No sé que causa le he dado
 Tanto como lo adoraba.
 Ella nada le faltaba
 Era reluciente estrella
 De mí no tuvo quebrante ella
 En todo era muy cumplida
 Pero no se fué sentida
Hasta el muelle fui con ella.

2. Le pregunté á mi lucero
 Por qué causa se me iba
 Y me respondió sentida
 "Yo no me voy porque quiero."
 Me dijo con mucho esmero
 "Ahora te quedas con Dios,"
 Se le cerraba la voz
 Pues ya de tanto llorar
 Cuando ella ya iba á montar
Comunicando los dos.
3. Todo se le iba en llorar
 Comunicándome á mí
 Con dolor me despedí
 Cuando 'la fui á encaminar.
 Pues ya de tanto llorar
 Dos corazones heridos
 Ya se echaban los retiros
 En aquel pueblo tirano
 Cuando ella me dió la mano
Allí fueron los suspiros.

En fin: 4. Ella se quedó llorando
 Yo puse el pié en el estribo
 Me dijo, "Vente conmigo
 Que por tí voy suspirando."
 Y yo le dije llorando
 Con un llanto muy atroz
 Despidiéndonos los dos
 "Para acordarme de tí."
 No pude volver en sí
 Cuando ella me dijo adiós.
Fin.

II. THE TALE OF COYOTE AND RABBIT OF THE CHATINO, OAXACA

The following tale was recorded by me in Pochutla, Oaxaca. It was dictated in Spanish by S. Ezéquiél Vázquez, a Chatino who lived in Pochutla in the winter of 1911-12.

There was a dear old woman who had three sons and had a field of chilarro. Every night a Rabbit came and did damage to it. One day the dear old woman bethought herself of a way to catch the Rabbit. After she had consulted several persons, one of them advised her to make a little monkey of wax, and, after covering the field that held the chilarro, to leave an entrance and to place there the monkey of wax.

At night the Rabbit came, and found the monkey in the doorway. He began to talk with him. He said to him, "Let me enter! I am very hungry. I offer you that you may eat me." Since the monkey did not answer, he struck him with one hand, and stuck fast. He

said, "If you hold this hand, I have another one." He struck him with the other hand also, and stuck fast. Again he said, "You are holding my hands, but I tell you that I have also two feet." He struck him with one foot, and stuck fast. He struck him with the other one, and stuck fast. Again he said, "I have other parts of my body." He struck him with his head, and stuck fast. He struck him with his tail, and stuck fast. He struck him with his chest, and stuck fast.

On the following morning the dear old woman arrived, and found the dear Rabbit stuck to the monkey, and said to him, "So you must be the one who eats my chile!" She took him home, and placed him in a net which was hanging from one of the rafters of the house.

At that time the Coyote passed by; and the Rabbit said to him, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote! Where are you going?" The Coyote replied, "Man alive, what are you doing here?" — "O Uncle Coyote! they have brought me here, because they want to marry me to the young daughter of the lady of this house, and I do not want to marry her. If you are willing to enter into this marriage, pull me out of here, and you shall be married." The Coyote obediently untied the net in which the Rabbit was caught, put himself inside, and the Rabbit hung the net up again where it had been and went away.

After a little while the dear old woman entered the room where this had happened, and saw the Coyote hanging in the net. She said to him, "You have turned from a Rabbit into a Coyote; but, whatever may happen, you will suffer your punishment." She sent for a pot of boiling water and put down a tub, into which she poured the hot water, and then she put the Coyote into it. When he felt the heat, he began to retreat, until finally he could make his escape and promised to pursue the Rabbit and to eat him.

After walking some distance in search of him in various places, he came upon him on a hillside where a cactus grew which had many prickly-pears (*tuna*), and he found the dear Rabbit eating prickly-pears. When he saw the Coyote, he said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" The Coyote said to him, "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, because you have fooled me." The Rabbit said to him, "No, uncle, I am not the one who fooled you. See, indeed, what good prickly-pears I am eating!" The Coyote said, "Throw me down one!" The Rabbit carefully removed the spines, and threw it down to him. "How good they are!" said the Coyote. "Throw me another one!" He cleaned the second one also, and threw it down to him. "Man alive, Rabbit, don't get tired of it! Throw me down another one!" He threw down another one, but without cleaning it. The greedy Coyote ate the third prickly-pear, and felt in his throat the pains of the spines. While he began to free himself of these, the Rabbit fled, after having committed this knavery.

The Coyote promised to pursue the Rabbit until he would eat him. After searching for him a long time, he met him on the slope of a great mountain. When he saw the Coyote, he placed himself close to a rock, and said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" — "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, Uncle Rabbit," said the Coyote to him. The dear little Rabbit replied, "No, uncle, you won't eat me. See, I am holding now this rock. If I let go of it, the world will come to an end, and I beg of you to help me a while. I am very hungry, and should like to go and take a lunch." The Coyote, very obediently, took hold of the rock, and the Rabbit made his escape. After the Coyote had been there quite a while holding the rock, he got tired, and said, "I'll let go of the rock, even if the world does come to an end. I can't stand it any longer," and he let go of it. The rock began to roll; and the Coyote looked at it and nothing happened; and he said, "Now it is twice that the Rabbit has fooled me; the third time I'll surely eat him."

He pursued him again, until he found him in a field alone, where he stood close to a hive; and when he saw the Coyote, he said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside! What are you doing here?" The Coyote replied to him, "I am looking for you; and now, indeed, I'll eat you, for you have fooled me many a time." — "No, uncle," answered the Rabbit, "I am not the one who has fooled you. That must be one of my companions, for I have been teacher of this school for quite a while. If you like to have a good salary, I'll give you this place." The Coyote accepted; and when he asked the Rabbit for some instructions, the Rabbit replied, "If these boys do not want to study, say to them, 'Study;' and if they do not obey, take this cane and touch the hive three times."

After having given the Coyote this instruction, he went away. The Coyote remained playing his rôle, and said from time to time, "Study, study!" and the bees in that hive did not obey. Then the Coyote struck the hive according to the instructions of the Rabbit until the bees came out and stung him, so that he rolled about.

The Coyote, much offended by the many tricks that the Rabbit had played him, promised to pursue him again, until he should find him and eat him. After having searched for him in several places, he met him on the shore of a lake. When he saw the Coyote, he said, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside! What are you doing hereabouts?" The Coyote replied to him, "I am in search of you; and now, indeed, I am going to eat you, for you have fooled me too much, and I'll punish you for your misdeeds." The dear little Rabbit said to him, "No, uncle, I am not the one who has fooled you. He who has fooled you must have been one of my companions. See! I have been given as a present a very large cheese for my lunch to-day;

but since I have other better things ready, if you like it, I'll give it to you." The Coyote, well satisfied, accepted the present, which, thereupon, he gave to him. The Rabbit said to him, "When you are hungry, go into the lake, until you arrive at the place where the cheese is, and eat it." The Coyote thanked him, and the Rabbit went away.

The moon, which was full, was reflected in the water, and looked like a cheese. The Coyote, who was hungry, went into the water several times, and, since he did not reach the cheese, said that the Rabbit had fooled him again. Indeed, when he looked up to the sky, he saw the full moon. Filled with indignation, the Coyote said, "Now, indeed, I'll go in search of the Rabbit, and I'll eat him."

After having searched the longest time, he came to the bank of a river, and saw the Rabbit, who was rocking himself in a deep place by means of some lianas. When he saw the Coyote, he said, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" and the Coyote said to him, "Now, indeed, scoundrel, am I going to eat you, for I have been fooled by you time and again, and your misdeeds deserve punishment." The Rabbit said to him, "Why do you say that to me, Mr. Uncle? I am not the one who has fooled you. Maybe some of my companions have done it. See, indeed! I am taking delightfully fresh air in this hammock; and if you wish to refresh yourself, — for without doubt you are much heated by your walk, — and meanwhile refresh yourself." The Coyote accepted the proposal, and when he had reached the hammock, the Rabbit climbed up some rocks from which the lianas hung down, and began to gnaw at them until they broke; and therewith a detonation was heard in the water, when the Coyote had fallen into it. The Rabbit went his way, and the Coyote was in great trouble to get out of the deep hole. Once out of the hole, he said he would pursue the Rabbit until he should find and eat him.

After going several days in search of the Rabbit, he met him in a large reed, and said to him, "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, for you have fooled me too much, Rabbit." The Rabbit replied, "No, uncle! When did I fool you? See, it is true, I must assist at a marriage, and should like you to play the guitar. Look here, see how many jars of pulque I have! If you accept, they shall all be yours." The Rabbit gave a leaf of corn to the Coyote, for that was his guitar. "And when you hear the noise of rockets, play the guitar more vigorously; then I'll bring the bridal couple, and I'll come at once and we'll dance the fandango."

The dear little Rabbit, when he left the reeds, set fire to the dry leaves, and a great fire started. When the Coyote heard the noise of the green reeds which were burning, he played the corn-leaves more vigorously. When he felt that it was the fire that had come near him,

he could not get out, however hard he tried, and had to die of asphyxiation.

COYOTE Y CONEJO

Era una viejecita que tenía tres hijos, y tenía una sembradura de chilarro. Todas las noches iba un conejo á hacerle daño. Un día la viejecita inventó cual sería la manera de coger el conejito. Después de haber consultado con varias personas le indicó una que hiciera un monito de cera, y después de cubrir el corral, que contenía los chillarros, dejar un portillito (*sic!*) y dejar allí el monecito de cera.

En la noche llegó el conejo y encontró al monecito en la puerta. Comenzó á conversar con él. Le dijo, "Déjame entrar que traigo mucha hambre. Te ofrezco que me comas." No habiendo contestado el monecito, le acometió con una mano y se quedó pegado. Le dijo, "Si me agarras esta mano tengo la otra." Volvió á pegarle con la otra mano y se quedó pegado. Volvió a decirle, "Ya me tienes de las dos manos, pero también te diré que tengo dos pies." Le pegó con un pié y se quedó pegado. Le pegó con el otro y se quedó pegado. Volvió á decirle, "De mi cuerpo tengo otras cosas más." Le pegó con la cabeza, se quedó pegado. Le pegó con la cola, se quedó pegado. Le pegó con la caja del cuerpo y se quedó pegado.

A la mañana siguiente llegó la viejecita y encontró al conejito pegado al mono y le dijo, "Tu eres el que te estás comiendo mis chilarritos." Se lo llevó para su casa y lo colocó en una red colgada en uno de los atravezaños de la casa.

En esto pasaba el coyote, y le dijo el conejo, "Adiós, tío coyote. ¿A dónde vas?" El coyote le contestó, "¿Qué haces ahí, hombre?"—"Ay, tío coyote, pues me han traído aquí que quieren casarme con la niña hija de la señora de esta casa, y yo no quiero. Pues, si tu quieres contraer dicho enlace, sácame de aquí y te casarás." El coyote obediente desató la red donde estaba el conejo preso, y se metió, y volvió el conejo á colgarla donde estaba y se fué.

Después de algunos instantes entró la viejecita en la pieza á donde sucedió esto y vió al coyote que estaba colgado en la red. Le dijo, "De conejo te volvistes coyote, pero no le hace como quiera, sufrirás tu castigo." Mandó traer una olla de agua hirviendo y colocó una tina en donde echó el agua caliente y metió al coyote. Este, al sentir los ardores, comenzó á retrasar hasta que por fin pudo escaparse prometiendo que seguiría al conejo hasta comérselo.

Después de haber andado algo buscándolo por varios puntos, vino á encontrarlo en una loma á donde había un nopal que tenía muchas tunas y encontrábase el conejito comiendo tunas. Al divisar el coyote, le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado." El coyote le dijo, "Ahora sí te voy á comer porque me has engañado." El conejo le dijo, "No, tío, yo no soy él que te he engañado. Mira, verás, que buenas tunas me estoy comiendo." El coyote dijo, "¡Echame una!" El conejo le quitó bien los aguates y se la tiró. "Que buenas están," dijo tío coyote. "¡Echame otra!" Volvió á limpiar la segunda tuna y se le tiró. "¡Hombre conejo, no te enfades! ¡Tírame otra!" Volvió á tirarle pero sin limpiarla. El goloso coyote se comió la tercera tuna y sintió en la garganta los ardores del aguate. Comenzando á quitarse de aquellos el conejo escapó después de haber cometido esta picardía.

El coyote prometió seguir al conejo hasta comérselo. Después de haber lo buscado mucho, lo vino á encontrar en una gran ladera. Al ver al coyote se

pegó junto á una peña y le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado."—"Ahora sí te voy á comer, tío conejo," le dijo el coyote. El conejito le contestó, "No, tío, no me comas. Mira, que ahora estoy teniendo esta peña. Pues si la suelto, se acaba el mundo, y te suplico que me ayudes un rato. Pues tengo una hambre y quiero ir á almorzar." El coyote, muy obediente, agarró la peña, y el conejo se escapó. Después de un gran rato de estar el coyote deteniendo la peña se cansó y dijo, "Pues yo suelto la peña aunque se acabe el mundo. Pues ya no aguanto," y la soltó. La peña comenzó á rodar, y el coyote se quedó mirándola sin haber pasado nada, y dijo, "Pues que con esta van dos que me engaña el conejo, y á las tres, sí me lo cómo."

Volvió á perseguirlo, hasta encontrarlo en un campo solo, donde estaba junto á un panal, y al divisar al coyote le dice, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado. ¿Qué andas haciendo?" El coyote le contestó, "Te ando buscando, porque ahora sí te voy á comer, porque ya me has engañado muchas veces."—"No, tío," le contestó el conejo, "no fui yo quien te ha engañado. Sería mi otro compañero, porque yo ya tengo tiempo de ser preceptor de esta escuela. Pues si quieres ganar buen salario, te daré este destino." El coyote aceptó y después de pedirle algunas instrucciones el conejito le contestó, "Cuando no quieran estudiar estos muchachos, les dirás 'estudien,' y si no te quieren obedecer, tome esta varita y le tocarás al panal tres veces."

Después de haberle dado esta instrucción al coyote se fué. El coyote se quedó desempeñando su papel y de cuando en cuando decía, 'estudien, estudien;' y las abejas de este panal no obedecían. Entonces el coyote pegó al panal según las indicaciones del conejito alborotando las abejas que le picaron hasta revolverlo.

El coyote ofendido con tantas burlas que el conejo le había hecho prometió seguirlo de nuevo, hasta encontrarlo para comerlo. Después de haberlo buscado en varios lugares lo encontró en la orilla de un lago. Al ver al coyote le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado. ¿Qué andas haciendo por estos rumbos?" El coyote le contestó, "Ando en busca tuya, y ahora sí te voy á comer, pues me has engañado mucho, y te voy á castigar tus faltas." El conejito le dijo, "No, tío, no he sido yo que te ha engañado. El que te ha engañado habrá sido mi compañero. Pues mira, me han regalado este grandísimo queso para almorzarme hoy. Pero como tengo preparadas otras cosas más buenas, si tu quieres comértelo, te lo regalaré." El coyote, muy contento, aceptó el regalo que entonces le hacía. El conejo le dijo, "Cuando ya tengas hambre, te sumes en este lago hasta llegar á donde está el queso y te lo comerás." El coyote le dió gracias, y el conejo se fué.

Como la luna estaba en su llena, reflejaba en el agua, figurando un queso. El coyote, teniendo ya hambre, se sumió en el agua varias veces, y no alcanzando el queso, dijo, que ya lo había vuelto á engañar el conejo. En efecto, al mirar para el cielo vió que la luna estaba en su llena. Lleno de indignación el coyote dijo, "Ahora sí me voy á buscar al conejo, y me lo cómo."

Después de haber buscado muchísimo, llegó á la orilla de un río, y vió al conejo que se mecía por medio de unos bejucos en una hondura. Al ver al coyote dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado;" y le dice el coyote, "Ahora sí, pícaro, te voy á comer, pues he sido engañado por tí varias veces, y tu falta merece castigo." El conejo le dijo, "¿Porqué me dice Vd. eso, tío? No he

sido yo quien te ha engañado. Tal vez sean otros compañeros. Pues mira, verás, que me estoy dando un aire tan fresco en esta hamaca, y si quieres refrescarte,—porque sin duda vendrás muy caluroso y mientras refréscate.” El coyote aceptó la propuesta, y habiendo llegado á la hamaca, el conejo se trepó sobre unas peñas donde dependía el bejuco, y comenzó á morderlo hasta reventarlo, y con esto se oyó una detonación dentro del agua donde cayó el coyote. El conejo se fué y el coyote quedó en grandes aflicciones para salir de aquella hondura. Una vez salido el coyote de aquella hondura dijo, que se guiría al conejo hasta encontrarlo para comérselo.

Después de varios días de andar el coyote en busca del conejo, lo vino á encontrar entre un gran carrizal y le dice, “Ahora sí te voy á comer, porque me has engañado mucho, conejito.” El conejo le contestó, “No, tío; ¿cuando te he yo engañado? Mira, de veras, que tengo que apadrinar un casamiento y quiero que tu toques la guitarra. Pues, mira, cuantas ollas de pulque tengo preparadas; y si aceptas, tuyo será todo eso.” El conejo le pasó un totomoztle al coyote, que ese era la guitarra, “Y cuando oigas la tronadera de cohetes, me tocas la guitarra mas recio, pues voy á traer los novios y luego vengo para que sigamos el fandango.”

El conejito al salir del carrizal encendió las hojas secas y comenzó un gran quemazón. El coyote, al oír la tronadera de los carrizos verdes que estaban quemando, más recio le daba el totomoztle. Cuando sintió era que la lumbre había llegado junto á él y por más esfuerzos que hizo para salir, nada pudo lograr y tuvo que morir asfixiado.

III. TALES FROM TEHUANTEPEC

The following tales were obtained from a young Tehuano, Samuel Villalobo in Tehuantepec, who wrote them out in the Tehuano dialect of the Zapotecan language. Since I had not sufficient time to revise the Zapotecan phonetics, I give here merely the English translation, which I obtained from another Tehuano, Señor Anselmo Cortez.

I. JUAN TIGRE

A man and his wife were living on their ranch at the outskirts of a village. They had several head of cattle which they milked every day. They used part of the milk for selling, and part for making cheese. The wife was pious, almost a fanatic, and went to mass every day just before her husband finished milking; then she took the milk of the first cows along for sale, and fulfilled her religious duties at the same time.

One Sunday it happened that she urged her husband to go to mass. After they had agreed upon this, he went to church, while she remained behind to milk the cows.

Unfortunately, that day one of them did not come to the corral, and, as it was getting late, the woman went out to look for her all around the corral; but instead of finding the cow of which she was in search, she met a tiger; and before she realized what was happening, the

beast carried her to his cave, where he kept her locked up many years. During this time the poor woman lived on raw meat, which the tiger obtained from the herd of her own husband. At the end of one year the woman gave birth to a boy, the son of the tiger, who grew up, strong and fierce, like his father, but who had human form. The years passed, and the boy developed extraordinary strength. Therefore he opened the stone door of the cavern, which his mother had not been able to move with all the efforts she had made. The mother, with the tenderness that belongs to all of them, taught him to speak, and told him her story as soon as she thought that her son understood her.

The boy asked her one day if she wished to leave her prison, and said that he could free her by killing his own father. The woman accepted the proposal of her son, although with great fear, and made up her mind to suffer the consequences in case he should not succeed. The beast had gone out to bring meat for his family. Then the boy, who was seven years old, searched for a weapon, and found near the cave a stout and heavy pole, with which he prepared himself to murder his father. The boy kept in hiding outside of the enormous rock which served as his mother's prison, when the tiger's terrific and wild howl was heard, which terrified the poor woman inside the cave as never before. The wild beast came to the door, and, when he tried to open it, he received a tremendous blow on the head, which killed him almost immediately. A second blow ended the life of the animal, who lay there, extending his teeth and his claws for a little while, as though he wanted to imbed them in the flesh of his enemy.

The boy and his mother left the dark place in which they had passed such sad days of their existence, and travelled to the ranch of the woman's husband. As might be supposed, the woman had not even a rag with which to cover herself. While they were walking through the woods, she covered herself with leaves; but when they came near the hut, she sent her son to see the master, and to ask him for a garment for his mother, who was naked. That poor man was no other than her husband, who preserved as a sacred token of remembrance the dresses of his beloved wife, whom he believed to have been dead for many years.

The woman reached the home of her husband, to whom she did not disclose herself at once. She only asked for a room in which she and her son might sleep several days. But while these days were passing, he became convinced that she was his wife. He questioned her one day. "Do you remember Mr. H.? You say that you lived here a long time ago?"—"Certainly," replied she. "He was a very good and true man." Then he noticed in her face an expression of sadness which overshadowed her soul and tortured her. He did not doubt any longer, and said to her, "You must be my wife Maria,

whom I have not forgotten a single moment, and whom I love with all my soul." Maria could not restrain her tears, and said, "Yes, I am your wife; rather, I have been your wife; for now, although I should like to call myself so, I am unworthy of loving you. I have lived with a tiger that took me from your side." And she told him all the bitterness and sadness she had endured in the dark abode of that wild beast.

The couple lived united, and loving each other more than in the first years after their marriage. They agreed to take the boy to be baptized; and they called him Juan, and his godfather was the priest of the village. They sent the boy to school; but as soon as his fellows saw him, they made fun of him, and called him *Ladi ri guicha huini* (Little-Hairy-Body) or Juan Tigre. And Juan, who had in his veins the blood of the tiger, with one stroke of his fist left all those who made fun of him foolish for all their lives. His parents, in order to reform him, left him with his godfather, the priest. He thought he could reform Juan by frightening him by means of the skulls of the dead, which, according to the beliefs of the people, haunted the steeple of the church. One day, when Juan went up to toll the bells, he saw two skulls, which jumped about as though moved by a mysterious power. Juan smiled, threw them down so that they rolled about, and, when he arrived at home after calling to mass, he said to the priest, "Godfather, your servant-girl is very careless; she left on the stairs of the steeple the two calabashes in which she makes atole." The priest was surprised at the courage of the boy, and replied, saying that he would tell the girl to take better care of her things.

Then he sent him to another town to take a letter to the priest there, with the condition that he should sleep alone in a hut which stood all by itself in the fields. Juan staid there, as he had been told, continued his way on the following day, and on his way back he slept there again. He had hunger, but had no wood to heat the food that he was carrying. Juan said to himself, "Why is there no wood or straw of any kind to make a fire, and heat my supper?" At the same moment he heard a noise which announced a falling body. They were bones of skeletons, which Juan used as fuel to heat his meal. Undoubtedly the ghosts (*las penas*) knew his courage, and said, "In the corner which looks southward, at a depth of half a yard, you will find a pot full of gold and silver coin, for, on account of this money, we have been haunting this spot for a long time."

Juan left there, and directed his steps to his godfather, to whom he gave the reply to his message, and explained to him the place that had been indicated to him, and where the money was. The priest took this wealth away in small quantities, so that nobody should know what he was doing.

Two years passed. The father of Juan had come to be rich, because he participated in the enormous wealth that his son had found. He, however, on account of his instincts, had to look for adventures, and make himself famous by his deeds throughout the world.

He left his home, armed only with a goodly iron pole, which he alone, on account of his extraordinary strength, could manage. He met a ghost (*duende*), a man who carried enormous stones, and a very noted person called "Big-Finger" (*Dedo mayor*) because he lifted whatever he liked with his first finger and without any effort. These three wished to fight Juan Tigre; but it was impossible to vanquish him, and he made them his slaves. They travelled about several days, and came to a hut in the field which seemed to be inhabited. Notwithstanding appearances, nobody lived there.

The ghost staid there, and was to prepare dinner for his fellows who went out to hunt. Poor ghost! He would better have gone with his friends! A negro, ugly, exceedingly ugly, came to the hut, beat him, threw away his dinner, and ordered him to leave at once, or else he would kill him. The hunters came back, and the ghost explained to them what had happened. Then Juan Tigre, the chief, scolded him severely, and ordered that on the following day Big-Finger should stay at home. To him and to Stone-Carrier happened the same as to the ghost.

Then Juan Tigre said, "You all go and hunt, I shall await the negro and see what he wants." Poor negro! Better he had not come! Juan beat him so hard, that the poor negro had to flee precipitately, leaving a line of blood on the road, for he had torn off one of his ears. When Juan's companions arrived, he gave them a good dinner to eat, while they had not been able to provide a meal.

After dinner they followed the tracks of the negro, and noted that in all probability he had gone down into a well. They brought halters; and Juan went down to the bottom of the well, telling his companions to pull him up as soon as he should shake the rope. After a few moments Juan shook the rope, and his companions began to pull up something heavy. They were surprised to see a beautiful maiden tied in the halter. They lowered the rope again, and pulled up another, younger girl. The same happened a third time. Then each one of these bad people said, "This one shall be my wife!" and each one took his future wife by the arm. They left Juan in the dark well. When the chief saw that the halter was not coming down again, he threatened the negro of whom we have spoken, and who was in the bottom of the well, howling on account of the loss of his ear, with death, if he should not take him out of there. The negro said, "Do not kill me! Let me live here! If you wish for anything, bite my ear which you have, and you will get your wish." Juan bit the ear, and,

to his great surprise, he saw himself out of the well without knowing how it had happened.

By means of the ear he also learned the whereabouts of his companions, who thought Juan would die in the well, and took those beautiful maidens to the house of the King, who said that he was their father, and that they had been carried away by a negro whose whereabouts could not be discovered.

The King compelled his daughters to marry the bad persons who had returned them to their father. They protested, saying that the person who had saved them was a stout, fierce, and ugly man, with whom each of them had left a ring. The father insisted on his idea; and the miserable companions of Juan would have triumphed, if he had not appeared on time at the castle of the King and shown the rings which his daughters had given him.

The King ordered the treacherous friends of Juan to be shot, and said to him, "You shall be the master of my daughters. They love you, because you have saved them from the claws of the monster; and as a prize for your virtues and strength you shall be my heir."

2. A RASCAL

There was a Tehuano who one gay night saw a light of the kind which they say produces money, and, thinking himself unable to visit the light and to mark the place where he had seen it, he put off doing so, intending to go with one of his friends. On the following day he told his friend about what he had seen. They went to the place, marked it, and agreed to meet that same night with crowbars, to proceed with the excavation, and to divide what they were going to take out. The friend of the man who had seen the light went that night, as agreed upon, but the other one did not go. Therefore the other one proceeded alone to open the ground, pulled out the money, and took it to his house without telling the man who had seen the light. This one also went alone the following night with the idea of taking away the hidden money. What was his surprise, when he saw the hole from which his friend had taken the money! On account of this, and sure that nobody else knew about it, he looked up his friend, who had already put on new clothes and a fine hat. He reproached him, and demanded one-half of the money that he had taken out. The other one said that he did not know who had done it. The former man was much annoyed, and intended to frighten the other one with the judge, so that he should return the money.

When he received the summons, he went to a lawyer who was to defend him. The lawyer advised him to tell him the truth, so that he might save him. He confided the truth, and said that he had found and taken two thousand dollars. The lawyer said that if he

would give him one-half of that sum for the work that he would have to do, he would defend him. He agreed, and the lawyer instructed him, saying that he was to go to see the judge on the day and at the hour specified in the summons, and that he should pretend to be mute; after he had greeted the judge with gestures, he should deliver the summons; and when the judge should make known to him the claim against him, he should make with his fingers twice "pis pis pis, pis pis pis;" and if the judge should ask him to act according to the truth, he should do the same, so as to tire him out.

He did so. He went to see the judge, greeted him with movements of the head; and when he delivered the summons, he did everything the lawyer had told him. The judge could not do anything. He got tired, and sent both away, calling them fools.

The lawyer, who had seen all that happened, followed the man to his home; and when he asked him about all that had occurred, he answered him the same way with "pis pis pis, pis pis pis." The lawyer asked him to stop his fooling and to bring one-half of the money agreed upon, but he did not obtain anything. He asked him for one-fourth of the money, but to no effect. When he saw the man's evil intention and rascality, he was disgusted, and said, "Nobody is more to blame than myself, for I advised your mode of defence," and withdrew; while the other one had made a fool of him, of the judge, and of the one who had discovered the money.

IV. NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF TEPOZTLAN

The following two fragments of tales were obtained from Mr. Verazaluce, a native of Tepoztlan. The former one belongs to the Rabbit cycle in Tepoztlan as well as in the Valley of Mexico. The opossum takes the place of the rabbit, and the puma that of the coyote.

I. PUMA AND OPOSSUM

A man had a garden in which he was raising *tunas* (prickly-pears). Two animals, the puma and the opossum, came to steal fruit; and the latter climbed a tree and began to eat. Puma asked him to throw down some fruit to him, and opossum complied with his request. Puma, however, ate so greedily, that he swallowed the *tunas* with the spines and was almost choked. At that moment the owner of the garden was coming, and Opossum made his escape. When they found Puma, who was still struggling with the spines, they gave him a sound beating.

At another time Puma and Opossum came to a rock. Opossum said to Puma, "See! this rock is moving. See how it is cutting through the clouds! Hold on to it while I go to get a meal!" Puma saw the clouds passing over the top of the rock, and believed that the rock was moving. He held on to it while Opossum ran away. When he

had staid away a long time, Puma opened his eyes, and saw that the rock was not moving at all, but that clouds were passing over it.¹

2. LION, COYOTE, AND WOOD-CHOPPER

A wood-chopper was working in the woods. A Lion came along very hungry, and said to the wood-chopper, "I am sorry I have nothing to eat; so there is no help for it, I must eat you." The wood-chopper asked to be spared, but to no avail. Then he said to Lion, "Just let me settle my affairs first, then you may eat me. Meanwhile put your hands here to hold the tree." Lion consented, and put his hands in the crack of the tree. Then the wood-chopper knocked out the wedges, and Lion was caught. After a while a man came past, and Lion prayed to be released. The man did as requested. Then Lion said, "I am sorry I have nothing to eat; so there is no help for it, I must eat you." The man begged for mercy, but Lion would not listen. Then the man promised to bring him his wife's chickens, and Lion finally accepted. The man went home and demanded from his wife her chickens. First she remonstrated; but since the man insisted that he ought to keep his word, she finally said that she would consent. She went and put her dogs into a bag, gave the bag to her husband, and said that those were the chickens. The man went back to redeem his promise, and on his way met Coyote, who accompanied him. When he came to Lion, he left the bag there. Lion untied it, and the dogs jumped out and chased away both him and Coyote.

V. COMPARATIVE NOTES

The study of the Mexican tales recorded in the present number, and of the New-Mexican material published by Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa in Vol. XXIV of this Journal, has led me to the conclusion that the Spanish-American folk-lore as well as that of the American negroes is derived largely from Spanish sources, and that the influence of Spanish folk-lore upon that of the Indians of the Western plateaus and plains has not received sufficient attention, and must be taken into account in the analysis of Western folk-lore and mythology.

The animal tales collected in Mexico have a considerable distribution over the American Continent. They have been fully described from Brazil, and their relationship to negro tales has repeatedly been pointed out.² Later on A. Ernst recorded stories of the same type in Venezuela, and others were collected by Dr. Rudolf Lenz in Chili. In the United States we have material from the Apache, Cherokee, Yuchi, and other

¹ Evidently these are badly told versions of the regular Rabbit cycle. A better account of the second story has been given by Marden from Mexico City (see *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xi (1896), pp. 43-46.

² Charles F. Hartt, *Amazonian Tortoise Myths* (Rio de Janeiro, 1875); *Conto de Magalhães, O Salvagem* (Rio de Janeiro, 1876), pp. 175-281; Herbert Smith, *Brasil, the Amazonas, and the Coast* (New York, 1879); Sylvio Romero, *Contos populares do Brasil* (Lisbon, 1883); F. J. de Santa-Anna Nery, *Folk-Lore Brésilien* (Paris, 1889).

southeastern tribes, not to mention more remotely related tales from the more northerly regions.

I will give here a number of tales of the animal cycle, more particularly Rabbit tales recorded in America.

Some of the Coyote tales have been recorded from Mexico City by C. C. Marden;¹ from the Tarahumare, by Lumholtz.² The tale of the rabbit and the cockroach, the hen, the dog, lion and hunter, occurs in identical form in Venezuela. Ernst also records the story of the tar baby.³

There is also a close relation to the Araucanian tales from Chili recorded by Dr. Rudolf Lenz.⁴ The first part of the tale occurs in similar form in Chili and in Venezuela. Dr. Lenz tells it as follows:—

Once upon a time there was a Tiger, and his nephew the Fox. The Fox had a sister. Fox and Tiger had a quarrel, and the Tiger set out to kill the Fox, who went to an oak-tree, in the shadow of which he began to cut thongs out of a hide. The Tiger saw him, and said, "What are you doing there, Fox?"—"I am cutting thongs. The whole world is going to be turned upside down, therefore I am about to tie myself to the trunk of this oak-tree: surely it will not be turned upside down."—"Then tie me to the tree too," said the Tiger. "All right, then I'll tie you up first," said the Fox. "Put your arms around the trunk of the tree." The Tiger did so, and the Fox tied him firmly to the tree. "Don't tie me so fast," said the Tiger. When he was tied up well, the Fox took a switch and gave him a sound thrashing. "Don't strike me so hard, Fox," said the Tiger. "Why did you want to kill me, bad Uncle Tiger?" replied the Fox, and almost killed him. Then he left and went to another country.⁵

The following part of the version from Chili corresponds to an episode in the Mexican cycle.

(The Fox's enemy was in hiding near the water.) At noon the Fox went to the water, but he was suspicious. He remained some distance away, and shouted, "My water always speaks to me when it wants me to drink. I want to drink of my water," said the Fox. "When I say so four times to my water, it replies, 'Well, come and drink me!'" Then he shouted three times, "I want to drink of my water," but the water never replied. "Don't it want me to drink of it? I want to drink of you, water!" Then the water replied, "Come and drink me."—"Oho!" said the Fox, "water does not speak, I never heard the like of it," and ran away.

Here the conversation between the Fox and the water is analogous to our Pochutla version, and to the conversation between the Rabbit and his hole, in New Mexico.⁶

¹ *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xi (1896), pp. 43-46.

² Carl Lumholtz, *Unknown Mexico* (New York, 1902), vol. i, p. 306.

³ A. Ernst, "Tio Tigre und Tio Conejo," *Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*, 1888, vol. xx, pp. 275, 277.

⁴ *Araukanische Märchen* (Valparaiso, 1896), p. 41.

⁵ Compare the same story from Venezuela in A. Ernst, *l. c.*, p. 275.

⁶ See Aurelio M. Espinosa, "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore," in this Journal, vol. xxiv (1911), p. 422.

In North America we have, beside the interesting collection published by Professor Espinosa, just referred to, a few of the tales in the Fox and Rabbit cycle of the Jicarilla Apache.¹ The incidents are somewhat different; but the incident of Rabbit teaching school, and that of the tar baby, occur in identical form. Here we have also a version of the race between Frog and Antelope.² The story of the race between the Rabbit and the Tortoise or some other animal, in which the slower animal wins by placing others of his family along the race-track, is quite widely distributed among other North American tribes. Lumholtz has it from the Tarahumare (Frog and Coyote); Cushing, from the Zuñi (Gopher and the Runners of K'iakime).³ Dr. George A. Dorsey has recorded it from the Caddo as a race between Coyote and Turtle.⁴ From the Cherokee it is known through the collection of James Mooney,⁵ who records the version "How the Terrapin beat the Rabbit." Dr. George A. Dorsey also mentions it from the Arikara.⁶ Dr. Speck also mentions a version from the Algonquin of the Western Great Lakes, recorded by E. R. Young.⁷ We find it in British Columbia among the Thompson Indians.⁸

The tar-baby story shows a similar distribution. It occurs in North America, in a form identical with the Mexican and American negro story, among the Biloxi,⁹ Yuchi,¹⁰ and Cherokee.¹¹ Modified forms, in which, however, the principal incidents may still be recognized, are found in California among the Yana¹² and Shasta,¹³ in Oregon among the Takelma.¹⁴

Turning to the American negro tales, the analogies are obvious.

¹ Frank Russell, "Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xi (1898), pp. 267-268.

² Flinay Earle Goddard, "Jicarilla Apache Texts," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. viii (1911), p. 237.

³ Frank Hamilton Cushing, *Zuñi Folk-Tales* (New York, 1901), p. 277.

⁴ *Traditions of the Caddo* (Carnegie Institution, 1905), p. 104.

⁵ James Mooney, "Myths of the Cherokee," *10th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 271-273.

⁶ *Traditions of the Arikara* (Carnegie Institution), p. 143.

⁷ *Algonquin Indian Tales*, p. 246.

⁸ James Teit, "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. viii, p. 395.

⁹ J. Owen Dorsey, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. vi (1893), p. 48.

¹⁰ Frank G. Speck, "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, Anthropological Publications of the University Museum*, vol. i (Philadelphia, 1909), pp. 152-153.

¹¹ "Myths of the Cherokee," *10th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 270, 450. Perhaps also Yuchi (see Frank G. Speck, "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, Anthropol. Publ. of the University Museum*, vol. i, p. 141).

¹² Edward Sapir, "Yana Texts," *University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology*, vol. ix (1910), p. 227. Collected by Roland B. Dixon.

¹³ Roland B. Dixon, "Shasta Myths," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 34.

¹⁴ Edward Sapir, "Takelma Texts," *Anthropological Publications, University of Pennsylvania*, vol. ii, p. 87.

The tar-baby story has been recorded from the negroes of many parts of America.¹ The North American negro version generally ends with the episode of the escape of the Rabbit, who is thrown into the brier-bushes or into the grass because he pretends that this will kill him; but the characteristic exchange of places is also known, some other animal being enticed to creep into the bag or trap in which the Rabbit has been caught.² In the Bahama version, Rabbit maintains, as in Pochutla, that he is to marry the Queen's daughter. The answering house³ and the taking of the moon out of the pond⁴ are familiar episodes in the American negro cycle. Holding up the rock has its analogue in Grinny-Granny Wolf,⁵ and the good deed repaid by an evil one in the escape of Rabbit from Wolf.⁶ The Bear tied to the tree⁷ is a parallel to the Chili and Venezuela stories mentioned before, and the swing across the brook⁸ may correspond to the swing in the Pochutla version.

It will be seen, therefore, that our problem is to determine the relation of the Indian and American Rabbit tales to African and European folk-lore.

It seems to me particularly important that wherever the Rabbit tales appear fully developed, European folk-lore material is also of frequent occurrence. This is certainly true in South America, Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona, where not only tales of European origin are common, but where also riddles, songs, and music are all of European origin. In negro folk-lore the animal tale apparently preponderates, probably because the Uncle Remus books have given particular prominence to this class of tales. The collections of Professor Fortier from Louisiana, of Professor Charles L. Edwards from the Bahama Islands, and of Charles C. Jones from Georgia, show clearly, however, that a large number of European fairy-tales are also present in the lore of the American negroes. The general impression given is, therefore, that the Rabbit cycle and other European folk-lore of a certain type belong historically together.

¹ See, for instance, Alcée Fortier, "Louisiana Folk-Tales," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. ii (1895), p. 105; Charles L. Edwards, "Bahama Songs and Stories," *Ibid.*, vol. iii (1895), p. 73; Charles C. Jones, *Negro Myths* (Boston, 1888), p. 7 (coast of Georgia); Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings* (New York, 1881), pp. 23, 29; from Indian tribes in identical form, see notes 9-11, p. 249.

² Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus* (Boston, 1889), pp. 187-188; Charles L. Edwards, *l. c.*, p. 63.

³ Bahama Islands, Edwards, *l. c.*, p. 142; see also before, version from Chili.

⁴ Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus*, pp. 106-108.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 326.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 284 *et seq.*; see also African version in Héli Chatelain, "Folk-Tales of Angola," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. i (1894), p. 157.

⁷ Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 22.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

It can be shown that many of the tales current in South America, Mexico, and in western North America have their prototypes in Spain and Portugal, although they occur also in other parts of Europe. A few European parallels of American tales recorded by Professor Espinosa, and of those contained in the present number of the Journal, may be pointed out here.

Professor Espinosa's tale, "'L Adivinador" (p. 415), is almost identical with S. Lic. Francisco Belmar's "Juan Ceniza,"¹ and belongs to the cycle of the German "Doktor Allwissend," which is also found among the American negroes.²

"Juan Tigre," from Tehuantepec, is a version of Professor Espinosa's "Juan sin Miedo" (p. 428) and "Juan del Oso" (p. 437), for which he gives the parallels recorded by E. Cosquin in *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 83-87, and vol. x, pp. 561-563. Quite similar to this is the Chontal "Catorze Fuerzas" recorded by S. Francisco Belmar.³ Professor Lenz has recorded a version from Chili.⁴

Other North American versions will be discussed later on (p. 254).

The Tehuantepec story "A Rascal" is a version of "Maistre Pierre Pathelin."⁵

"Los Muertos," from Pochutla, has been recorded in a very similar form in Spain by L. Giner Arivau, under the title "La Procesion de Almas en Pena."⁶

One of the most interesting tales from Pochutla is the one entitled "Dios." It is clearly of European origin,⁷ but the end may be in part a description of the Mexican journey to the lower world,⁸ in which the soul has to pass between two mountains that strike each other, past a serpent guarding the trail, past the green lizard, eight deserts, eight hills, the wind of the knives, and a river which has to be crossed on the backs of the dogs of the dead.

In a Tagalog tale,⁹ however, occurs the following passage, which is almost identical with the Pochutla version.

¹ *Estudio de El Chontal* (Oaxaca, 1900), pp. 58 et seq.

² Compare "Ein Vié Tombi Malin," Alcée Fortier, *Louisiana Folk-Tales*, p. 116; Charles C. Jones, *Negro Myths*, p. 68; and p. 284 of this number.

³ *L. c.*, pp. 50 et seq. Compare the Portuguese "O homen da espada de vinte quintaes," in F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes* (Lisbon, 1879), p. 51.

⁴ "Estudios Araucanos," vii, pp. 261 et seq., in *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, vol. xciv.

⁵ Thomas Edward Oliver, "Some Analogues of Maistre Pierre Pathelin," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii (1909), pp. 395 et seq.

⁶ "Folk-Lore de Proaza," in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares*, vol. viii, p. 119.

⁷ Compare "Tapalapautau" in E. Cosquin, "Contes populaires Lorrains," *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 333-336, also vol. vii, p. 571, and vol. ix, p. 381; "The Adventures of Juan," in Fletcher Gardner, "Tagalog Folk-Tales" (Philippine Islands), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1907), p. 106.

⁸ Bernardino de Sahagun, *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España* (Mexico, 1829), vol. i, p. 262.

(The child and Jesus) journeyed on; and on one side were bush pastures filled with poor cattle; while on the opposite side of the road were pastures dry and bare, where the cattle were very fat. The child inquired the meaning of the mystery. The Lord answered him, "Hush, child! These lean cattle in the rich pastures are the souls of sinners, while those fat cattle on dry and sunburnt ground are the souls of sinless ones."

After a while they crossed a river, one part of which was ruby-red, and the other spotless white. "Friend, what is this?" asked the boy. "Hush, child! the red is the blood of your mother, whose life was given for yours; and the white is the milk which she desired to give you, her child."

This suggests a partially Spanish origin of the journey to the dead.

"Los carboneros" is an imperfect account of the well-known Old-World tale of the robber's cave, also common in Spanish folk-lore.

The accumulative story of the "Zancudo" is also quite interesting. Dr. Lenz¹ tells a variant of this tale, an abstract of which follows.

The Frost was asked, "Why did you kill the Chitchihuen (a parrot)?"—"Why should I not do so, for the sun melts me?"—"Why do you melt the frost, Sun?"—"Why should I not do so, for the cloud covers me?" The tale continues, "for the wind drives me, for the adobe hut of the white man obstructs me, for the rat makes holes in me, for the cat eats me, for the dog worries me, for the stick beats me, for the fire burns me, for the water extinguishes me, for the cattle drinks me, for the knife kills me, for the smith makes me, for the Lord makes me."

In "La averiguación de la tenca," recorded by Lenz,² the thrush steals a grain of wheat from an old woman, who wishes that the frost shall break his leg; and the order is, frost, sun, cloud, wind, wall, mouse, cat, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, man, God.

The same elements are combined in a different order in a version published by Dr. Robert Lehmann-Nitsche.³

There were a dog and a rat. The rat was asked, "Why do you gnaw through the house of the Christian (i. e., through the adobe house)?"—"Because the cat kills me." The tale continues with stick, fire, water, ox, knife. Then follows, "Because the stone whets me, because the sun heats me, because the cloud covers me, because the wind drives me, because the rain falls, because God ordains it."

The European origin of this particular version is proved by the Portuguese story "A formiga e a neve."⁴ Here the sequence is ant,

¹ *Araukanische Märchen* (Valparaiso, 1896), p. 44.

² In W. Vietor, *Phonetische Studien*, vol. vi (1893), pp. 295 et seq., reprinted in "Estudios Araucanos," vi, *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, vol. xciv, p. 200, where the Araucanian original is also given.

³ "Europäische Märchen unter den argentinischen Araukanern," *Internationaler Amerikanisten Kongress*, XIV (Stuttgart, 1904), p. 688.

⁴ F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos populares* (Lisbon, 1879), pp. 5-7. See also "A Romanzeira do Macaco," *Ibid.*, pp. 9-10, and Preface, p. vii.

snow, sun, wall, mouse, cat, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, butcher, death. The reference to God is missing. A similar order occurs in the Panchatantra.¹ It is sun, cloud, wind, mountain, mouse. Further parallels have been discussed by E. Cosquin and W. W. Newell.²

For a clear understanding of the origin of these European tales, it seems of interest to consider the folk-lore of other parts of the world that have come under strong Spanish influence. I have examined from this point of view some folk-lore of the Philippine Islands; and it seems to my mind most important that many of the elements which are so characteristic of the folk-lore of Central and South America occur there also in the same form. Incidentally one Philippine tale which has its parallel in Pochutla has been mentioned (p. 251). The tar-baby story has been collected among the Visayan, who have also the tale of the race between Snail and Deer,³ and the story of the exchange of a person imprisoned in a cage who tells his dupe that he is to marry the king's daughter and does not want to do so.⁴ We have also the story of the escape of the turtle from the monkey, collected among the Tagalog and Visayans, the turtle asking to be thrown into the water and not to be burned or ground to pieces.⁵

I think these data are sufficient to justify the theory that these common elements of Philippine and American folk-lore must have been derived from the same sources, probably Spanish.⁶

In an interesting examination of the American negro tales, Professor A. Gerber has reached the conclusion that the tales are essentially of African origin.⁷ I believe his point is well taken, and there is not the slightest doubt that a great many of the incidents of the American negro tales occur also in many parts of Africa. Nevertheless an examination of the whole group of American tales shows a peculiar difference in style, when compared to the genuine Central African tales, that does not seem to me wholly explained by the different mode of life of the American negroes. The African elements in the American negro stories seem to belong almost entirely to the animal stories.

When considering the origin of the animal tales in America, we must

¹ Theodor Benfey, *Pantschatantra* (Leipzig, 1859), pp. 264-266.

² "The Passover Song of the Kild," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii (1905), pp. 44-45. It seems to me quite possible that the readiness with which the Zushi Indians adopted Cushing's accumulative tale, is due to the presence of this or a similar tale among them. See Cushing, *Zushi Folk-Tales*, p. 411.

³ W. H. Millington and Burton L. Maxfield, "Visayan Folk-Tales," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1907), pp. 311, 315.

⁴ W. H. Millington and Burton L. Maxfield, "Pusong and Tabloc-Lau," *Ibid.*, p. 108.

⁵ Clara Kern Baylies, "Philippine Folk-Tales," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi (1908), p. 47; Millington and Maxfield, "Visayan Folk-Tales," *Ibid.*, vol. xx (1907), p. 316.

⁶ It is not likely that the Spanish trade between Mexico and the Philippines brought about any considerable importation of Mexican elements.

⁷ "Uncle Remus traced to the Old World," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. vi (1893), pp. 245 *et seq.*

bear in mind that many of the negro tribes that have contributed to our slave population had for about four hundred years been under Portuguese influence. How deeply Portuguese elements have entered into the folk-tales of the coast tribes of Africa may be seen, for instance, from the collection published by Heli Chatelain.¹ This late influence does not seem, however, sufficient to explain the fundamental similarity of African, Asiatic, and European animal tales. I have repeatedly pointed out that the distinguishing mark of the African, European, and Asiatic fable (excepting that of the extreme north), as compared to the American fable, is the frequent occurrence of the moralizing form, which is prominent in African tales, and has come to be the most marked characteristic of the literary form of the fable. Only in the animal epic the purely anecdotal tales survive in great numbers. In aboriginal America, on the other hand, the moralizing element is practically absent, and the animal tale is essentially anecdotal or etiological, — a type which is not by any means absent in Africa, but is always accompanied by the moralizing fable. On account of the similarity of both contents and form, we must assume an old genetic relationship between the folk-lore materials of Asia, Europe, and Africa. It seems likely, however, that on the coasts of Africa, as well as in the Sudan, recent additions to the older lore may have been made, that take their origin in Mediterranean sources, and were carried to South Africa after the Portuguese conquest. Thus it does not seem to me improbable that those particular elements of the Rabbit tales which are common to large parts of South America and of Central America, reaching at least as far north as New Mexico and Arizona, and differing in their composition from the Central African tales, are essentially of European origin.

It is also important to trace the influence of these elements upon the folk-lore of the North-American Indians. It seems to me that very strong arguments can be adduced in favor of the theory that much of the peculiar folk-lore of the Western plateaus and certain cultural elements in California are due to Spanish sources.

The most convincing story is that of "John the Bear," which has been discussed before, and which has a most remarkable distribution among the Indian tribes of the West. Robert H. Lowie gives a version collected among the Shoshone of Lemhi Agency, Idaho, which is clearly the same as the French and Spanish "John the Bear."² Even the event of his going to school occurs here.

The story begins with the killing of the bear by the boy. In school the children make fun of his long nose, and he kills them with a heavy iron rod.

¹ "Folk-Tales of Angola," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. i (Boston, 1894).

² "The Northern Shoshone," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ii, p. 298.

Then he meets Earth-Transposer, Rock-Mover, Pine-Transplanter. When one of these cooks the meal, Iron-Head-Man takes the food. The Bear's son cuts off the head of this monster, and the head jumps into a hole. The men are let down one after another by means of a rope which has a bell attached to it, but all are scared, and signal, by ringing the bell, to be pulled up again, except the Bear's son, who down below kills three men and takes their wives, whom his companions pull up. The companions run away with the wives, and Bear's son pursues them on an eagle's back, feeding the bird with three sheep and his own flesh, without, however, reaching them.

An Assiniboiné story, "The Underground Journey," belongs here.¹

A woman abducted by a bear gives birth to a boy. The den is closed by a heavy stone, which the boy, Plenty-of-Hair,² removes. Mother and son escape to the camp of the Indians. The boy quarrels with other boys, and kills several of them. He sets out to travel, and makes friends with Wood-Twister and Timber-Hauler. They live together, and one of the three stays at home, while the others go hunting. When Wood-Twister and Timber-Hauler stay at home, they are killed by an ogre, but revived by Plenty-of-Hair, who on the third day kills the ogre. The three men continue their travels. A chief offers his three daughters to any one who will rescue them from an underground place where they are held captive. Plenty-of-Hair descends in a box lowered by his friends, kills animal and cannibal guardians of the girls, and receives tokens from them. They are hoisted up by his companions; but when he himself is to be raised, they cut the rope. He is rescued on an eagle's back, feeds the bird with moose and with his own flesh, and arrives when his four friends are about to marry the girls. He proves his identity by the tokens.

Dr. Lowie also records two other fragmentary versions from the Assiniboiné (pp. 149, 191), and mentions a European analogue.³

Quite clear is also the relationship between the Snanaz stories of the Thompson Indians and Shuswap and the tale in question. The closest parallel is the version obtained by Mr. James Teit from the lower part of the canyon of Fraser River in British Columbia.⁴

Grisly-Bear takes a pregnant woman to his house, the doors of which open only at the command of the Bear. The woman bears a boy, who learns the secret of opening the doors, and escapes with his mother. He finds his father an old man, and goes with him to look for work. He is told to clear a field, which he does with an immense axe made for the purpose. Then he sets out alone, and meets several men who are half-bears, and who join him. They are employed together, and one of them stays at home to cook for the others. An old gray-bearded man beats the cook until at last the boy himself nearly kills the man. They follow his tracks, and find in

¹ Robert H. Lowie, "The Assiniboiné," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. iv (1909), pp. 147 et seq., 246.

² Note the identity of this name and of Little-Hairy-Body in Tehuantepec.

³ J. G. von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen* (Leipzig, 1864), vol. ii, p. 49.

⁴ "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition* (Leyden, 1912), vol. viii, pp. 292 et seq.

his house three boxes, — one filled with gold, one with silver, one with bank-notes, which he distributes among his friends.

The Snanaz story of the Shuswap is a curious combination of the snaring of the wind (the parallel of the snaring of the sun of the Plains) and of the end of the story of "John the Bear." Here¹ the story opens with the snaring of the wind and proofs of the magical powers of Snanaz. Then follows the European tale.

The youngest of four brothers is ugly and stupid. When the people are in trouble, he snares the wind, catches swans by means of magic, and obtains fish after all others have failed. A thief steals his father's potatoes. The elder brothers watch, but fall asleep. The youngest one leans against a loose pole, so that when he falls asleep, the pole topples over. He detects the winged black thief, whom he hits with a bullet. The thief escapes into a deep chasm, into which Snanaz is lowered by his brothers. He tugs at the rope, is pulled up, and tells them that the hole is very dangerous. In a lodge down below he finds the thief, who directs him to the chief, who has two nieces. In return for services to the chief he receives the two girls and a box. When he arrives at the hole, he puts the girls into the box, and they are hauled up. Finally he himself climbs into the box, is hauled up, but his brothers cut the rope and take the girls to be their wives. The chief below gives Snanaz a drawing on birch-bark, which is transformed into a horse, on which he rides out of the hole along a knife-edge. Then the chief makes him ride through a small ring with a needle in the centre. Finally he shows these feats, and is recognized by the girls as their husband.

Related to this cycle is also the Shuswap story of the gambler's son and Redcap.²

Redcap gambles, and wins all of his opponent's property. Finally Redcap loses his freedom, but disappears underground with all his gains. The boy searches for him, and is directed by various persons until he reaches Old-Man Eagle, who carries him up. In order to keep up Eagle's strength, he feeds him from four deer-hoofs. Finally he reaches the chief's house, in the middle of a large lake. He takes the garters of the bathing daughters of the chief, and is then subjected to tests by the old chief.

A little closer is the relation of the story of Alamer³ to the cycle of "John the Bear."

A father orders his stupid son to be killed; but the father's servants take pity on him, and bring him a wolf's heart instead of that of the boy. The boy frees a girl (Andromeda type). He visits another chief, whose nieces are stolen by a red-haired chief beyond a lake. The boy goes there, speaks to the girls secretly, and takes them away in a self-moving canoe. He meets other people in a canoe. The girls become suspicious, and give the boy tokens. The people throw magic sleep on the boy, take away the girls, and claim them from their uncle. Owing to magic influence, the boy forgets his supernatural helper (instead of the true bride, as in most tales), who in the end appears to him and takes him across the lake, swimming. The chief has put off the claimants, and the boy marries the girls.

¹ Teit, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. II, pp. 704 *et seq.*

² *Ibid.*, p. 727.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 729.

Another version of this story, evidently derived from the Shuswap and Thompson versions, is found among the Chilcotin Indians of British Columbia.¹

Here the women are not found underground, but were the boy's wives before his descent. The thief is the ghost of the boy's brother. Underground the boy reaches a village, and suspects that a chicken had stolen the property, but is unable to prove it. He stays away so long, that his wives are to be married again; but their claimants are to prove their ability by riding against a spear which is placed in a slanting position in the ground. The boy accomplishes this feat in the same way as in the Shuswap version mentioned before.

Among the North Thompson Shuswap,² Snanaz is identified with the hero of the seven-heads story, which is widely spread over the Plains.

Among the Thompson Indians³ a version is current which also begins with the snaring of the wind. Then the boy dreams of the girl to whom Coyote takes him. He feeds Coyote on the way so as to increase his speed. He escapes with the girl, but is thrown by his own mother into a chasm, from which he is rescued by Coyote, who pulls him out by means of his tail.

Among the Micmac⁴ we find part of the story.

Three brothers live alone, and one remains at home and does the cooking. A dwarf comes, asks for food, and eats all that has been cooked. Finally the eldest remains, refuses food to the dwarf, and wrestles with him, until the dwarf runs away. The man pursues him, and throws a sharp iron weapon through the dwarf's body when he is in front of a precipice. The dwarf disappears in the rock, and returns the next day with the iron in his body. He asks to be relieved of it, and promises in return beautiful wives. He cures himself, leads the three brothers to a cave on top of a high cliff around which small women are seated. The men choose three of them, take them home, but when they return from hunting the women have escaped.

A remotely related tale is told by the Ponca,⁵ the only common incidents being the adventures of a man let down into a chasm to secure the body of a hunter under the promise that he is to marry the chief's daughter. He is left below, obtains supernatural powers, and finally returns and marries the girl.

A comparison of this material with the detailed discussion of the tale of "John the Bear," by Friedrich Panzer,⁶ who gives two hundred

¹ Livingston Farrand, "Traditions of the Chilcotin Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 42.

² Telt, "The Shuswap," *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 753.

³ Telt, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi, p. 87.

⁴ Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, *Legends of the Micmacs* (1894), p. 431.

⁵ James Owen Dorsey, "The Cegiha Language," *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, vol. vi, p. 332.

⁶ Friedrich Panzer, *Studien zur germanischen Sagengeschichte*. I. *Beowulf* (Munich, 1910).

and twenty-one versions of the tale, shows clearly that the versions recorded in America belong to different types, all of which are known in Europe. The most characteristic forms are those from Tehuantepec, New Mexico, one of the Thompson River versions, the Shoshone, and Assiniboine versions. All of these contain clearly the formula of the birth of the hero (Panzer's introductory formula A). On the other hand, the Shuswap, Chilcotin, and Micmac stories begin with the theft, according to Panzer's introductory formula B; and both of his forms—the theft which occurs in the house (Micmac), and the theft in the garden (Shuswap)—are found here. A further comparison of the tales with the material presented by Panzer also shows agreement in a great many details with various types of European versions. Thus the bells which in Lowie's versions are tied to the rope by means of which the man descends into the hole are particularly mentioned in a considerable number of European versions.¹ The feeding of the bird that takes away the man, first with meat which is carried along, then with flesh from his own body, is also characteristic of quite a number of versions.² On account of these close analogies between the tales recorded among different American tribes and the distinct European versions, we must conclude that the tale has been introduced a number of times into America. It seems to me probable that a more extended collection might clear up the lines of importation.³

A similar study might be made on the distribution of the "Tale of the Seven Heads," which has already been mentioned as belonging to this class. The essential element of the seven-heads story is the tearing-out of the tongues of the seven heads of the monster, which serve as a token by means of which the hero is recognized when a pretender claims his bride.⁴

¹ Friedrich Panzer, l. c., p. 117.

² *Ibid.*, p. 191.

³ I do not enter here into a discussion of the relation of this tale to many Indian tales that contain only parts of the tale here discussed, because this would necessarily lead to a lengthy consideration of the question of independent origin and of dissemination. Suffice it to say, that apparently there is such a vast array of tales containing parallel elements, probably of greater age in America than that of "John the Bear," that their presence seems to have facilitated the introduction of this tale. I hope to revert to this matter at a later time.

⁴ See, for instance, Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, "Blackfoot Mythology," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ii (1908), p. 163; James Owen Dorsey, *The Cegiha Language*, p. 126 (Ponca); A. F. Chamberlain, *Eighth Report on the North-Western Tribes of Canada* (Report of the 62d meeting of the B. A. A. A., 1892), p. 579 (Kutenay); see also A. L. Kroeber, "Gros Ventre Myths," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. i, p. 57 (Arapaho and Sarcee); French versions "Les fils du pêcheur," "La bête à sept têtes," in E. Cosquin, "Contes populaires Lorrains," *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 336 *et seq.*; Spanish version "Hierro, Plomo y Acero," in Sergio Hernández de Soto, "Cuentos populares recogidos en Extremadura," *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x, p. 251.

As stated before, the possible sources for the animal tales are to be looked for among the African negro and Spanish-Portuguese tales. The sources for the hero tales mentioned before may be Spanish and French. It seems to me very probable that certain French elements have been introduced into the whole region traversed in olden times by the French fur-hunters. On the other hand, it seems rather remarkable that among the Indians of the Western plateaus apparently certain tales of European origin play an important part in their folk-lore, which do not appear as clearly among the Eastern tribes. It is also worthy of mention, that, so far as I am aware, Uncle Remus stories have not been collected in New England. Owing to the close inter-relations found in the native folk-lore of the Western plateaus, to which I have referred repeatedly, and to the wide distribution of the Spanish tales, I am very much inclined to look for the origin of the Western group of tales in Spanish folk-lore. It is worth mentioning in this connection that the so-called "Mexicans" (that is, Spanish-speaking half-bloods) still live as far north as British Columbia, and that the vocabulary of the Western plateaus relating to the horse contains a considerable number of Spanish expressions. The final solution of this problem would require a careful collection of European folk-lore from all parts of North America.

I believe the problem is more important than might appear at first glance, because, even outside of the group of stories mentioned before, folkloristic elements as well as customs occur among the Northwestern Indians, which are open to the suspicion of foreign influence, once such influence has been proved to exist. This is particularly true of the occurrence of the musical bow among the Indians of California and Mexico. In the folk-lore of the area in question I consider as particularly suspicious the incident of the creation of four trees from arrows or hairs, which the person pursued by a monster or by animals climbs. The animal cuts down the trees one after another; and the person pursued is finally rescued by his dogs, whom he calls, and who hear him, although they are far away. This incident belongs to the folk-lore of Europe, of the American negroes, and of Africa.¹ I might perhaps also mention the incident of the attack by wolves upon a person who has taken refuge in a tree. The animals try to get him by climbing one on the back of the other, but the tower of animals

¹ Hierro, Plomo y Acero, in Sergio Hernández de Soto, "Cuentos populares recogidos en Extremadura," *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x, p. 249; "Los tres perros," *Ibid.*, p. 258; Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, pp. 86-87, 98 (the fugitive transforms arrows into trees and calls his dogs, Minny-Minny Morack! Folla malinska!); Dr. Leonard Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari* (Jena, 1907), p. 398; James Teit, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi (1898), p. 34; James Teit, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 636; James Teit, "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Ibid.*, vol. viii, p. 253.

finally breaks down. The similarity in detail in these and other traditions is not sufficient to establish definitely an historical relation, but is so close, that it warrants further investigation. It is perhaps worth remarking that a few of the elements here discussed occur among the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, who have been for a short time in contact with the Spaniards; but the available evidence is rather uncertain. I refer particularly to the incident of the water animal that is to be killed, and requests to be thrown into the water;¹ and an incident very much like the bee incident discussed before (p. 249).²

Obviously the material does not yet justify final treatment, but the problem seems of sufficient importance to call for the collection of folk-tales of European origin among all the Indian tribes of our continent, as well as among the negroes, with a view of separating, according to the grouping of tales, the French, Spanish-American, and African tales that have been imported. Equally necessary is a collection of animal tales from Spain and Portugal, and of control material from the Philippine Islands. It seems very likely that the influence exerted by this foreign material upon Western mythologies and customs has been quite far-reaching, and must be considered much more carefully than we have done heretofore.

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NOTE. — After the above was in type, Dr. K. T. Preuss' important publication on the Cora, "Die Nayarit-Expedition" (Leipzig, 1912), was received, which contains quite a number of elements of the tales here discussed (pp. 207-210, 289-298). The tales are partly in the form of the Coyote and Opossum cycle as told in the Valley of Mexico; in part they appear as the Rabbit cycle. The following analogies may be pointed out. Opossum has stolen fruits from a field, and is tied to a tree. He tells Coyote that this is because he is to marry a girl. Coyote is tied up in his place, and is burnt by the owner of the field. — Rabbit pretends to boil food, and asks Coyote to take his place; when he opens the pot, wasps come out and sting him. — The race between Wolf and Locust. — Opossum and the Wax Baby. — Opossum supports the sky. — Opossum throws zapotes and tunas at Coyote. — The stories of "Opossum and the Bees," and the "Burning of Coyote in the Reeds," are combined here into one. Opossum pretends that the beehive is a bell which Coyote is to ring when he hears the sky-rockets. — The incident of the cheese in the water is also found. — The long story, "How Rabbit pays his Debts," is also told by Preuss. — "The Answering Cave," and "Rabbit's Escape from the Alligator," are also told by Preuss. — The final incident, how Rabbit discovered that the Alligator was not dead, occurs in South American and negro versions.

¹ Boas, *Sagen*, p. 109.

² *Ibid.*, p. 109; also Boas, "Traditions of the Tillamook Indians," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xi, p. 141.

MEXICAN FOLK-SONGS

TRANSCRIBED BY ELEANOR HAGUE

THESE songs were gathered during the course of a winter spent in Mexico. Nos. 1, 4, 9, and 10 are all in the familiar danza-form, sometimes called the "Habanera," as it originated in Havana. This rhythm is popular in Old Spain, but more so in the different parts of Spanish America. As a rule, it consists of two sections, although in No. 10 there are three subdivisions. I am told that this song is sung in Cuba as well as Mexico, and the words would suggest this.

The other songs need no comment, except No. 3, the "Jarabe Mixteca," which was played for me on the harmonica by a big half-breed Indian. The Jarabe is a dance-song of the southern part of the Spanish peninsula, and there is a strong Moorish element in those that I have heard that come from Spain. The Indians of South-western Mexico continue to use the old Spanish names, "Jarabe," "Petenera," and so forth, for their dance-songs, whether the tunes really resemble the originals or not.

I. PREGÚNTALE

(From Puebla. Sung by Mrs. G. H.)

Rather slowly. Danza rhythm for accompaniment.

1. Pre - gún - tale á las es - trel - las, si no de no - che me
ven llo - rar, Pre - gún - ta - les si no bus - co, pa - ra ador -
ar - te la so - le - dad. Pre - gún - tale al man - so ri - o,
si'l llan - to mi - o no vé cor - rer, Pre - gúntale á todo el
mun - do si no's pro - fun - do mi pa - de - cer. Ya nun - ca

du - des que yo te qui - ero, Que por tí mu - ero,
lo-co de amor; á na-die a - mes, á na-die quie-res,
O - ye las que-jas, o - ye las que-jas de mi a - mor.

2. Pregúntales á las flores, si mis amores les cuento yo,
Cuando la callada noche cierra su broche, suspiro yo,
Pregúntales á las aves, si tú no sabes lo que es amor,
Pregúntale á todo el prado, si no he luchado con mi dolor.
Tú bien comprendes, que yo te quiero,
Que por tí muero, solo por tí;
Porque te quiero, bien de mi vida,
Solo en el mundo, solo en el mundo, te quiero á tí.

2. UN ADIOS. CANCION

(From Oaxaca. Sung by Pedro Diaz)

To be sung slowly, and almost as a recitative.

Cuan-do me ve - as . . , en la de-sier - ta play - a,
Con mi tris - te - za, Y mi do - lor á so - lo . . , Con
el vai - vén . . , in-ce-san - te de las o - - las, A-cuerda-
te . . , A-cuer-da-te de mí. Y cuando ve - as . . . u - na
a - ve so - li - ta - ria, Cru - zar el es - pa - cio en mo - ri -
bun - do vue - lo, Bus-can-do un alma en-tre la mar y el
cie - lo, a-cuer-da-te, a-cuer-da-te, de mí . . .

3. JARABE MIXTECA

(From Oaxaca. Played by M. Salinas on a mouth-organ, with guitar accompaniment)

Rather slowly.

Minor.

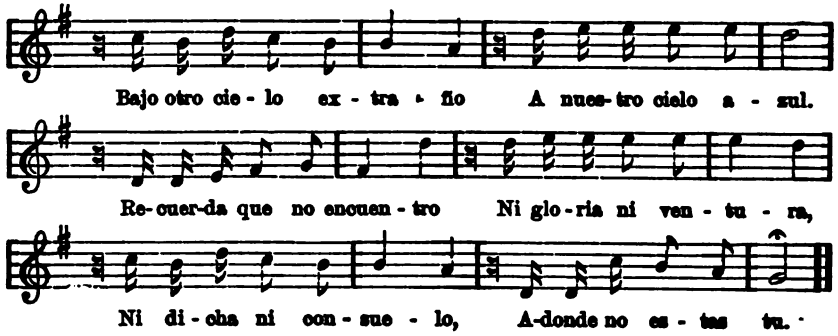
Major.

4. LAS TRISTAS HORAS

(From Puebla. Sung by Mrs. G. H.)

Danza rhythm.

1. Que tris-tes son las ho - ras, De la fa-tal au-sen-cia,
 Que tris-tes los re-cuer-dos, De a-mores que se van.
 Que tris-te y de-so-la-da, Se que-da la exis-ten-cia,
 Si la uni-ca espe-ran-sa, Del co-ra-són se va.
 A-dios, cuando ma-fia-na, Es-tes ha-jo otro cie-lo,

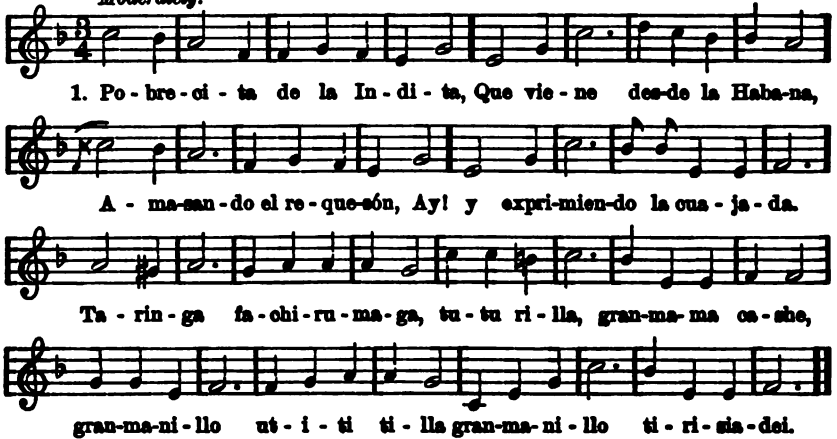


Bajo otro cie - lo ex - tra - ño A nues - tro cielo a - sul.
 Re - cuer - da que no encuen - tro Ni glo - ria ni ven - tu - ra,
 Ni di - cha ni con - sue - lo, A - donde no es - tas tu.

2. Irán á visitarte

Las brisas que han besado
 Mi frente pensativa,
 Contándote mi afán.
 En tanto que recuerda
 Mi pecho enamorado
 Las dichas que pasaron
 Y nunca volverán.
 Y cuando al caer la tarde,
 Las palidas neblinas
 Adornan de los cielos
 El ultimo fulgor.
 Jugarán con tus rizos
 Las auras vespertinas
 Fingiéndote mis besos
 Contándote mi amor.

5. LA INDIA

Moderately.


1. Po - bre - ci - ta de la In - di - ta, Que vie - ne des - de la Ha - ba - na,
 A - ma - san - do el re - que - són, Ay! y expri - mien - do la o - sa - ja - da.
 Ta - rin - ga fa - chi - ru - ma - ga, tu - tu ri - lla, gran - ma - ma co - she,
 gran - ma - ni - llo ut - i - ti ti - lla gran - ma - ni - llo ti - ri - sia - dei.

(From Oaxaca. Sung by Pedro Diaz)

2. ¡ Alma mia! de mis corrales,
 Cuando el indio los vendió,
 No tuvo la culpa el indio,
 Sino quien se las compró. Taringa, etc.

3. Una indita Chinaltepa
 Estaba cortando flores,
 Y el indito Quatro Orejas
 Gozando de sus amores. Taringa, etc.

6. TECOLOTE

(Sung by Señorita Luz González Dosal)

Slowly.



Te-co-lo-te de Gus-da-fia, Pa-ja-ro ma-dru-ga-dor

Fast.



Me pres-ta-ras tus a-li-tas, Me pres-ta-ras tus a-



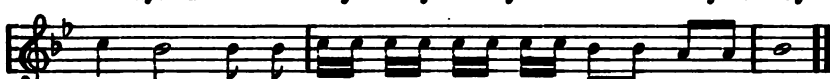
li-tas, Me pres-ta-ras tus a-li-tas, Pa-ra ir á ver mi a-



mor, Pa-ra ir á ver mi a-mor. Ti-cu-ri-ou-ay-ou-ay-



ou-ay! Ti-cu-ri-ou-ay-ou-ay-ou-ay! Ti-cu-ri-ou-ay-ou-ay-

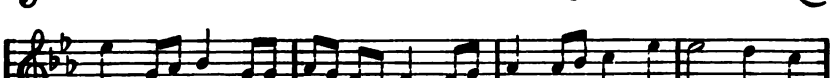


ou-ay! Po-bre-ci-to te-co-lo-te ya se can-sa de llo-rar.

7. EL CLAVEL

(The words of this song I was only able to get in a garbled form from Señora Rufugio Fuentes, Mexico)

Briskly.



8. LAS MAÑANITAS¹

(From Oaxaca. Sung by M. Salinas)

A-quí está la pie-dra li - sa, En don - de yo me res-
ba - le... A-quí no hay quien me le - van - te..., ni
quien la... ma - no me dé...
Repeat 1st section. | Second ending.

9. POR TI RESPIRA

(Sung by Miss E. A. S.)

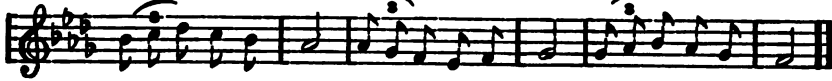
Slowly.

Por tí re - spi - ra mi pecho en cal - ma, Por tí sus-
pi - ra, de a-mor mi al - ma. Da-me, que - ri - da,
da-me tu a-mor..., Sin tí no hay di - cha, No hay ilu-
sión.— Yo quiero ver la luz, tus o - jos á mi - rar, mí-ra-me,

¹ This song is one of the class sung by young people on the way home, after an evening's entertainment.



ni - fia, sí, mí-ra-me, por pie - dad; Sin tí no hay dicha, no,

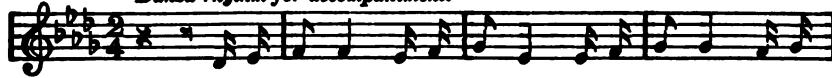


ni vi-da ni pla - cer, Mí-ra-me, o muero yo, por falta de que - rer.

10. LA MULATA

(From Cuba and Mexico City. Sung by Señorita Luz González Dosal)

Danza rhythm for accompaniment.



1. Pa-se-an-do una ma-fia-na, Por las calles de la Ha-



ba-na, La mo-re-na Tri-ni-dad, La mo-re-na Tri-ni-dad; Pa-se-



an-do una ma-fia-na, Por las calles de la Ha-ba-na, En-tre



dos la su-je-ta-ron, En-tre dos la su-je-ta-ron. Y



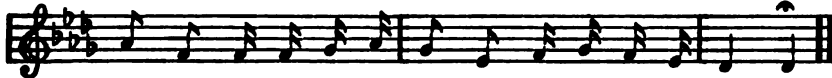
pre-sa se la lle-va-ron, De or-den de la an-to-ri-



dad, La mo-re-na llo-ra-ba y de-cí-a, "Es-tá



'sí qué es la gran pi-car-día, Señor Juez, no me tra-te tan



du-ro, que yo le ase-gu-ro que he he-cho na-da."

2. Pero el juez que la miraba,
Y en sus ojos se recreaba,
Sin poderlo remediar (*bis*)
Le decía á la mulata
No te perdono la pena.
Ni por amor ni caridad (*bis*).
Porque si que á robar corazones
Se dedican tus ojos gachones,
Ellos son los que á tí te delatan
Con ellos me matas, eso es la verdad. } (*bis*)

THE PLAY-PARTY

BY HARRIET L. WEDGWOOD

QUITE recently, upon my mentioning to a folk-song enthusiast some of the old play-party songs I had heard at various times, my attention was called to Mrs. L. D. Ames's article on "The Missouri Play-Party," published in the July-September (1911) number of this Journal. I was interested to find that I knew most of the songs quoted in that article, and some that were not mentioned. In some cases the wording of songs as given by Mrs. Ames agrees almost exactly with the wording I remember; in other cases it differs. In the "Happy Miller Boy" Mrs. Ames gives the last two lines as follows:

"Gents step forward
And ladies step back."

I have heard it sung so, also

"Ladies step forward
And gents step back;"

but it was more often sung

"The wheel goes 'round
And cries out '*grab*.'"

These lines agree with the last lines of the play-song "The Jolly Old Miller" as it was sung some years ago in Maine, but the rest of the Maine song differs altogether in its wording from the song as I used to hear it. The "Jolly Miller" of Maine, moreover, puts his hand into a "bag," while the Middle-Western "Miller Boy" puts his hand into a "sack" (even though it does not rhyme), perhaps for the reason that the Middle-Westerner uses "sacks," and not "bags."

While the play-party songs I have heard came, I believe, directly from Missouri, it was not in Missouri I heard them, but in southwestern Nebraska and southern Iowa.

When southwestern Nebraska was opened to homesteaders, about twenty-seven years ago, settlers came in, in considerable numbers, from the States a little farther east, — Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, — and in less numbers from the other States and from Germany, Sweden, and Great Britain. The Swedes and Germans kept pretty well to themselves; but the others soon got acquainted, made visits, and began to plan amusements. There was very little possible in the way of amusement. Card-playing was regarded by many as the invention of the Devil, and dancing shared the same condemnation. Dancing, moreover, was hardly practicable in a community in which

most of the houses boasted, for the first year or two, of nothing but dirt floors, and where the violin was scarce, and the parlor-organ even more scarce. The play-party, though really a dance, was not so regarded by those who condemned dancing, and it had the advantage of being thoroughly practicable. A play-party play could be danced in the yard, on any kind of ground, by lantern-light or moonlight, and the music was furnished by the players themselves. Wherefore, for the first summer or two, the play-party flourished, until it was superseded by the dance; and it was practically the only amusement for summer evenings, as the "literary" (i. e., literary society) was for winter evenings; and, like the literary society, it was attended by the family *en masse*. In both and all cases the younger ones among us went to sleep before the evening was far spent, and missed what was going on (neither play-party nor literary society broke up till after midnight), wherefore I cannot remember our play-party songs entire, nor how some of them were played. I give, however, such as I now remember.

I. THE MILLER BOY



Oh, happy is the miller boy
That lives by himself,
Turning 'round the wheel
Is gaining all his wealth;
One hand in the hopper
And the other in the sack,
The wheel goes 'round,
And cries out 'grab.' "

Men and girls formed in couples and marched about in a circle, the girls on the outside of the circle. One man, without a partner, stood in the middle of the ring, and endeavored to secure a partner at the word "grab," when the couples exchanged partners by the girls taking a step forward, the men a step backward, or *vice versâ*. The man left without a partner took his place in the centre, and the wheel began again to turn.

2. SKIP TO MYLOU



· · ·
 Skip to my Lou,
 · · ·
 Skip to my Lou,
 · · ·
 Skip to my Lou,
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Gone again,
 Skip to my Lou,
 Gone again,
 Skip to my Lou,
 Gone again,
 Skip to my Lou,
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Stole my pardner,
 Skip to my Lou,
 Stole my pardner,
 Skip to my Lou,
 Stole my pardner,
 Skip to my Lou,
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

I'll get another
 Prettier'n you,
 I'll get another
 Prettier'n you,
 I'll get another
 Prettier'n you,
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Pretty as a red-bird,¹
 Prettier too,
 Pretty as a red-bird,
 Prettier too,
 Pretty as a red-bird,
 Prettier too,
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Gone again, etc.

The "Skip to my Lou" was pronounced very much as if it were spelled "Skip tum'loo," the "skip" being very short and staccato, the "to my Lou" slurred into one word with the accent on the "Lou."

¹ Or blue-bird.

Couples formed in a circle as for the "Miller Boy;" but the figures consisted of a march, balancing, and a "grand right and left," the march beginning with different partners every stanza or two.

3. WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO OLD QUEBEC



We are marching down to Old Quebec,
While the drums are loudly beating,

: : : : : :
: : : : : :
: : : : : :

We're marching down to Old Quebec,
While the drums are loudly beating.

4. UP AND DOWN THE CENTRE WE GO



Up and down the centre we go,
Up and down the centre we go,
Up and down the centre we go,
On a cold and frosty morning.

Now's the time to chase the squirrel,
Now's the time to chase the squirrel,
Now's the time to chase the squirrel,
On a cold and frosty morning.

Catch her and kiss her if you can, etc.

Two lines formed, as for a reel, with the girls facing the men. At the second stanza a girl was pursued by a man down between the two lines and up on the outside, who kissed her if he caught her before she reached her place at the head of the line. This was one of the kissing-games.

5. THE JUNIPER-TREE



O dear Sister Phoebe
 How merry were we,
 The night we sat under
 The juniper tree,
 The juniper tree-ee,
 High-o, high-o,
 The juniper tree-ee,
 High-o.

Now take this hat on your head,
 Keep your head warm,
 And take a sweet kiss,
 It will do you no harm,
 But a great deal of goo-od
 I know, I know,
 But a great deal of goo-od
 I know.

Another stanza followed, which directed "Sister Phoebe" to "go choose her a man," or, if it were a man (Brother —) who was being addressed, to "go choose him a wife."

Men and girls formed a circle about an empty chair. A man chose a girl and seated her in the chair, after which he marched about the chair, placing a hat on her head, and giving her a kiss in the proper places in the song, after which he left her. The girl then rose up and chose a man, whom she led to the chair, after which the song began again, addressed to "Dear Brother —."

6. OLD DAN TUCKER



Old Dan Tucker's come to town,
 Swinging the ladies all around,
 First to the right, and then to the left,
 And then to the one that you love best.

Get out of the road for Old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.

Old Dan Tucker's a fine young man,
He washed his face in the frying-pan,
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died of the toothache in his heel.

Get out of the road, etc.

In this dance also the couples formed a circle; and the figures consisted of marching, swinging partners, grand right and left, etc.

"The Needle's Eye" was sometimes used as a play-party song, with the same words and tune that I have heard used in other places.

Some years ago I was teaching in a country school in southern Iowa, and attended a play-party at the home of one of my pupils. There were some familiar play-songs sung at this party, but more that were unfamiliar to me, only one of which I can remember.

7. FOUR HANDS ROUND IN THE EUCHRE RING



Four hands round in the euchre ring,
Four hands round, I'm gone,
Four hands round in the euchre ring,
With the golden slippers on.

Fare you well, my darling girl,
Fare you well, I'm gone,
Fare you well, my darling girl,
With the golden slippers on.

Four people (two couples) joined hands to form a circle. During the first two lines of the song, they circled to the right; during the next two lines, to the left. During the second stanza, they did a "right and left" and broke up the circle, — one couple going in one direction to meet a couple on one side, the other couple going in the opposite direction; so that new groups of four were formed, as in a Portland Fancy. This continued until the players were weary, or until the original couples came together again.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SOME ASPECTS OF FOLK-SONG

BY PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

FOLK-SONG is a treasure-house of the events of human experience in all possible phases, of all the lights and shadows of human fancy, and, furthermore, of all that by common consent of the folk is beautiful. One needs not to be an artist, but only human, to delight in it, to feel the irresistible charm of its melodies, in each of them the years' long labor, not of one, but of a multitude on whom the Muse has smiled, and to be thrilled by the dramatic force of its expression, to be carried away from self, to live in the thoughts and actions of its heroes and heroines.

The songs in the present article are selected in part by reason of their æsthetic worth, in part for their significance as illustrating the manner and process of growth of folk-song.

I. THE HOUSE-CARPENTER ¹

1. "Well-met, well-met, my own true love,
Well-met, well-met," says he,
"I've just returned from the salt water sea,
And it's all for the love of thee!"
2. "I might have married a king's daughter fair,
In vain she'd have married me,
But I refused the crown of gold,
And it's all for the love of thee!"
3. "If you could have married a king's daughter fair,
I think you are much to blame,
For I have married a house-carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man."
4. "If you will forsake your house-carpenter,
And will run away with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green,
On the banks of Italy!"

¹ "The Demon Lover," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From O. F. A. C., Harrisburg, Pa.

5. "If I forsake my house-carpenter,
And will run away with thee,
What have you for to maintain me upon,
And keep me from slavery?"
6. "I have four and twenty ships at sea,
All making for dry land,
I've a hundred and forty jolly sailor boys,
They shall all come at your command."
7. She pressed her babe up to her lips,
And gave it kisses three,
Saying, "Stay here, stay, my sweet little babe,
And keep your papa's company!"
8. She dressed herself in rich array,
Most glorious to behold,
And as she walked the streets along,
She shone like glittering gold.
9. They had not sailed but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Until this lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.
10. "Are you weeping for my gold?" said he,
"Or is it for my store?
Or are you weeping for that house-carpenter
Which you never shall see any more?"
11. "I'm not weeping for your gold," said she,
"Nor is it for your store,
But I'm weeping for my sweet little babe,
Which I never shall see any more."
12. They had not sailed but about three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Until this good old ship sprang a leak,
And she sunk for to rise no more.
13. "Adieu, adieu, my jolly sailor boys!
Adieu, adieu!" he cried,
"For I have robbed a house-carpenter,
By the stealing away of his bride."

The *ballad of situation*, to which type "The House-Carpenter" belongs, impresses us by the realism of the action. Another species, the *ballad of introspection*, as it may be called, in which the interest centres around the chief actor as a personality, is well represented by the following item.

2. THE MINISTER'S LAMENTATION¹

1. "One day, while in a lonely grove,
Sat o'er my head a little dove,
For her lost mate she began to coo,
Which made me think of my mate too.
2. "O little dove, you're not alone,
Like you I am constrained to mourn,
For once, like you, I had a mate,
But now, like you, must mourn my fate.
3. "Consumption seized her lungs severe,
And preyed upon them one long year,
Then death did come at the close of day,
And he did my poor Mary slay.
4. "But death, grim death, did not stop here, —
I had a babe to me most dear, —
He like a vulture came again,
And took from me my little Jane.
5. "But, bless the Lord, the word is given,
That babes are born the heirs of heaven!
Then cease, my heart, to mourn for Jane,²
Since my small loss is her great gain."

Another form of the ballad of introspection is the homiletic ballad. Of this type is "The Unfortunate Rake," current in Ireland as early as 1790, and not yet extinct in England. In its original form, it is the lament of a dissolute soldier, dying in the hospital, who regrets his life of vice, and asks for military honors.

"Muffle your drums, play your pipes merrily,
Play the dead march as you go along,
And fire your guns right over my coffin,
There goes an unfortunate lad to his home."

Preaching is foreign to the mood of folk-song. "The Unfortunate Rake" has survived as a result of textual and thematic recreation. Out of it have grown two ballads, entirely distinct in subject, as comparison of the following items will show.

¹ "The Minister's Lamentation," A. *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From O. F. A. C., Harrisburg, Pa.

² Y. Glomen, "The Dove," a Welsh ballad, in its opening stanza, is almost identical with the opening stanza of "The Minister's Lamentation," *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, vol. i, part ii, p. 70.

3. THE COWBOY'S LAMENT¹

1. "Break the news gently to my dear mother,
 Break the news gently to my sister so dear,
 ;

Chorus.

Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly,
 Play the dead march as you carry me along,
 Take me up to the graveyard, and lay the sod o'er me,
 For I've been a cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

2.

But when I returned, the spirit had left him,
 And gone to its Giver, the cowboy was dead.

Traces of the homiletic manner are still current in some versions, a warning to shun poker and whiskey. At the same time, the romantic suggestion is increasingly prominent. The other ballad is as follows:—

4. THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT²

1. "Come, dear mother, sit down alongside of me,
 Come, dear mother, and pity my case,
 For my head it is aching, my poor heart is breaking,
 For sad lamentation, I know I've done wrong!"

Chorus.

Then you may beat at your drums as you play your fifes merrily,
 Play your dead march as you carry me on,
 Take my body to the old churchyard and throw the sods o'er me,
 For I'm a young maiden, I know I've done wrong.

2. "Send for the minister to pray over me,

 Send for the young man that I first went a-courting,
 That I may see him before I may die."

¹ "The Cowboy's Lament," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From H. L. W., Cambridge, Mass.

² Compare "The Dying Cowboy," in G. F. Will, "Songs of Western Cowboys," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxi, pp. 258, 259,—

"But there is another, more dear than a mother,
 Who'd bitterly weep, if she knew I were here."

³ "The Maiden's Lament," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From A. C., Antigonish, N. S.

That "The Unfortunate Rake" is the original of both ballads, is evident from the retention of the request for a military funeral, equally absurd for maiden or cowboy.

An instance of a new ballad made through continued communal re-creation on the part of folk-singers is the well-known cowboy song, "The Lone Prairie." The following version is, by its very brevity and suggestiveness, particularly effective.

5. THE LONE PRAIRIE¹

1. Oh, a trapper lay at the point of death,
And, short his bank account, short his breath,
And as he lay, this prayer breathed he,
"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!"
2. "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyote can howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the winds blow free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!"
3. But they heeded not his dying prayer,
On the lone prairie, they buried him there,
Where the rattlesnakes sing, and the wind blows free,
They buried him there on the lone prairie!

This piece has many of the characteristics of the ballad of situation. Its prototype, widely current in the Eastern States, is much more of the type of the ballad of introspection.

6. THE OCEAN-BURIAL²



1. "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"
These words came faint and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch, where day by day,

¹ Professor H. M. Belden, to whom I am indebted for this version, writes of it, "I first heard this from an engineer, who had learned it in the Kansas oil-fields."

² "The Ocean Burial," C. *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From O. F. A. C., Harrisburg, Pa. A text of this ballad, which may be the archetype, ascribed to Capt. W. H. Saunders, is in *Choice Readings* (ed. R. I. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood), p. 169. Another tradition ascribes the authorship to Rev. E. N. Chapin.

He had wasted and pined, until o'er his brow,
The death sweats had slowly passed, and now,
The scenes of his fondly loved home was nigh,
And they gathered around him to see him die.

2. "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billow's shroud shall roll o'er me,
Where no light can break through the dark, cold wave,
Or the sun shine sweetly upon my grave!
Oh, it matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body is laid, when the heart grows cold,
But grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
3. "In fancy I've listened to the well known words,
Of the free wild winds and songs of birds,
I've thought of my home, my cot and bower,
And the scenes which I loved in my childhood's hour,
Where I've ever hoped to be laid when I died,
In the old churchyard by the green hillside,
Near the home of my father, my grave should be,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
4. "Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tears can be blended there,
For, oh, 't will be sweet, when this heart throb is o'er,
To know, this fountain shall gush no more,
For those who I've earnestly wished for would come,
And plant fresh wild flowers o'er my tomb,
If pleased those loved ones should weep for me,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
5. "And there is another, whose tears might be shed,
For him who lies low in the ocean's bed.
In hours that it pains me to think on now,
She has twined these locks, she has kissed this brow.
The hair she has wreathed will the sea snake hiss,
The heart she has pressed, will wild waves kiss,
For the sake of that loved one who waits for me,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
6. "She has been in my dreams" . . . And his voice failed there.
And they gave no heed to his dying prayer.
But they lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
And above him closed the solemn tide.
Where to dip her wings, the sea fowl rests,
Where the blue waves dash with their foaming crests.
Where the billows do bound, and the wind sports free,
They buried him there in the deep, deep sea!¹

¹ The text of "The Lone Prairie," from MS. of G. W., loaned by Professor Belden, has in the refrain, in place of the first four lines of stanza 2, above, —

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me,
Where the cold winds sweep and the grasses wave,
No sunbeams rest on a prairie grave."

A word in passing may not be amiss, concerning the part of the folk-singer in the re-creation of melodies. It is well known that folk-melodies are of simple structure, for the most part, with a constant tendency toward greater simplicity. The accompanying melody to another version of "The Ocean Burial" will, upon comparison with the form of the air from which it has been derived, illustrate this fact.

THE OCEAN-BURIAL¹



The history of the well-known parlor song, "Come back to Erin," now well established as an Irish folk-song, affords further evidence. The original air, of complicated structure, and quite artificial in manner, has been re-created as a folk-melody, many characteristic sets of which doubtless exist. Two may here be printed, showing the manner in which changes for improvement, due to folk-singing, arise.

7. COME BACK TO ERIN

I²



II³



In place of the last four lines on p. 279, the same version of "The Lone Prairie" has, in stanza 5, —

"May the light winged butterfly pause to rest,
O'er him who sleeps on the prairie's crest,
May the Texas rose in the breezes wave,
O'er him who sleeps in a prairie grave."

The poetic beauty of this thought could hardly be exceeded.

¹ "The Ocean Burial," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From W. L. S., Boston, Mass.

² "Come back to Erin," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From E. J. C., Boston, Mass.

³ "Come back to Erin," D, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From A. C., Antigonish, N. S., as sung by an Irish girl in Boston, Mass.

The fact that folk-song deals with the lights as well as with the shadows of human experience and fancy, makes room for an element of the humorous as well as of the serious. Not to speak of extravaganzas of imagination, such as "The Derby Ram," or "The Wonderful Hunter," many folk-songs exist whose merit is in their faculty of raising a laugh. In particular, mention may be made of the large class of songs at the expense of the aged spark and his flirtations. Some forms of this theme verge on the coarse; innocent humor alone is in the following song.

8. THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT¹

1. Once I heard an old bachelor say
When his hair was turning gray,
"I wonder what the matter can be
That all the pretty girls so dislike me!"
2. "I've tried the rich and I've tried the poor,
And many a time I've been kicked out of door,
I've tried silver, and I've tried gold,
And many a lie in my life I have told.
3. "Three good horses I rode them to death,
I rode them as long as they had breath,
Three good saddles rode bare to the tree,
Trying to find the girl that would marry me."²
4. He wept and he mourned and he wailed and he cried,
And in this condition, this bachelor died.
And if he lies here, I fear he'll come to life,
And still be a-trying to get him a wife.
5. Come, all ye pretty fair maids, come gather around,
And put this old bachelor under the ground,
For if he lies here, I fear he'll come to life,
And still be a trying to get him a wife.

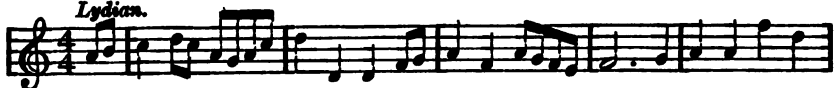
¹ "The Bachelor's Complaint," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From H. L. W., Cambridge, Mass.

² The following lines from "The Bachelor's Complaint," A (from J. C., Vineland, N. J.), are worthy of record here.

4. He rode nine horses all to death,
He rode them till they was out of breath,
He rode his saddle bare to the tree,
And not one pretty girl would marry he!
5. "Now, girls, I'm a dying man,
Don't you wish they'd married me,
Darn the girls, wherever they be,
I hope they'll die for the love of me!"

In closing, it may be said that the music of folk-song constitutes one of its greatest charms. Not only have many ballads been kept alive by the rare beauty of their melodies; but it is not too much to affirm that certain of the best ballads (as, for instance, "Chevy-Chase") which have perished, failed to survive because they were set to melodies which were neither pleasing nor characteristic. For their beauty's sake, the following melodies are put in evidence.

9. MELODIES

(a) *Remember the Poor*¹*Hexatonic.*(b) *Barbara Allen*²(c) *Silver Dagger*³*Pentatonic.*(d) *The Dawning of the Day*⁴*Lydian.*

¹ Melody from A. M. B., Providence, R. I.

² "Barbara Allen," G, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From A. C., Antigonish, N. S.

³ "The Silver Dagger," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From H. L. W., Cambridge, Mass.

⁴ MS. of Henry Hudson, M.D. (Allen A. Brown Collection, Boston Public Library, No. M, 374a, 7. Melody 449, from Paddy Conneely, a Galway piper.) According to Irish tradition, this air, of which a number of sets exist, was originally the composition of O'Connallon, the noted Irish harper.



Of these melodies, the first three are structurally typical of the English, Scottish, and Irish types of folk-music. The fourth, a particularly fine example of an Irish air, is further noteworthy from the fact that it is partially cast in the Lydian mode,



survivals of which in folk-music at the present day are extremely rare.¹

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¹ "Fair Phoebe," *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vol. iv, p. 131, is a Lydian air. The Irish air "Eoghan Coir" exists in three sets, — one of them Lydian, one Mixolydian, and one Ionian, — showing the development from the archaic to the modern mode.

NOTES AND QUERIES

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE. — The following stories, superstitions, and folk-remedies were taken down just as they were related to me. Nos. 2 and 4 were told by a Virginia mulatto, with features strongly resembling those of an Indian.

1. *How the Colored Folk came into Existence.* — Once 'pon a time ole Nick got lon'som' down in his dominyun, so he tho't, "I'll go hup and pay a visit on Arth, and see how teese dar'. So hup 'e come, en the fust thing he seed, wuz a' Ape. "Lo'd a mussy!" sezee, "w'at kind o' man is dis? I hain't got none o' dem kine down in my qua'ters," sezee, "en dat'll neber do 'tall." So hup 'e prances ve'y pompous-like, en sezee, "Howdy!" en de Ape he say nufin 'tall, den 'e keeps on a axin' un heeps o' questions; en de Ape he say nufin 'tall, den he keeps on wid mo' questions; and de Ape he say nufin 'tall agin. Den Mistah Sautin he sto'm, he sto'm, and den he cussed de Ape, en low en 'hold de Ape dun en dar tu'n'd to a brack man. En dat's how de w'ite man dun 'count fo' de niggah bein' on 'Arth.

2. *How the Colored Man obtained his Well-Known Sobriquet of "Coon."* — Dar wuz once ar' slave-holder who 'ad five 'undred slaves, en he 'ad 'un he tho't heeps ub, 'hose name 'uz John; so dis yhar John, w'en he tho't dar wuz eny thin' his moster wanted, 'e'd teke hit en go yide hit, so 'is moster coodn't fin' hit, en 'is moster 'uld hunt 'round en axt de uder slaves, en dey cu'dn't fin' hit; den 'e'd ax John 'uld put one han' in 'is pocket, en scratch 'is yead wid de uder han', en say, "Wait a minnite, moster, lemme thin'!" den 'e'd say, "Moster, come, I think I kin tell chew rite war's 's hit. I's a fo'chume tellah, I is;" en he go rite en put 'is hans on hit. So he keeps on fee yeahs, ebry think wuz de same way; en de moster tho't he wuz suah nuff a fo'chume tellah. So one day de moster wuz at some kinner high feast or uder, dar wuz a hole lot of high fo'ks, wealthy gemums, an dey gotter bet'in'; twell de moster bet twell 'e'd dun bet all 'is prop'rty, all 'is slaves, dat dis John ub his co'd tell wars every think dey hid wuz, an 'e bet all 'e 'ad til' he didn't hab nufin 'tall lef'.

Den dese uder gemums sed dey'd git un ub dese ya'h raccoons; en de moster sed 'e didn't karah, dey cood get anythink dey chooze. So dey couth a rac-coon, en put hit undar ar bar'l, on de lawn; den dey sent fees John, en 'e came; en de moster sed, "Look yar, John, I's dun bet my fo'chume on chew, now. I want chew to tell usuns w'at's under dot ar bar'l dar;" en co'se John didn't know, kaze 'e 'adn't put hit dar hisself, en 'e'd al'ays hid de uder fings; so sezee, "Deed, moster Jones, John's sick, 'e can't tell no fo'chumes chew day." But de moster 'e 'sisted, en sed, "John, I wants youse chew I's bet my 'hole fo'chumes on youse" — "But, deed, Moster Jones, I's sick chew day, I is, en con't tell no fo'chumes chew day," sez John, sezee. "I know, John, but yo' must do hit," sez de moster, sezee. Den John keeps on a foolin' dat way, 'e duze, twell presently de moster say, sezee, "Ef youse don't tell me w'ats undah dat ar' bar'l, I'lls

make hit rite wid chew;" den John knew ef 'e didn't tell w'at wuz undah dat are bar'l 'is moster wud kill 'im. So 'e tho't, "John, hits all hup wid chew." Ub co'se he didn't know w'at's undah dat bar'l, kaze 'e didn't put hit dar.

Well, de nigger 'e'd been in de 'abbit ub callin' hisse'f "coon." So 'e went to de bar'l, en helt 'is arms up over de bar'l, en sez, sezee, "Rite yhar on dis yhar bar'l youse dun got dis coon, dis day," and fell postated. Den dey all shouted and cheered, en de moster pick 'im up on 'is shoulders en rum round en round wid John, kaze 'e dun won all dat ar money fee 'im; an eber since dat ar day de niggas hez al'ays been called de "coon," en dey al'ays takes hit ez ar good-luck name, kaze it dun sabe one niggas life."¹

3. *A Negro's Explanation of the Currents of Hot Air one sometimes feels when passing along a Country Road at Night.* — This story was told me by an old negro rich in ghost-stories or stories of "hants," as he termed them, and is all I ever succeeded in recording from him. "Dis heah hot air dat yo's feels w'en yo's gwine along at nights," said he, "yo's felt dem habn't yo'? Well, daze de ole people's hants passin' long, passin' long; en ef yo' gits down on yo' 'nees, yo'll see dem, des a passin' rite 'long, passin' rite 'long."

4. *How Mistah Yhar's proved dat Mistah Fox us 'is Riden Hoss.* — Der uz two gerls, en Mistah Fox en Mistah Yhar 'uz a coatin 'uh dem. Dey 'uz dare two escoats; en ebry time Mistah Yha'r 'd fo chew seed de gerls, en Mistah Fox 'uzn't dar, dey'd keep er axin him, "Whar's Mistah Fox?" en tellen' him 'bout Mistah Fox, — dat Mistah Fox sez dis, en Mr. Fox sez'd dat. So Mistah Yha'r kin'er crossed 'is legs, en sed, "Youse all keeps a talkin' 'bout Mistah Fox. Mr. Fox is my riden-hoss in wed wedder." En de gerls didn't bleebe him; so w'en Mistah Fox comes de next day, deys tole 'im 'bout hit, en w'at Mistah Yhar'd done sed; so 'e goes back ter se' Mistah Yhares en git arter 'im 'bout hit; so den Mistah Fox tried ter make 'im b'leev 'e tho't dat de gerls 'us a makin' fun ub 'im, en sed to Mistah Yhar', "Come, let's go down ar chew-morrow en probve hit den." So Mistah Yhar' sez "All rite." En w'en de next mo'nin' come, Mistah Yhar' tole Mistah Fox that 'e wuz sic' en coodn't walk der; so den Mistah Fox sed 'e tole 'im, en Mistah Yhar' sed, "All rite," but 'e must hab a saddle fer to 'hole hi'se'f on by, a switch fer to stiddy 'is han', en a brine bridle; so Mistah Fox sed 'e'd git all ub dem den, but 'e hab chew git off w'en dey was nearh dar. En Mistah Yhar' said, "All rite!" en whilst Mistah Fox wuz a giten dezes thinks, Mr. Yhar' 'uz screden a pa'r spers 'bout 'is pussin; en w'en Mistah Fox come, 'e gits on en way dey goes. Dreckly Mistah Fox sez, "What youse doin', Brer Yhar'?" — "I dis ez fixen my foot in de srrerip, Brer Fox." Presen'ly Mistah Fox sez, "W'at's youse doin', Brer Yhar'?" — "Nufin' but turnin' my pance-leg down," — en all de time 'e wuz a puttin' on de spers. Presen'ly dey got neah chew de howooze; en Mistah Fox sez, "Git down!" en Mistah Yhar' sez, "Oh, pleaz' take me a little bit farder. I's so monst'us weak I can't git 'long." So den Mistah Fox went on twill he got neahly chew de house; den Mistah Fox sed, "Now git down." En did dat Mistah Yhar' 'e slapped dem spers inter 'im, en came plump down on 'im wid dat switch, en made Mistah Fox go a flyin' down de

¹ See note 2, p. 251.

road, rite pass de gerls; den Mistah Yhar' holler'd out, "See, ladies, I don' tole use dat Mistah Fox wuz my riden-hoss." En de gerls larf twill dey putty nigh cried, en Mistah Yhar 'e jumped rite off at de doer; en Mistah Fox was do 'sulted en mity cut up like dat, 'e des kept rite on down de road to de wood, en waited twill Mistah Yhar' come 'long; en arter Mistah Yhar' sit en talk wid de gerls, 'e went on down de road; 'e knewed what'a comin', en Mistah Fox comes out en grabs Mistah Yhar' en zes 'e's gwinter kill 'im.

Mistah Yhar' sez, "Oh, pleaz' don't kill me now, Brer Fox, en I'll show use war's some nice swate honey is." Den Mistah Fox thinks 'e'll find out whar's de honey fust, so Mistah Yhar' takes 'im to de bee-tree, en tells 'im to put 'is head in chew de hollar en des he'p hisse'f; en whilst Mistah Fox wuz tryin' chew eat de honey, de bee stung 'im so, twill 'is head dun 'menced chew swell so dat 'e coodn't git it outer de hollar, so 'e den tole Mistah Yhar' to pleaz' chew go arter de Docto; en Mistah Yhar' wen' off down chew de branch en rolled en skipped en jumped, en rolled en skipped en jumped, en rolled en skipped en jumped, en den come back en tole Mistah Fox dat de Docto sed dat 'e coodn't come, en sed de Docto sed, "Whar hans can't go, heads no bizness." Den Mistah Fox 'menced to beg Mistah Yhar' ter pleaz go back arter de Docto'; en Mistah Yhar' sed, "I yeads a pack of houns." So den Mistah Fox jucked 'is head outer de hollar en tow 'is head all up, en dat wuz de last ub 'im; en Mistah Yhar' dodn't mit no mudder edder.

5. *Why February hasn't Thirty Days.* — In Job's time, dah 'uz thutee dazes enda 'e 'uz bone on de thueeaht; but 'e 'ad sich er pesteahn time, dat 'e gist natchilly prayed onteah de gud Lawed teah maahk 'is buahth-day outah de cal'dah; teah gist pleez teah anzer dis yeah um praah ub 'is'h's, Enda de gud Lawed anzered dat un ub 'is praahs end dah ain't nebah bin no Thutteeht ub Feb'rary sinch." (It may be well to explain that my informant gave the sound of *ah* to most of her *r*'s.)

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EARLEIGH HEIGHTS ON SEVERN,
MARYLAND.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXV.—OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1912—No. XCVIII

TRADITIONS OF THE LILLOOET INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY JAMES TEIT

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[THE following collection of traditions was made by Mr. James Teit during his researches on the ethnology of British Columbia. After Mr. Teit had closed his work for the Jesup North Pacific Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and some other incidental work, Mr. Homer E. Sargent of Chicago became interested in Mr. Teit's valuable investigations, which he has liberally supported during the last six years. The present paper is one of the results of the researches thus conducted.

The comparative notes which will be found in the paper have been added by the editor. Only the material relating directly to Salish mythology has been included in these. A fuller discussion does not seem advisable until all the collected material relating to the folk-lore of the Northwestern plateaus and of the North Pacific coast has been published.

The principal interest of the Lillooet folk-lore, aside from the psychological character of the traditions, is found in the light which it throws upon the process of dissemination of tales. While the folk tales and myths of the Thompson Indians, who with the Lillooet belong to the inland branches of the Salish family, are not very deeply affected by the traditions of the coast Indians, and while they rather belong to the group of tales and myths characteristic of the Northwestern plateaus, the Lillooet tales show a strong infusion of coast elements. The same is true of the traditions of the Lower Thompson Indians, who inhabit that part of the Fraser River Canyon adjoining the Fraser River Delta. The collections made among the coast tribes by myself, and later on by Mr. Charles Hill-Tout, show clearly the close relationship between the myths and tales of all the tribes living around the Gulf of Georgia and those of other coast tribes. The Lillooet and the Lower Thompson Indians have adopted from these tribes the whole group of ancestor legends, which are entirely absent in the interior, and which are characteristic of the social organization of the coast tribes that have village communities claiming descent from a single ancestor; while in the interior no such subdivision of the tribes exists. The incidents belonging to the coast folk-lore have been pointed out in the comparative notes accompanying Mr. Teit's collection of traditions. It is interesting to follow the gradual dissemination of the transformer myths, telling of a group of several culture-heroes who travel through the country together, freeing the land of monsters, and giving man his arts. In the interior their place is taken by the Coyote; but, as has been pointed out before both by Mr. Teit and by myself, the idea of the group of transformers has penetrated far into the interior. Everywhere, however, the opinion is clearly expressed that in reality these transformers belong to the coast, and that their deeds east of the Fraser River Canyon were a trespass on the territory which belonged properly to

Coyote and to Old-One. Several of the Thompson River traditions end with the statement that at the request of Coyote, the coast transformers retired to the coast, and left the country to him to be put into proper shape.

In regard to these points the report of a conversation between Mr. Teit and a Lillooet over eighty years old will be of interest. Mr. Teit describes this conversation as follows: —

“My informant said that in the beginning the inhabitants of the world had animal characteristics. It is doubtful whether at that time real animals and real people existed as we know them to-day. The world was very sparsely settled. A number of transformers gave the world its present shape, and transformed the beings of the mythical period into real people and real animals. These transformers travelled all over the world for this purpose. None of them was born in the Lillooet country. They were strangers, most of whom came from the coast region. Among these was the mink. There is no story which accounts for the origin of the Lillooet tribe as a whole, although sometimes it is claimed that the Lillooet are descendants of the Black-Bear-Woman's children.¹ It is said that Black-Bear and Grizzly-Bear lived with their husband on the east side of Fraser River, north of Lytton, probably in Botani Valley. After the young Black-Bears had killed the young Grizzly-Bears, they escaped, and crossed Fraser River somewhere between Lytton and Lillooet, and took refuge in the Lillooet country near Pemberton. They became the ancestors of people speaking the Lillooet language, and their descendants spread up and down the rivers from this point, intermarrying with the mythical inhabitants; that is, the semi-animal people of the Lillooet country. Others say that the young Black-Bears became the Transformer brothers, the Qoa'qtqwet² (= “smiling”) of the Thompson Indians, and that later on they visited the Thompson country, ascending the Fraser River from the Delta upward.

“Every band of the Lillooet originated from the union of a man with one of the semi-animal inhabitants of the country, perhaps from animals. Most of the traditions inform us that a Lillooet man went off and married one or more animal people whom he found inhabiting a certain part of the country; and the band that now inhabits this spot claims descent from these ancestors. Thus the Anderson Lake people are descendants of two Grizzly-Bear sisters. Most of the members of the Pemberton band are descendants of two men who lived at the places known as Tezi'l and Leqts, where one married a bear, the other a giant. The original inhabitants of Port Douglas are descendants of a Lillooet man who married a seal woman, who bore him a son and a

¹ See pp. 322 and 350.

² From .s-qwo'itl (“to smile”).

daughter. The Bridge River people are descendants of a black bear;¹ those of Sêtl,² of a frog; and those of Seaton Lake, of a Să'tuEN (a crane-like bird). The Seshelt tribe are in part descendants of a man and a porpoise (?) woman. Some of the Seshelt are Lillooet by origin. Their ancestors were a party of Lillooet who descended to the coast, and who continued to speak Lillooet until about 1850. They lived at Ha'nitcEN. The Tlahu's tribe, who nowadays speak the Comox language, are in part descendants of Chilcotin who settled on the coast. It is said that in early days the people of this tribe dressed and adorned themselves like the Chilcotin of the interior.

"The Shuswap and Thompson Indians are said to have been originally descendants of Coyote; and some Lillooet claim that all the people of the southern interior were of this descent, while the people of the northern interior were descendants of the bear or deer. The Fountain tribe³ are descendants of Coyote and his wives, Alder and Cottonwood.⁴ Some people claim that all the Indians of the interior, and perhaps all the people of the whole world, are descendants of Coyote and these two women.

"There are two springs — one hot and one cold — near Skookum Chuck, in the Lower Lillooet district. They were a married couple whom the Transformer changed into springs at their own request. They said, 'Let us be two springs, one hot and one cold, side by side. People who bathe in us and drink our water will become well.' Another spring or brook near Lillooet was formerly a woman who asked the Transformer to be transformed into water, asking that the people should drink of her to be made healthy."

The following abbreviations for citations have been used in the footnotes: —

GEORGE M. DAWSON, Notes on the Shuswap People of British Columbia, *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for 1891*, Section II of Transactions (Montreal, 1892), pp. 3-44. Cited Dawson, *Notes*.

FRANZ BOAS, *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-pacifischen Küste Amerikas* (Berlin, 1895), 363 pp. Cited Boas, *Sagen*.

JAMES TEIT, Traditions of the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi (1898). Cited Teit, *Traditions*.

C. HILL-TOUT, "Sqaktktquaclt," or the Benign-Faced, the Oannes of the Ntlakapamuq, British Columbia, *Folk-Lore*, vol. x (1899), pp. 195-216. Cited Hill-Tout, *Folk-Lore*.

¹ See p. 360.

² See p. 361; also Teit, *Traditions*, p. 96.

³ See p. 368.

⁴ See p. 357.

- LIVINGSTON FARRAND, Traditions of the Chilcotin Indians, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii (1900), pp. 1-54. Cited Farrand, *Chilcotin*.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Studies of the Indians of British Columbia, *Report of the 69th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science* (Dover, 1899), pp. 497-584. Cited, Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Notes on the Sk'qō'mic of British Columbia, a Branch of the Great Salish Stock of North America, *Report of the 70th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science* (Bradford, 1900), pp. 472-549. Cited Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*.
- LIVINGSTON FARRAND, Traditions of the Quinault Indians, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii (1902), pp. 77-132. Cited Farrand, *Quinault*.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Ethnology of the Si'ciatl of British Columbia, a Coast Division of the Salish Stock, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, vol. xxxiv (1904), pp. 20-91. Cited Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Stēē'lis and Sk'au'lits Tribes of the Hal-kōmē'lem Division of the Salish of British Columbia, *Ibid.*, pp. 311-376. Cited Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Ethnology of the Stlatlumi of British Columbia, *Ibid.*, vol. xxxv (1905), pp. 126-218. Cited *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv.
- FRANZ BOAS and GEORGE HUNT, Kwakiutl Texts, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. iii (1905), vol. x (1908). Cited Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, iii, x.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Ethnology of the South-Eastern Tribes of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, vol. xxxvii (1907), pp. 306-374. Cited Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxvii.
- JAMES TEIT, The Shuswap, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii (1909), pp. 443-789. Cited Teit, *The Shuswap*.
- JAMES TEIT, Mythology of the Thompson Indians, *Ibid.*, vol. viii (1912), pp. 218 *et seq.* Cited Teit, *Mythology*.

The material has been arranged in two groups, the first group containing traditions collected among the "real Lillooet," the Liluet-ō'l, who are located around Pemberton Meadows; the second, traditions of the Lillooet of the Lakes¹ (Lêxalê'xamux), — of Anderson and Seaton Lakes. The collection made by Mr. Hill-Tout (*Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv) is from the Lower Lillooet, at the upper end of Harrison Lake, a group which is very much mixed with the Delta tribes. For this reason his collection contains more coast elements than Mr. Teit's collection. I have pointed out² that the collection which I obtained on Harrison River in British Columbia, and which belongs to the Delta

¹ See Teit, *The Lillooet*, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 196.

² Boas, *Sagen*, p. 19.

group, contains many Lillooet elements. The same is true of the traditions collected by Mr. Hill-Tout in the delta of Fraser River.¹

EDITOR.]

I. TRADITIONS OF THE "REAL LILLOOET" (THE LILUET-Ō'L)

I. A'TSE'MÊL; OR, THE STORY OF THE TRANSFORMERS²

Four brothers, called the A'tse'mêt, came up from the mouth of the Fraser River. They were accompanied by their sister,³ who was endowed with magic, and also by another transformer called Sqaix.⁴ It is said that these people came from some place on the coast, and entered the interior by way of the Fraser River, for the purpose of putting things to rights in the world, and killing everything that was bad. These six persons were gifted with magic in a high degree, and they travelled by canoe.

After performing many wonderful deeds on their way up the Fraser River, they entered the Harrison River, and camped a few miles above where the Tcehe'les tribe live. Here abode a wicked woman who was gifted with magic, and who killed many men.⁵ Sqaix said he would go alone and visit the woman; but the brothers told him he had better avoid her until the next day, when they would all go together. Sqaix answered, "Why should I avoid her? No one is superior to me in magic." So, when the others slept, he went to her house. He said to her, "Why have you no husband? It is bad for you to be alone. I am seeking a wife, and wish to have you." She answered, "Let me alone, and do not make me feel ashamed by talking in that way." But Sqaix insisted, and tried to do violence to her. His hand was caught by her organs, and, since he was unable to withdraw it, he had to cut it off above the wrist.

He felt ashamed, went home, and lay down. In the morning the others told him to get up, but he would not rise. They asked him to show his hands, and he showed them one hand. They said, "Show us the other one;" and he changed his hand to the other side of his body, and showed it again. They knew what had happened, and laughed at him. Then they went to the woman's house, and the brothers tried to transform her; but in vain, for she was equal to them

¹ *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, pp. 311-376.

² Compare also No. 37, p. 344; Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 1 (Shuswap), 16 (Thompson Indians), 19 (Fraser Delta), 47 (Cowichan), 56 (Squamish), 63 (Comox); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 518 (Sk.qo'mic-Squamish); Teit, *Traditions*, p. 42 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 218 *et seq.* (Uta'mqt), 315 *et seq.* (Nicola Valley); Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 644 *et seq.*; Dawson, *Notes*.

³ It is claimed by some that the sister was more gifted in magic than the others.

⁴ Some say this was mink. *Qaix* denotes the mink in the coast dialects.

⁵ See Boas, *Sagen*, p. 24 (Fraser Delta).

in powers. Therefore they asked their sister to help them; and she pushed her hand and arm into the woman's organs. When she pulled them out again, the woman died at once.

After some time they arrived halfway up Harrison Lake, where they saw a house in which lived an old man named S'cxei.¹ They entered his house, and talked to him jokingly, as if he were a child. He became angry, and said, "Why do you talk to me as if I were a child? I am an old man, and more experienced than you, who are young." Leaving their sister in the house, they proposed to the old man that they should walk up the mountain-side to see who could climb best. When they were quite a distance away, the old man caused a heavy fall of snow, fastened on his snow-shoes, which he had hidden under his clothes, left the brothers, and walked home.

It took the others three days to wade through the deep snow to the house; and as soon as they reached it, the snow all disappeared. Then they asked the old man to take them up the lake in his canoe, which was very small. They all embarked, and the old man paddled. When they had gone some distance, they tried to frighten him, saying, "See that monster coming underneath the canoe!" He looked, and said, "That is nothing. It is only the shadow of the mountain-tops moving on the waves." Then they said, "See that man paddling underneath the canoe!" The old man answered, "It is nothing, only my shadow paddling." Then Sqaix changed himself into a mink and went down through the water. The others told the old man to look. He said, "That is nothing. All kinds of animals swim in the lake." Then Sqaix changed himself into a weasel, and, entering the canoe, ran up over the old man's legs. The brothers said, "Look at that bad animal!" But the old man answered, "That is nothing. I can easily kill it with my paddle."

Now they reached a place called S'ā'ta, where there was a long sandy beach. Here they proposed to run the old man a race. They were to run to the end of the beach and back again. They left their sister in the canoe, and began to race. The old man beat them, and reached the canoe again while the others were yet far away. Then he caused a calm with intense heat to come, which made his opponents hardly able to walk. At last they sat down, overcome by the heat. So the old man said to the woman, "We will take the canoe to meet them, for they are tired." Then he made a breeze; and the brothers and Sqaix, feeling refreshed, proposed to the old man that they should go up the mountain to gather cedar-branches. When he turned around to look at the mountain they proposed to climb, the sister threw on his back the paint she had used when pubescent; and he was immediately turned into a stone, which may be seen at the present day.²

¹ See Boas, *Sagen*, p. 21 (Fraser Delta).

² This is the celebrated Dr. Stone on Harrison Lake.

After this they crossed to the opposite side of the lake, to where S'cxei's wife lived. Her name was Skaiya'm.¹ They turned her and her canoe into stone, for she was a wicked woman.

The Transformers then proceeded on their voyage, and entered the Lower Lillooet River. They proceeded slowly up this river, and performed many wonderful feats, killing and transforming bad people, and making bad parts of the country better.

At last they arrived halfway up Lillooet Lake, on the west side of which they saw a house in front of which a pregnant woman was standing. They asked her where her husband was, and she pointed to him on the lake-shore, where he was engaged trying to catch fish with two sticks.² The fish would pass between the sticks. Then he would take them out and wipe the slime off them with grass, and try again. This man's name was Stsöp; and the Transformer asked him what he was doing. He answered, "I am poor and ignorant, and know not how to catch fish. I try to catch them in the manner you have just seen, but can never capture any." They said, "What do you eat?" and he answered, "We gather grass and boil it in a basket, and eat it when it is cooked." They noticed that the man carried a long knife on his back, with strings of eagle's feathers attached to the handle and sheath, and asked him what he used it for. He said, "When my wife becomes very large with child, I take this knife, cut open her belly with it, and take out the child.³ My wife always dies. Thus I have had many wives." They said, "We will teach you how to do things right, so that future generations in this country shall know."

They crossed the lake, and pulled hairs out of their legs from below the knee, which they threw on the ground: spa'tsan-bushes⁴ grew up at once. They stripped the bark from some of them, went to the man and his wife, and showed them how to prepare it, twist it into twine, and weave it into nets. They made a dip-net for him, and showed him how to fish with it. Everything they did they made the couple do themselves, so that they should really know how to do it. Then one of the brothers, unperceived by the man and his wife, changed himself into a salmon, and entered the man's net. The man landed it, and the other brothers showed him how to cut it up. They lighted a fire

¹ Boas, *Sagen*, gives a full version of the Kaia'm story (pp. 28-30), printed again by Hill-Tout (*Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv, pp. 177-189) with Indian text. The full story belongs clearly to the Fraser Delta and to the Lower Lillooet (see also Teit, *Mythology*, p. 283 [Utä'mqt]).

² Some say with the handle of a dip-net (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 318).

³ See Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 222, 317; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 652; Farrand, *Chilcotin*, p. 11.

⁴ Not the spa'tsan-bark of the Thompsons. The Lillooet frequently call all kinds of bark used for twine, including twine obtained from the whites, spa'tsan (see Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 227, 325; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 651).

and heated stones. Then they placed a large basket and a small basket side by side, and filled them with water. They put the fish in the large one. They lifted the stones with tongs and dipped them into the small kettle to clean them, and then dropped them into the large kettle. They added fresh stones until the fish was boiled; then they put it on some cedar-bark, and all joined in eating it. They told the man to save all the bones, and throw them into the water, which he did; and the other brother returned to his former shape, and joined them. Then they said, "Future generations shall do as we have shown. They shall catch and boil salmon, and eat them instead of grass."

When the man's wife came to be delivered of her child,¹ the sister took bird-cherry bark and tied it to the infant. She pulled twice, but the string broke each time. She tied it again, and on the third pull the child came out. The Transformers said, "Future generations shall give birth to their children, and men shall no longer cut their wives. Occasionally there may be a hard birth, when the child must be pulled out." Now Sqaix said, "This man has killed many women. He ought to be punished." And the brothers said, "He should be turned into stone, so that future generations, by seeing him, may remember the cause of his transformation, and know what has been ordained." They turned him into a stone, which may be seen at the present day; but his wife and his newly-born son they left to occupy the place.

Proceeding up the lake, the Transformers came to its head, into which the Upper Lillooet River flows. Here there was flat ground like a bog, which moved up and down, and hindered canoes from ascending the river. They made it into firm but swampy land, and left a channel by which canoes might reach the river. At this place they saw a man sitting at work, finishing the handle of a spear.² He had his mouth puckered up, and was whistling to himself.³ They asked him what he was doing, and he answered, "It is none of your business." They asked him again, and he said, "I have heard of these Transformers coming, and I am making this spear to spear them in the neck." They said, "Let us see the spear: it looks very nice." He handed it to them. Then they threw him into the water, and speared him with the spear. They said, "Your name shall be Whitefish (*mè'meli*), and future generations shall spear you in this manner, and eat you as food." The whitefish has a very small mouth, because he was whistling when transformed.

¹ See Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 222, 317.

² Most Indians say it was a three-pronged spear: some say it was two-pronged (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 226 [Utā'mqt]). A very common incident of the Culture-Hero myth of the coast (see Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 46 (Cowichan), 56 (Squamish), 64 (Comox), 98 (Nutmka), 200 (Newettee); Boas, *Chinook Texts*, p. 20; Farrand, *Quinault*, p. 85.

³ See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 331.

The Transformers continued their journey up the Lillooet River to a place near Pemberton, and then up the Pole River until they reached a place on that river known as Salmon-House.¹ Here they saw a man leaning forward, and gazing intently into the water. They asked him what he was looking at, and he answered, "It is nothing to you." They watched him, and saw that he was catching fish with his hands. He caught one, and they asked him how he ate it. He never answered, but, putting the fish to his mouth, began to eat it raw. They transformed him into a fish-hawk (*yoxala'*), and said, "Henceforth people shall not catch fish with their hands, nor eat them raw."

Ascending the river, they passed its source, and came near to the lake called Tseka'lenał, at the source of the stream that empties into the head of Anderson Lake. Here they went up on some rocks near where the old Indian trail passes, and sat down to rest. One brother went away, and returned from the south, dressed in cedar-bark painted red, and carrying cedar-bark and other things in a bundle on his back. Another brother went away, and returned from the east, dressed only in a breech-clout, and carrying on his back a bundle of *spatsan*-bark and other things. When they appeared to view, the other Transformers hailed the one from the south as Li'luet,² and the one from the east as SLa'tlemux, saying, "Henceforth the Li'luet shall go to the Fraser in the SLa'tlemux country to buy salmon and *spatsan*-bark, and the SLa'tlemux shall visit the Li'luet to trade with them. Then one of the Transformers stamped his foot on the rock, and left the imprint of his sole, saying, "This footprint shall mark this spot as the tribal boundary between the Li'luet and the SLa'tlemux" [the Upper and Lower Lillooet]. The footprint may be seen at the present day.

It is not certain where the Transformers went after this, but it is said they returned again to their own country, by way of Pemberton and Green Lake, to the Squamish.³

2. THE BOY AND THE SUN⁴

There was once a boy who made himself obnoxious to the people by constantly stealing their food. The chief told the people to leave their house and desert the boy. They ordered some other boys to induce the thief to go with them while the people made ready to depart.

¹ Three miles or more from Pemberton Indian village. It is a famous fishing-place of the Liluet-ō'l.

² That is, the Lower Lillooet.

³ Some say they did not require to travel through the Upper Lillooet country, as Coyote and Kokwe'la travelled through there (see p. 350).

⁴ See "Tale of the Bad Boy; or, The Sun and the Lad," in Teit, *Traditions*, pp. 51, 52; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 230 (Utā'mqt); Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 17 (Thompson), 19 (Fraser Delta); Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv, p. 201 (Lower Lillooet); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 532 (Squamish).

These boys said, "Let us go and search for wood to make bows and arrows." On reaching a densely wooded place, they said, "We will separate here, and search, that we may the sooner find good wood; but we will continue to whistle to one another, so that we may all know one another's whereabouts."

When the boys were out of sight, they eased themselves in several places, and then hurried away to overtake the people. After they had gone, their excrements continued to whistle, so the thief thought that his companions were still near by. Having found some good wood, he called on the other boys to come, but heard no reply except the whistling. He searched for them, and at last found they had gone, and that the sounds proceeded, not from them, but from their excrements.

Then the thief hurried home, because it was late; but, upon arriving at the village, he found all the people gone. He was hungry, and searched all the houses for food, but found none. Returning to his parents' house, he saw a basket upside down in a corner. He thought some food might be there, so he kicked it over with his foot. He found his grandmother sitting underneath. He was angry, because he would rather have found food than her; but she cried out that he should not kick her, as she might be of much service to him.

The grandmother had a cedar-bark match, which she gave him to light a fire. After warming themselves, she asked him to shoot mice to eat. He did this, and they lived on what vermin he killed. She asked him to shoot birds, and she would make a robe of their skins. He shot very many bright-plumaged birds, and the old woman made him a very large and handsome robe. She told him to make a spear of cedar-wood. He did this, and speared some fish.

One day Sun saw him fishing with his cedar-wood spear, and, noticing the beautiful blanket he wore, thought he would try to obtain it from him. Sun was dressed in a goat-skin blanket with long fringe. He approached the boy, and offered to exchange robes with him; but the boy declined. Sun said, "You do not know the value of my robe. It can catch far more fish than your spear." Then Sun placed the fringe of his robe in the water, and caught a fish on each tassel. When the boy saw this, he exchanged robes with Sun. He was now able to catch great quantities of fish, which he dried, and with which he filled many houses, cellars, and drying-poles.

The people of the village, who were camped a long ways off, had been unsuccessful hunting and fishing, and were now on the verge of starvation. One of them, Raven, left them, and returned to the village, where he was surprised to find the boy living in affluence. The boy saw Raven, and threw some fish at him, which he gladly ate. Next day Raven came again, and asked the lad for some fish to take

home to his children. He was given three fish, which he took away, and kept until the other people had gone to bed. When all was quiet, he gave them to his children; but they quarrelled and made a great noise: so the people heard them, and said, "Raven's children must be eating something good." They went to his house and asked him what his children had been eating; and he told them, "Moss." They did not believe him, and made up their minds to watch next night. On the third day, Raven went to the lad again, and asked him for more fish. Again he was given three, which he took home for his children. That night Raven's children quarrelled again when they were fed. The people ran in, caught them eating, and made them disgorge by pressing their throats. They found that the food was fish: so they asked Raven where he got it. He told them the whole story, and the people at once broke camp and returned to the village, where the boy feasted them on fish till they were satisfied.

The lad became a great fisherman, and the people of the village thus never lacked an abundant supply of fish. The chief gave him his daughter to wife, and the lad afterwards became chief.

Before Sun obtained the boy's robe, he was pale; and his light was faint, like that of the moon; but thenceforth he became bright and dazzling, because he wore the boy's bright and many-colored robe.

3. THE FROG SISTERS

The three Frog sisters had a house in a swamp, where they lived together. Not very far away lived a number of people in another house. Among them were Snake and Beaver, who were friends. They were well-grown lads, and wished to marry the Frog girls.

One night Snake went to Frog's house, and, crawling up to one of the sisters, put his hand on her face. She awoke, and asked him who he was. Learning that he was Snake, she said she would not marry him, and told him to leave at once. She called him hard names, such as, "slimy-fellow," "small-eyes," etc. Snake returned, and told his friend of his failure.

Next night Beaver went to try, and, crawling up to one of the sisters, he put his hand on her face. She awoke, and, finding out who he was, she told him to be gone. She called him names, such as, "short-legs," "big-belly," "big-buttocks." Beaver felt hurt, and, going home, began to cry.¹ His father asked him what the matter was, and the boy told him. He said, "That is nothing. Don't cry! It will rain too much." But young Beaver said, "I *will* cry."

¹ See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 35 (Fraser Delta), 79 (Comox); Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, p. 318; Boas, *Kathlamet Texts*, p. 23; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 37 (Sesahelt); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 78 (Thompson); Hill-Tout, *Ibid.*, 1900, p. 548 (Squamish); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 230 (Utā'mqt), 333 (Nicola).

As he continued to cry, much rain fell, and soon the swamp where the Frogs lived was flooded. Their house was under the water, which covered the tops of the tall swamp-grass. The Frogs got cold, and went to Beaver's house, and said to him, "We wish to marry your sons." But old Beaver said, "No! You called us hard names."

The water was now running in a regular stream. So the Frogs swam away downstream until they reached a whirlpool, which sucked them in, and they descended to the house of the Moon. The latter invited them to warm themselves at the fire; but they said, "No. We do not wish to sit by the fire. We wish to sit there," pointing at him. He said, "Here?" at the same time pointing at his feet. They said, "No, not there." Then he pointed to one part of his body after another, until he reached his brow. When he said, "Will you sit here?" they all cried out, "Yes," and jumped on his face, thus spoiling his beauty. The Frog's sisters may be seen on the moon's face at the present day.¹

4. BEAVER AND EAGLE²

Beaver and Eagle lived with their sister in the Lillooet country. They had no fire, and ate their food raw. The sister cried and complained constantly, because she had no fire at which to roast her dried salmon-skins. At last the brothers took pity on her, because she cried so much, and said, "Don't cry any more! We will procure fire for you. We will train ourselves for a long time, and during our absence you must be very careful not to cry or complain; for, if you do, we shall fail in our object, and our training will be fruitless."

Leaving their sister, the brothers repaired to the mountains, where they spent four years training themselves. At the expiration of that time, they returned to their sister, who had never cried during their absence, and told her they would go to procure fire, as they now knew where it could be found, and how they could obtain it.

After five days' journeying, they arrived at the house³ of the people who possessed fire. Then one brother drew over himself an eagle's body, and the other one a beaver's body. The latter dammed the creek near by, and that night made a hole underneath the people's house. Next morning he swam around in the water made by the dam, and an old man saw him and shot him. He took him into the house, and, laying him beside the fire, told the people to skin him. While they were skinning him, they came on something hard underneath his armpit. This was a clam-shell, which Beaver had hidden there.

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 91; Boas, *Sagen*, p. 15 (Shuswap); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 653; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 229 (Utā'mqt), 330 (Nicola).

² See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 56; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 229 (Utā'mqt), 338 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 42 (Fraser Delta); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 65.

³ Most informants agree that the house was an underground house, which, according to some, was at a place near the sea.

Just then the people noticed a very large and fine-looking eagle perch on a tree near by. They were anxious to kill him to get his plumes: so they all ran out and began to shoot at him, but none of them could hit him. When they were thus engaged, Beaver, who was now left alone, put some of the fire in his clam-shell, and escaped through the hole he had made. He soon reached the water, which was now almost at the house, and swam away with his prize.

As soon as Eagle saw that his brother was safe, he flew away and joined him. They continued their journey home, Eagle resting himself on Beaver's back when tired. They brought the fire home and gave it to their sister, who now became very happy and contented.

5. THE FIRE PEOPLE; OR, THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED FIRE

A man who lived on the Lower Lillooet River had a daughter who refused all suitors. The people said, "Perhaps you wish the man¹ who lives in the east to be your husband." This man, who lived in a very distant country, heard what they said, and came and took the girl for his wife. She went home with him, and some time afterward gave birth to a son. While the boy was yet a child, his father said to his wife, "Let us go and visit your people." A large number of the husband's people accompanied them on their journey. They were warlike, and endowed with magic and the "mystery" of fire. When they arrived on the Lower Lillooet River, instead of acting in a friendly manner, they attacked the people there, and killed a great many of them, and then returned home.

When the boy grew to be a man, he said, "I must pay my mother's people because they were slaughtered by my father's people." He went to his mother's country and gave them a present of fire, which was at that time unknown to them. He possessed the magic of fire, and could make fire appear at any time or place he wished. By commanding, he could make a house take fire a long way off. The shaman called Napoleon, of the Lower Lillooet River, learned his secret of making fire appear when he wished by supplicating these Fire people, for he had them for his manitou, and had thus learned some of their magic.

6. ORIGIN OF LIGHT AND FIRE

Raven and Sea-Gull were friends, and lived in the Lillooet country. Their houses were close together. Raven had four servants; namely, Worm, Flea, Louse, and Little-Louse.² It was dark all over the world

¹ Some say he was a chief who was related to Thunder; others say he was the Sun; while still others say he was just an ordinary man who was known by a certain name which they have forgotten.

² *Es'kat-k'la*, described as being a very small louse. The Thompson Indians call dirt on a person's skin or on clothes *skELk'EL* (cf. Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 544).

at that time, as Sea-Gull owned the daylight,¹ which he kept in a box, and never let any of it out, except occasionally, when he needed some for his own use.

Raven thought it was not fair that Sea-Gull should keep the daylight all to himself, when it was of so much value, and would benefit the people if liberated. He made up his mind to obtain the daylight: so one night he placed many hawthorn-branches on the trail which led from Sea-Gull's house to the place where the latter's canoe was fastened; then, hastening to Sea-Gull's house, he cried loudly that his canoe had gone adrift. Sea-Gull rushed out in haste to save his canoe, and several thorns entered his bare feet. He cried with pain, returned to the house, and asked Raven to get his canoe for him, and draw it up. Raven went and drew up Gull's canoe, and then returned.

Gull complained much of the thorns in his feet, and Raven said he would pull them out if Gull would open the box enough to let some light out. To this Gull agreed. He sat down beside the box and opened it a little with one hand. Now Raven began to extract the thorns with an awl, but pretended he could not see well enough, and asked Gull to open the box a little more, which he did. Raven extracted most of the thorns, and said he could soon extract the last ones, if he were given a little additional light. When Gull opened the box a little more, Raven gave his arm a push. Thus he knocked down the box and broke it.² The daylight now all escaped and spread over the world, and Gull was unable to collect it again. Raven claimed that the push was accidental, and, after taking the last of the thorns out of Gull's feet, he left and went home, chuckling to himself.

Raven could now see very far with the new daylight: so one morning he washed himself, combed and oiled his hair, put on his best robe, and painted his face black. Then he ascended to the top of his underground house and looked around the world. He gazed about all day without seeing anything. Next morning he fixed himself up again, changed his face-paint, and sat on his house-top all day. That day, also, he saw nothing. The third day he changed his face-paint, and did likewise. That evening, before descending, he saw signs of smoke. On the fourth day he changed his face-paint again, and that evening he located the smoke, rising far away in the south, on the shore of the sea.

On the following day Raven embarked with all his servants in Little-Louse's canoe; but it was too small, and they were swamped. On the following day he tried Big-Louse's canoe; but it, also, was too small. Thus he tried all his servants' canoes, but with the same result.

¹ Some say the sun (cf. Boas, *Sagen*, p. 55 [Nanaimo]; Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 545; Boas and Hunt, *Kwakwaka'wakw Texts*, iii, p. 393).

² Some say the box did not break, only the lid opened wide, thus letting out all the light.

Now he told his wife to go and ask the loan of Sea-Gull's large canoe, as he intended to go and get fire. The following day, after he had obtained the canoe, he embarked with his servants, and, after four days' paddling down stream, they arrived close to the house of the people who possessed fire.¹

Now Raven asked his servants which of them was willing to go and steal the baby-girl of these people. Little-Louse offered to go; but the others said, "You will make too much noise, and wake the people." Big-Louse offered himself; but they had the same objections to him. Then Flea said, "I will go. In one jump I will reach and snatch the baby, and with another jump I will be out again. The people won't be able to catch me." But the others said, "You will make a noise, and we don't want the people to know." Worm now spoke, saying, "I will go slowly and quietly, and will bore a hole underground. I will come out underneath where the baby hangs in its cradle, steal it, and return without any one hearing me." They all thought this was the best proposition, and assented to Worm's plan. So that night Worm bored a hole underground, and stole the baby. As soon as he returned with it, they put it in their canoe and paddled rapidly away toward home.

Early the next morning the people missed the baby, and the wise ones knew what had happened. They gave chase, but could neither locate nor overtake Raven and his servants. Sturgeon, Whale, and Seal searched long and far, but at last gave it up and returned home. Only one small fish² found the course the canoe had taken, and overtook it. It tried to retard the canoe's progress by sticking to the paddles, but at last got tired and returned home.

The mother of the child caused a heavy rain to come,³ thinking that would stop the thieves, but without avail. Raven reached his own country with the child, and the latter's relatives, hearing where it had been taken to, came to Raven's house with many presents; but Raven said they were not what he wanted, so they went back without getting the child.

Twice again they visited Raven with presents, but with the same result. On their fourth visit, too, Raven refused their presents, although they had brought different and more valuable presents each time. Then they asked him what he wanted, and he said, "Fire." They answered, "Why did you not say that before?" and they were glad, because they had plenty, and considered it of little value. They went and brought him fire, and he gave them back their child.

¹ They are said to have been all Fish people. See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 43 (Fraser Delta), 54 (Nanaimo); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 544 (Squamish; here the rain is obtained); Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, p. 94 (here the ebb-tide is obtained); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 158 (Kwakiutl).

² Said to be a small, very spiny fish inhabiting the sea.

³ Some say by weeping.

The Fish people showed Raven how to make fire with dry cotton-wood-roots. Raven was glad, and said to Sea-Gull, "If I had not stolen light from you, I could not have seen where fire was kept. Now we have fire and light, and both are benefited." Thereafter Raven sold fire to every family that wished it, and each family that bought it paid him a young girl. Thus Raven became possessed of many wives.

7. THE SALMON MEN; OR, THE ORIGIN OF SALMON

Two brothers lived at the very head waters of the Upper Lillooet River, and spent most of their time training themselves in the neighboring mountains, for they wished to become great. One of them became ill, and had to remain at home. After four years' illness, he became weak, and so thin that he seemed nothing but skin and bones. His brother grew anxious about him, and stopped his training. He hunted, and brought in rabbits, squirrel, and all kinds of meat, for his sick brother. He also threw small pieces of stick into the water, making them turn into fish. Then he caught them and gave them to his brother to eat. But no kind of food seemed to agree with the invalid, for he rapidly grew weaker and thinner.

When the youth saw that no food did his brother good, he made up his mind to take him away to some other place to be cured. They embarked in a canoe, and proceeded down the Lillooet River, giving names to all the places as they passed along. They came to a place they called Ilamü'x. Here there was a rock which dammed the river. They made a hole through it to allow their canoe to pass. Even at the present day it appears like a stone bridge across the river. Proceeding, they came to a place they called Komê'lux. Here two creeks, running from opposite directions, met each other with very great force. They made the water smooth enough to be safe for a canoe to pass. Proceeding, they came to a place they named Kulexwi'n. Here there was a steep, rocky mountain close to the river. They threw their medicine-mat¹ at it, and it became flat like a mat.

Thus they proceeded down to Big and Little Lillooet Lakes and the Lower Lillooet River, until they reached Harrison Lake. All the way along they gave names to the places, made the waters navigable, and changed many features of the country. They reached Fraser River, went down to its mouth, and proceeded out to sea to the land of the salmon. When they arrived there, the strong brother hid himself, while the sick man transformed himself into a wooden dish, nicely painted and carved; and in this form he floated against the dam inside of which the people kept the salmon. A man found the dish, and took

¹ The mat which shamans put on their head as a mask when treating patients, or searching for souls.

it to his daughter, who admired it very much, and used it to eat from.¹ Whatever salmon she left in the dish over night always disappeared; but she did not care, because salmon were plentiful.

The dish ate the salmon, or, rather, the sick brother in dish form; and soon he became fat and well again. The other brother left his hiding-place every night to see the invalid, and to eat salmon out of the basket into which the people threw their leavings. He was glad to see his brother getting well so rapidly. When he had become very fat, his brother told him it was time they departed: so one night he broke the dam, and let the salmon out. Then they embarked in their canoe, and led the salmon toward the mouth of the Fraser River.

The salmon travelled very fast, and by the next morning they had reached the river. As they ascended, they took pieces of salmon from their basket, and threw them into the different creeks and rivers. Wherever they threw pieces of salmon, some of the fish followed. Thus they introduced the salmon into the streams of the interior. "Henceforth," said they, "salmon shall run at this time each year, and the people shall become acquainted with them and eat them." Then the brothers returned to their home at the head of the Upper Lillooet River, and they made near their house the hot springs called Tcîq,² which they used for cooking their food.

8. COYOTE

Coyote lived near Grizzly-Bear's house.³ One day he went to where Grizzly-Bear used to ease himself from a cross-stick above a hole, and cut the stick nearly through. When Grizzly-Bear went as usual, the stick broke, and he fell into the hole, and spoiled his fur. He washed himself again and again, but could not clean himself. Coyote went to Grizzly-Bear's house, and said, "What is the matter? You smell like excrement." Grizzly-Bear felt ashamed, and went to the river to wash again. While he was gone, Coyote hurried to Grizzly-Bear's cellar and stole a pack of dried salmon. When Grizzly-Bear went to the cellar soon afterward, he missed the fish and followed Coyote; but the latter caused cold wind and snow to come; and Grizzly-Bear was afraid, and returned home.

Some time afterward Coyote was hungry, and knowing that Grizzly-Bear⁴ had a large store of dried salmon, berries, and other food, he

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 27; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 205 (Utâ'mqt), 296 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 18; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 559 (Thompson); Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 43 (Seshelt).

² These springs are near the remote sources of the Lillooet River, in the main Cascade Mountains. The water is said to be very hot, and the springs are larger than any others known of. Hot-springs are numerous throughout the Lillooet country.

³ Some say near the Fraser River in the Sta'tlemux country (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 311; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 630).

⁴ Teit, *Mythology*, p. 311 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 630.

visited him, and said, "You have great stores of food, but never give me any at all. Why are you so stingy, when the salmon will be here soon?" Grizzly-Bear answered, "No, it will be a long time yet before the salmon come." Coyote went down to the Fraser River, near the mouth of Cayuse Creek, where he found some old sockeye-salmon and king-salmon bones, which he changed into fresh salmon. He found some old pips on rosebushes, and changed them into service-berries. Then he returned to Grizzly-Bear's house with the fish and berries, which he left outside. He said to Grizzly-Bear, "I am hungry," and the latter gave him some dried salmon and dried berries to eat. He threw the food outside, saying, "The berries are ripe, and the salmon have come, yet you give me that old stuff to eat." Grizzly-Bear would not believe him, so Coyote brought in the fresh salmon and berries. Grizzly-Bear ate Coyote's food, and believed what he said: so he went to his cache and threw away all his provisions.

Then Coyote went down to the river, and, seeing a pole overhanging the running water, he thought he would have some fun. He got up on the pole and danced up and down. Before long he became giddy and sick, and lay down on the river-bank. A man came along and kicked him. He got up and rubbed his eyes, saying, "I have been asleep."

Travelling on, he came upon a number of young Grouse at play,¹ and asked them where their parents were. Then he put gum in the eyes of one of them, so that it could not see. Their mother came and cleaned the child's eyes, and asked how it came to have gum in them. The child said, "Coyote did it." Coyote became so hungry that he fainted, and a man came along and kicked him, saying, "Why are you lying there?" Coyote got up and said, "I was sleeping."

He went to the Buck-Deer's house and told him that he was hungry.² The Buck put on a big fire, and stood with his back close to it. When the fat of his back was cooked, he told Coyote to eat his back-fat, and Coyote ate his fill. Then Coyote made the fire hotter, and, standing with his back in front of it, singed his hair. Then he asked the Buck to come and eat his back-fat; but the Buck threw Coyote out. Here he lay on the ground and slept, until a man passing along kicked him and woke him up.

Then Coyote went to Water-Ouzel's house and told him he was

¹ Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 17 (Shuswap and Thompson), 57 (Squamish), 89 (Comox), 114 (Nootka); Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 628, 740; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 547. Only the Shuswap versions are closely related to the present incident.

² For parallels, see Boas, *Sagen*, p. 359, under "Nachahmung;" George A. Dorsey and A. L. Kroeber, *Arapaho Traditions, Field Columbian Museum, Anthropology*, vol. v, p. 119; Farrand, *Chilcotin*, p. 18; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 575; Matthews, *Navaho Legends, Mem. Am. Folk-Lore Soc.*, vol. v, p. 87; Teit, *Traditions*, p. 40; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 206, 301; Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 627, 739; etc.

hungry. Water-Ouzel went to the stream and dived for salmon-spawn, which he put in a basket, and boiled for Coyote to eat. After eating his fill, Coyote took a basket, and, going to the stream, dived in. Thinking the fine gravel was spawn, he tried to catch it with his mouth. He did this until he got tired, and the current carried him away. He eventually got ashore, and, feeling exhausted, lay down to sleep. A man passing by woke him up with a kick.

He felt hungry, and went to Kingfisher's house. The latter went down to the lake, made a hole in the ice, and speared¹ some fish, which he took home and boiled for Coyote. After eating his fill, Coyote made a spear of pitch-wood, and stuck it in his nose. Then, going to the hole in the ice, he put his head down to spear fish; but the pitch-wood struck a piece of ice, and ran up his nostril. Coyote fainted with the pain, and Kingfisher went and kicked him. Then Coyote ceased travelling for a while, and made a house in a new place.

He desired to have a son:² so he made one of clay, and told him never to go into the water nor to wash himself; but his son disobeyed, went into the water, and dissolved. Then he made another son out of gum, and told him never to go in the sun or near a fire; but he also disobeyed, for he lay down to sleep on a flat rock, and melted. Again Coyote made a son, this time of stone, and told him never to swim in the water; but, like the others, he did what he was told not to do, and, going to swim in the water, he sank. At last Coyote made a fourth son, from the bark of the balsam-poplar. The son washed himself, he swam, and he sunned himself, but nothing had any effect on him: so he grew up to be a young man. He hunted, and was very successful, and he and his father made many goat-hair and deer-skin robes.

Coyote³ took his son with him to travel around the country. His name was Yiku'sxen. They passed by a lake, near which they saw many swans flying overhead. Coyote called on them to fall down. The Swans said to themselves, "It is Coyote. We will fall down." They fell like hail, and remained as if dead. Coyote told his son to make a fire to cook them, and he himself went for more wood. When he was away some distance, the Swans began to move, and some to fly away. Yiku'sxen called on his father, who ran back, carrying a stick, and began to hit the rising Swans in an excited manner. He hit his son, who cried out, "Stop!" and the Swans all got away.

Continuing their journey, they came on the carcass of a Grizzly-Bear.⁴ They made an oven in the ground similar to those used for cooking roots, and put the whole carcass in. At night they took it out, and said they would let it cool and would eat it in the morning. While

¹ Some say his spear was made of pitch-wood.

² Teit, *Traditions*, p. 21; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 551; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 296.

³ Teit, *Mythology*, p. 310; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 638.

⁴ Some say the same grizzly mentioned in the story of the Black and the Grizzly Bears.

they were asleep, some women who were searching for birds' eggs came along and ate up the whole carcass.¹ When the women were leaving, they smeared the mouths and hands of the Coyotes with some of the grease. When Coyote awoke in the morning, he found nothing but bones. He was angry at his son, saying, "You ate the whole bear, and never called me." Yiku'sxen denied it; and Coyote said, "See the grease on your hands and mouth!" Yiku'sxen said, "See the grease on your own hands and mouth!" Then Coyote knew that a trick had been played on them.

They followed the tracks of the women, and, unperceived, passed by the place where they were gathering eggs. At evening, Coyote changed himself into a large branching cedar-tree, and his son into a log of dry wood. Then he caused a heavy shower of rain to come. The women sought shelter under the tree, and thought it was a good place to camp for the night. They said, "We have shelter here, and plenty of dry wood." The women cooked their eggs, and said they would leave most of them for breakfast. When they were asleep, Coyote and his son assumed their natural forms, and ate all the eggs. When the women awoke in the morning, there was neither tree, nor wood, nor eggs. They said, "This is Coyote's work." Continuing their journey, Coyote saw a Cannibal approaching.² He gave his pack to his son, and told him to hide in the bush. Coyote and the Cannibal met, and each asked the other who he was. Both answered that they were Cannibals and ate men, and the one pretended not to believe the other. Coyote proposed they should vomit, and thus find out who was telling the truth. The Cannibal agreed to this; and Coyote said, "We must both shut our eyes." They vomited, and, while the Cannibal's eyes were yet closed, Coyote changed the stuff they had vomited, placing his own in front of the Cannibal. When the latter opened his eyes, he saw lumps of human flesh in front of Coyote, and nothing but grass in front of himself. Coyote laughed at him, and said, "I knew you were a liar and a boaster."

At last they reached a country where there were many people who made baskets.³ They staid with these people, who were very kind, and gave two girls to be the wives of Yiku'sxen. Coyote was not pleased over his son's marriage, and said, "He is very poor, and cannot support two wives." He thought they ought to have offered the girls to him, for he was anxious to marry. Coyote hunted a great deal, and gave presents of many deer-skins to the people, receiving in return

¹ Teit, *Mythology*, p. 310 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 683.

² See Boas, *Sagen*, p. 9; Hill-Tout, *Folk-Lore*, p. 206 (Thompson); Teit, *Traditions*, p. 30; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 300; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 632; Matthews, *Navaho Legends*, p. 227.

³ Teit, *Traditions*, p. 21; Boas, *Sagen*, p. 17 (Thompson); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 57; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 205 (Utā'mqt), p. 296 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 622, 737.

baskets, which he gave to the elderly women, thinking some of them might offer him their daughters; but they did not do so.

Then Coyote wished to get his son's wives: so he went to a small tree, defecated on the top of it, and turned his excrement into a nest full of young eagles. He asked them to say, "Slk, slk, slk!" like young birds; but they always said, "Excrements!" instead. At last he got them to speak in the right manner, and then he went to his son and told him that there were eaglets in a nest near by. Coyote had made the tree grow very tall. Yiku'sxen took off his clothes and climbed the tree. Coyote made the tree grow taller and taller, until it reached the sky; and his son kept on climbing, being encouraged by his father. At last he found himself so high up, he was afraid to come down. Coyote made himself look young, and, putting on his son's clothes, went to his wives. One of them, who had a baby son, would have nothing to do with him, as she was sure he was Coyote, and had played some trick on her husband; but the other wife was easily deceived, and thenceforth lived with Coyote. This was the wife his son did not love very much.

When Yiku'sxen reached the sky, he began to travel through the upper world, and came to two old women who were blind. They were handing each other gravel, which seemed to be their food. He took the gravel out of their hands, and they thought the one was fooling the other when they said, "I gave you some, and you took it." They were angry at each other for a time; then one of them said, "Coyote's son must be here: I smell him." He asked them if there were any houses near by; and they said if he kept on travelling, he would come to some underground houses.

He continued his journey, and saw the ladder of an underground house in the distance. When he arrived at the house, he found it inhabited by two old people, Spider and his wife. Spider gave him a bow and arrows, and told him to go hunting.¹ He said, "Don't shoot hard. If you do, the arrow will rebound from the animal and come back to me. Shoot gently, and always wait until you get the animals one in front of the other; then shoot the rump of the last one, and the arrow will go through them all and kill them." He went hunting several times, but always shot too hard, and the arrows went back to Spider. At last he learned how to shoot gently, and killed many deer and goats. Spider's wife was glad, and spun much goat-hair.

At last Yiku'sxen got tired of the upper world, and said he wished to return to earth. Spider said, "All right! My wife will make a very long rope of goat's hair, and we will lower you down." When the rope was finished, they tied a covered basket to the end of it, and put Yiku'sxen inside. They said, "You must not look out on your

¹ See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 257.

way down." They lowered him down until he reached the clouds, when he looked out, and the basket went up again. Next time he did not look out, and the basket passed the clouds, and soon reached the earth. He did not open the lid until he heard the Meadow-Lark cry, then he knew that he had reached the earth. He came out and ran with the basket, and swung it. The Spider then pulled it up. He looked around, and found that the people had recently left on a hunting-trip. He followed their tracks, and overtook his wife, who was carrying her child. The latter recognized him and called him by name, and his wife was glad to see him. They arrived at the place where the people were camped, and Coyote offered to give him back his other wife, but he would not take her.

Now Yiku'sxen went hunting, and shot a deer on the far side of a large creek. He took out the entrails, and made the intestines into a tump-line, which he hung up near the carcass. Then he returned home and told Coyote of his success. The latter said, "I will go with you to-morrow and help you carry it in." On the following morning, when they had gone some distance, Coyote said, "I have forgotten my packing-line." Yiku'sxen said, "Never mind! I left one yesterday with the deer." They forded the stream, and cut the deer up. Yiku'sxen said, "If you carry the deer home, I will go hunting, for the day is yet young." Yiku'sxen left, and Coyote put the deer-meat on his back. By this time it was raining hard, for Yiku'sxen had caused rain to fall; and Coyote hurried along, for he was afraid the creek would swell so, that he could not cross: but the pack-strap broke every little while, and he had to stop and mend it. When he reached the creek, he found the water was already deep, and still rising rapidly. He tried to ford the creek; but when in the deepest place, the tump-line broke, and the pack was swept away. Coyote tried to catch it, but the rising water carried him away, and it is said he was drowned.

9. THE MAN WHO HAD A BRANCH FOR A WIFE¹

Once a man lived alone in an underground house. All the other people in the land lived very far away. He longed to have a wife, but did not know where to obtain one. At last he made up his mind to make a tree-branch his wife. He travelled around many days, breaking branches from trees, until at last he found a suitable one, which broke off, leaving a hole through the part which had been next the tree. He carried it home, and treated it as his wife. He talked to it, and, changing his voice, talked again as if it were answering him. He slept with it; and when he went out, he covered it over with a blanket, and left food and water beside it.

¹ See p. 357; also Boas, *Sagen*, p. 23 (Fraser Delta); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 222 (Utä'mqt), 316 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 652.

A woman who lived in a distant country knew how the man was acting, and went to see him. She reached the house during his absence, put it in order, drank the water and ate the food left for the branch-wife, and, as evening came on, lighted the fire. When the man came home, she hid herself and watched him. The man went hunting four successive days, and always found the house arranged, and the food and water gone, when he came back. He thought to himself, "My branch-wife must be doing this. She must be getting alive." And he was glad that his wife was becoming useful, and could eat and drink.

The next night, before the hunter came home, the woman threw the branch into the fire. When he arrived, and missed the branch, he wept and lamented, saying, "My loss is great. My wife must have fallen into the fire while she was climbing the ladder to go and get water. What shall I do for a wife?" Then the woman laughed at him from where she was hidden. She stepped towards him, and asked him for whom he was crying. She said, "I burned the branch, and now I will be your wife." She told him the whole story, and he was glad to have a real wife. They lived together, and had many children.

10. GLACIER AND CHINOOK-WIND¹

A Glacier in the mountains, near the north end of Lillooet Lake, wished to get a wife. He travelled² south until he reached the sea. He followed south along the seashore until he reached the house of Chinook-Wind, who gave him his daughter in marriage. He took her home; but she soon found she could not live with him because the temperature was so low. She felt cold, and lighted a fire. Her husband began to melt: so he put the fire out, and threw the wood away. He sent his servant, Water-Ouzel, into the water to fetch wet wood, and said to him, "When my wife desires wood for a fire, always give her wet wood, and never dry." The woman used some of the wet wood, but it gave no heat, and smoked so much that she could not see. The woman was thus very miserable living with Glacier.

She gave birth to a child, and shortly afterwards got an opportunity to send word to her relatives, telling them of her miserable state. When they received the news, her brother with many friends went to her rescue in a canoe. When they neared Glacier's house, they changed to snowflakes, and danced around and above it. The woman saw them, and said to herself, "The weather is milder: it is snowing.

¹ Compare "The Hot and Cold Winds," Teit, *Traditions*, p. 55. The origin of the Chinook wind, or the attempt to overcome the cold, are themes of other tales; see Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 624; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 210; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxiv, p. 204 (Lower Lillooet).

² Some say by way of Lillooet Lake, Lillooet River, Harrison Lake, Harrison River, and Fraser River, to the sea.

My brother has arrived." Glacier caused the cold to come, so that there was much frost on the trees, and drove Chinook-Wind away; but the latter returned again stronger than ever, and in the form of soft snowflakes and sleet danced around the house. Again Glacier made it cold, so that ice formed on the trees; but Chinook-Wind returned in the form of rain, which began to melt Glacier, who could now only produce a little cold with hail. Then Chinook-Wind came back, blowing steady and strong and warm; and Glacier retreated up the mountains, leaving his wife behind.

They put her in the canoe, and paddled back again down Lillooet Lake. When half-way down the lake, they put ashore to light a fire and eat. Here the brother noticed a hump on his sister's hips. He asked her what it was, and she said it was her baby. She was hiding it, intending to take it home secretly. Her brother took it from her, and, finding it was a piece of ice, he threw it into the fire, where it melted. Then he turned around and said, "Henceforth, in this country, cold and ice shall have the mastery for only a few months each year; then the Chinook-Wind will come and drive away the cold, and melt the ice, as we have done. Our voyage shall be made each year." They embarked again, and reached their home in due time. Because the woman carried her ice-baby on her hips, therefore in cold weather a woman's backside is always colder than a man's.¹

II. WREN; OR, THE CHAIN OF ARROWS

This story, as told by the Liluet-ō'l, is just like the version which I obtained from the Utā'mqt.²

12. THE MOSQUITOES AND THUNDER³

The Mosquitoes were very numerous, and lived in the upper world, where they were ruled by a chief. Thunder also lived there, but not with the Mosquitoes. One day, when the weather was very hot, the Mosquito chief sent one of his people to the earth to search for blood. This Mosquito, finding some men, sucked their blood, and returned home with his belly full. When he arrived, he vomited the blood into a kettle, and, after boiling it, invited all the women to come and eat it. Then the chief sent another man to the earth in quest of more blood. He found some women asleep, and, after gorging himself with blood from their privates, he returned to the upper world. He vomited up the blood, boiled it in a round basket, and invited all the men to eat.

Having acquired a taste for blood, and having learned where to

¹ Some say the brother also ordained this.

² See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 246; compare also Boas, *Sagen*, p. 17 (Thompson); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 749.

³ Compare "The Mosquito and the Thunder," Teit, *Traditions*, Story XI, p. 56; also Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 229 (Utā'mqt), 335 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 709.

obtain it, the Mosquitoes lived on it almost altogether. Every warm day their chief sent down great numbers to earth, where they collected much blood, and then returned home with it, boiled it, and ate it. Then the Mosquito chief said, "Henceforth mosquitoes shall go to earth and suck blood when they can get it. Female mosquitoes shall suck men's blood, and male mosquitoes shall suck women's blood; and any one who kills mosquitoes when sucking blood shall be attacked by many other mosquitoes, and thus be punished."

Now, Thunder heard that his neighbors the Mosquitoes were living on blood: so he went and asked the first Mosquito who had visited the earth where he obtained the blood. The Mosquito told him that he sucked it from the tree-tops. Then Thunder shot the tree-tops, went down, and sucked them; but he could not extract any blood. He went to the other Mosquito who had first brought blood from the earth, and asked him where he got the blood. The Mosquito answered, "I sucked it from the rocks." Thereupon Thunder shot the rocks, and sucked them; but he could not obtain any blood. If the Mosquitoes had told the truth, Thunder would have shot the people and sucked their blood, instead of shooting the trees and rocks, as he does at the present day. The Mosquitoes thus saved people from being shot by Thunder.

13. WREN¹

Wren (*tsatso'*) strutted up and down, tossing his head, and striking his heels into the ground. As he walked about, he sang, calling Buck-Deer to come. Fawn appeared; and Wren said to him, "Let me look at your buttocks!" Fawn turned around. "Go away!" said Wren. "I do not want you. I do not want worthless deer. I want a fat one." He sang again, and One-Prong-Buck appeared. He asked him to turn around so that he could see his backside. Then he said, "Go away! I do not want you. Why does not Buck come? I wish a very fat deer." He sang again, and Two-Pronged-Buck came. He had a look at him, also, and then told him to go away. Next Three-Pronged-Buck came, and at last Four-Pronged Buck. After looking at his buttocks, and seeing that he was very large and fat, he said, "You are the one I want. Why did you not come before?" He smacked his lips, and drew out his small knife, which he held ready in his hand. Then he jumped into Buck's anus, and, reaching his heart, he severed his heart-strings. Buck fell down dead, and Wren went out again the same way he had entered.

Now he soon discovered that he had left his knife inside of Buck; and he dared not enter again for fear that he would die. He wondered what he should do. So he strutted around Buck's carcass, and sang to himself, "I want to get my knife to skin the deer." He forgot

¹ See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 342 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 751.

himself for the moment. He did not intend to say as much or to sing so loudly; for he was afraid the Wolf people, who lived in an underground house near by, might hear him. So he changed his song, and said, "I want to get my knife to skin a tree for bow and arrows."

A Wolf heard him the first time, and said to his friends, "Come outside and listen! Wren is singing that he wishes his knife to skin a deer. He must have killed one." They all went outside, and heard him sing, "I want my knife to skin a tree." They said, "We were mistaken: he has killed nothing." Now the Wren sang, "I want my knife to skin a buck;" then, correcting himself, he sang, "I wish my knife to skin a tree to make a bow." Then the Wolves said, "He has certainly killed something!" and they ran to see.

They met Wren, and asked him what he was going to skin. He said, "A stick." They said, "You sang, 'Skin a deer.'" He answered, "No, I did not sing that." They said, "He lies. We will go and see." They found the deer, and ate it all, excepting the tripe and the trotters, which they put aside for an old-man Wolf, who had told them when they left, "If you find any deer, keep the tripe and the trotters for me. I like them better than any other part of the animal." The Wolves forgot the old man's tidbits, and went home, leaving them beside Wren's knife, which they had found inside, near the deer's heart.

When the Wolves had departed, Wren returned, and, finding the trotters and tripe along with his knife, he ate, putting the tripe in his mouth, and cutting it off piece by piece, close to his lips.¹ He had not eaten very much when he accidentally cut off his nose. He tried to glue it on with saliva; but, as soon as the saliva dried, the nose fell off again. Then he tried clay, but without success: so he went away, carrying his nose in his hand.

Now, one of the Wolves, while eating the deer,² had gotten a large bone between his teeth, which he could not get out, and his face began to swell. He travelled about to see if he could not get relief. He met Wren, who asked him, "What is the matter that your face is swollen?" Then they told each other of their injuries, and agreed that they would cure each other. Wolf said, "My injury is the worse: you had better cure me first." Wren, however, maintained that his was the worse, and should be cured first. At last Wolf spit on his hands, smeared Wren's face, put on his nose, and it grew there.³ Then Wren pointed his finger at the bone in Wolf's mouth, and it came out.

Now they were well pleased, and said, "We will live together." So they made a house in which they dwelt. Wolf always hunted at night, and he told Wren not to sleep too soundly, but to have plenty of

¹ This is a common way of eating among the old Indians.

² See Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 36.

³ Some say he rubbed the saliva on his nose, and then stuck it on.

The girl's father told the young men to take Owl to sweat-bathe. They made the stones very hot; and when Owl was inside, they pushed him on the stones, held him down, and burned him until he was nearly dead. Then they transformed him into an owl, saying, "Henceforth you shall be an owl, and shall inhabit the mountains, living on frogs, mice, and snakes, and people will hear you at night crying for your wife."¹

15. THE GIRL AND THE DOG²

A girl who lived near the sea had a dog that always followed her. She was in love with the dog. One day she lay down and rubbed animal grease on her abdomen, and thus seduced the dog. The girl became pregnant; and when her father learned that she had conceived by the dog, he killed it, and left his daughter alone to her fate. They never came back again to that place. Some say they migrated north.

Some time after all the people had gone, the girl gave birth to four male pups and one female pup. She supported herself and her children with clams, which she dug at every ebb-tide. One night it was raining: so she covered herself with a mat of cedar-bark, and went to the shore to dig clams by the light of a torch. When the children saw by the light that she was busy, they took off their dog-skins, and began to play around the fireplace. The girl took off her skin from the upper part of her body only, as she was ashamed. Every little while one of the children went to see if their mother was coming. When they saw her approaching, they put on their dog-skins again. Their mother saw the footprints near the fire, where they had been running and dancing. There were tracks of children's feet, and not of dogs' feet. She then knew that her children were really human, and was very glad.

The following night the children did the same as before. On the third night the woman went, as usual, to dig clams, but made up her mind to deceive the children. She stuck her torch on the beach, and hung her mat on a stick near by. The children thought she was still there, and kept on playing. She peered into the house, and saw that the boys had laid their dog-skins aside, and that the girl had removed hers clear down to the ankles. She ran in suddenly, snatched away the dog-skins, and threw them into the fire. She held the girl's feet in the fire, and singed off the dog's hair. The children were ashamed, so she made them clothes of cedar-bark. She let them wash every day, and they grew fast.

¹ The Lillooet frighten children with the owl, and narrate to them this story in corroboration of what they say about the owl being liable to take away children who cry.

² See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 62 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, p. 354 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 25 (Fraser Delta), 93 (Comox), 114 (Nootka), 132 (Kwakiutl), 263 (Bella Coola); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 536 (Squamish); Farrand, *Chilcotin*, p. 7; Farrand, *Quinault*, p. 127; Boas, *Chinook*, p. 17; Boas, *Kathlamet*, p. 155; also widely spread in other parts of America (see references, for instance, in Farrand, *Quinault*, p. 127; also A. L. Kroeber, "Cheyenne Tales," *Journ. Am. Folk-Lore*, vol. xiii [1900], p. 182).

When they had reached maturity, she said to them, "I wish you to occupy yourselves each with a particular kind of work. You will now each choose what you will do." One said, "I will be a hunter, and will hunt land-game." The next said, "I will be a fisherman. I will catch fish, and will spear seals and sea-game." Another said, "I will make canoes and tools." The fourth one said, "I will split and hew cedar, and will make a house." The girl said, "I will spin, and make blankets from the hair of the goats my brother shoots." Thenceforth they all occupied themselves at their several tasks.

They built a large house, which they filled with food and blankets. The mother had told her two sons who worked in wood to be sure not to set fire to the chips and shavings, but carefully to preserve them. Then she collected them all together, so that they made a great pile, and, taking them up in her arms, she threw them up into the air, and they became people, and the place was at once thickly populated. After feasting the people, and clothing them, she told them that thenceforth they should provide for themselves. This they did, and they built many houses, so there came to be a large village there. Her children married among these people. As the chips and shavings were wood of many kinds of trees, differing very much in color, the people also differed in the color of their skins. Some were white, others red, some brown, and some yellow. That is the reason these shades are to be found among the Indians at the present day.

16. RAVEN¹

Four women lived together in one house. Their names were *Xwítx'*,² Bluejay, Crow, and Snail. They had gathered and cured a great quantity of berries during the season; and *Xwítx'* wished to take a large present of berries to her daughter, who lived down on the Lower Fraser.³ The women could not go alone, for they had no canoe, and, besides, they needed a man to accompany them. They decided to invite Raven to go with them: so *Xwítx'* went and asked him. He consented, but told them it was an enemy's country they would travel through, and there would be much danger in the journey.

When they had been paddling two days, Raven told the women to paddle to the shore, for he must go ashore to ease himself. Going downstream some distance, he defecated and urinated, and told his excrements to shout loudly, which they did. Raven hastened back to the canoe, and told the women to hide themselves, for enemies were coming to attack them. The women believed Raven's story when

¹ See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 76 (Comox), 107 (Nootka), 178 (Kwakiutl), 210 (Bella Bella), 244 (Bella Coola).

² *xwítx'* or *xwítu*, a small bird which makes a whistling noise.

³ Some say she lived on the seacoast, near the mouth of the Fraser.

they heard the shouting: so they ran, and hid in the bushes. Snail, being very slow, did not try to reach the bushes, but hid near the water's edge. Then Raven hit the canoe with his paddle, shouted, and made a great noise. The women thought he was fighting. After some time, all was quiet, and they thought he must be dead.

Now, Raven had eaten all the berries, fresh and dried, and, taking the juice from the bottoms of the baskets, had emptied it over his body and head. Having done this, he lay down in the bottom of the canoe, and covered himself over with cedar-bark mats. At last the women ventured to go to the canoe, and there they found Raven lying in the bottom. He said, "We must return home with all speed. I am badly wounded, and our enemies may attack us again." So the women got into the canoe, and paddled toward home.

Next day, Snail, who was suspicious of Raven, said, "Let me see your wounds!" Raven answered, "No. You must not uncover me. I am all cut up, and shall die if I am uncovered." When they got near home, a young man met the canoe, and the women related their story to him. He said, "Raven lies. He is not wounded. He has eaten all your berries." So he tore the mats away from Raven, and exposed him, all covered with the berry-juice, which had dried on him.

17. BALD-HEADED EAGLE¹

Bald-Headed Eagle lived in an underground house near Pemberton.² He had as servants Bluejay, Crow, and Frog. In another underground house not far away lived Hawk (Ātaa't), Golden-Eagle (Hala'u), and all the other birds. Up the Pole River, at no great distance, lived other people, among whom was the sweetheart of Hawk, who was noted for her beauty. The day arrived that the girl should go to her intended husband: so, taking her baskets and her mats on her back, she started out. She travelled toward a fish-dam on which she intended to cross the river. When she arrived there, she saw Bald-Head³ engaged in taking away driftwood which had floated against the dam. There was no room for her to pass him, so she requested him to make way. She first addressed him by name, with no result. Then she said, "Man, let me pass!" but he never heeded her. Then, "Friend, let me pass!" but he paid no attention. Then she addressed him as brother, but he did not notice her. At last she said, "Husband, let me pass!" Then he embraced her, saying, "Why did you not say that at first?" He took her home with him, intending to marry her.

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 67 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 243 (Utā'mqt), 345 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 684.

² About half a mile above the present bridge at Pemberton Indian Reserve.

³ In another version, collected among the Lillooet of the Lakes and of Fraser River, it is said that she came to a bridge, which was in reality the penis of Bald-Head.

That evening a boy came from Hawk's house to obtain fire, and, seeing a good-looking woman there, he hastened back, and said to Hawk, "A girl who looks much like your sweetheart is sitting in Bald-Head's house." The birds at once made up their minds to get her, and laid plans accordingly. All of them went down into Bald-Head's house to play lehal with his servants, while Hawk and Golden-Eagle staid outside near the top of the ladder. They had buckets of water with them. Some of the birds continued playing lehal, while others kept adding fuel to the fire, until the house got so warm that the woman said to Bald-Head, "I must go outside and cool myself." As soon as she reached the top of the house, the watchers outside threw water down on the fire, and extinguished it: so the house became dark, and full of dust and smoke. Bald-Head now knew that a trick had been played on him, so he began to strike at the birds as they ran out. By this time, Hawk and Golden-Eagle had run away with the woman to their own house.

Bald-Head was angry because he had not succeeded in getting the woman to be his wife: so next morning he put on four breastplates of birch-bark, one above the other, and, going over to Hawk's house, he challenged the inmates to combat, one by one. The small birds went out first, and were easily killed by Bald-Head. Then, one after another, the three largest and fiercest hawks went out; and each of them, before being vanquished by Bald-Head, managed to break one of his breastplates. Then the woman combed the hair of Golden-Eagle, and he went out to battle. After a fierce struggle, he broke the remaining cuirass of Bald-Head, but was himself killed. Then the woman combed Hawk's hair, and he went out to fight. It was an even struggle now, for Bald-Head was unprotected by armor; and before very long Hawk killed him.

Each bird killed had been beheaded: so Hawk gathered all the birds' bodies and heads together in a heap, jumped over them, and they became alive. Then he put the head of Bald-Headed Eagle on his body, and, jumping over him, he became alive also. Now, Hawk transformed them all into the birds we know by their names at the present day.¹

18. THE SLAVE WHO MARRIED BALD-HEAD'S DAUGHTER²

A great chief lived near the sea. He had two wives, — one an old woman, and the other very young, — and he usually staid with the

¹ In the version referred to before, Bald-Head is scalped. The Fish-Hawk restores him; as there was no skin on the head, Bald-Head is bald up to this day. Compare Teit, *Traditions*, Note 217, p. 114.

² This story is clearly a combination of elements characteristic of the folk-lore of the coast tribes north of Vancouver Island, but arranged in a somewhat novel form. See, for some of these elements, Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, iii, p. 365; Boas, *Tsimshian Texts*, *Publications of the American Ethnological Society*, vol. iii, pp. 109 et seq.

older one. The chief had four slaves, all young men; and they, noticing that their master neglected his young wife, who was generally left to sleep by herself, prompted one another to take advantage of the fact. Two nights they did this, but each one of them was afraid to act. At last, on the third night, the youngest one said he would go. Tying a board to his back, he went to where his master's wife slept, and lay with her all night.

That night the chief went to see his young wife, and, finding the man with her, he called the other slaves, and told them to take the culprit in a canoe far out to sea, and throw him overboard. The chief did not know that the man had a board fastened to his back, for it was underneath his shirt. The slaves took him in a canoe far out to sea, and threw him overboard. The man floated on the board for several days, the wind and currents gradually taking him nearer the land. At last, when he was near the shore, a strong gale arose, and blew him out of the water and up among the trees. Then he took off the board, lighted a fire, and slept. Twice a voice woke him, saying, "Come here!" The third time it called, he saw the short-tailed Mouse speaking to him. When Mouse saw that she was noticed, she disappeared in the grass. The man went to the spot where Mouse had been, and saw at the roots of the grass what appeared to be the entrance to a house. He went in and found Bald-Headed Eagle there, who treated him very kindly, and gave him his daughter to wife.

Some time afterwards, Bald-Head, who was a chief, said to his son-in-law, "The salmon will arrive to-day. Go with the young men and catch some. I will give you a magic blanket to put on, which will enable you to dive and to fly. When you see the salmon coming up the stream, you must be careful to let the first one pass, because it is 'mysterious.'"¹ Reaching the stream where the salmon were to come, they took up their positions in some large trees near the water's edge. When the salmon appeared, the man pounced down on the first one, which was some distance in the lead of the rest; but the fish pulled him under water. His brother-in-law caught hold of him to save him, and one of the young men grasped the brother-in-law, and so on with the rest, one behind the other; but all of them were gradually pulled under the water, except the last one.² Finally the young man's wife came: she dived and with a shell knife which she carried in her hand cut her husband loose from the salmon. Then she pulled them all out, and they returned to their seats in the trees. Before long, more salmon came; and the men swooped down on them, caught many, and soon filled a canoe with them.

¹ Or endowed with magic.

² Some say this man shouted loudly, and the woman, hearing his cries for help, ran to their assistance.

Some time after this the man said to his father-in-law, "I wish to travel, and should like to borrow your magic blanket." Bald-Head lent him the blanket, and the man flew away to the home of the chief whose slave he had been. He saw the chief come out of his house, and at once pounced upon him. His slaves came to the rescue; but he flew away with them all to seaward, and let them drop into the ocean far from land, where all were drowned. Then he took up his abode in his former master's house, and lived there for some time.¹

His wife grew anxious, and wondered why her husband did not return: so she and her brothers took a large canoe and started out to search for him. The canoe had a bald-headed eagle's head at the prow, and another at the stern. They fed the heads food and water; and the canoe rushed along of its own accord, and needed no paddling. In due time they reached the place where the man was living; and the latter, when he saw them, gave a feast.

After a few days the brothers returned in their double-headed canoe, and left their sister with her husband. She gave birth to a boy, who grew rapidly. The husband always fetched water for his wife; and each day, when he arrived at the watering-place, he saw a beautiful woman, who tempted him. For a long time he rejected her advances. Each day, when he brought home the water, his wife plucked an eagle-feather from her wing, and dipped it in the bucket of water to find out whether her husband had been faithful or not. She told him, that, if he fell under the power of the woman, he would die.

One day not long after this, when he was at the watering-place, he became unable to resist the woman. When he reached home, his wife dipped a feather in the water as usual, and at once knew what her husband had done. She left him, and started for her father's house, accompanied by her son, walking on the surface of the sea. Her husband followed, entreating her to return. She spoke to him without turning around to look at him, saying, "Go back! If you continue to follow us, and I look at you, you will sink." She told him this three times, but the husband persisted in following them. Then the wife looked back at him, and he at once sank under the water and was drowned. The woman reached her father's house with her son.

19. THE GRIZZLY-BEARS AND THE BLACK-BEARS

Four brothers lived with their sister in a house² near Pole River.³ They built a dam across the river, as they were expecting the annual salmon-run. When they had finished the dam, they left their sister

¹ Some say he lived with his former master's wives, while others say he killed them too.

² Some say an underground house.

³ Pole River is the northern tributary of the Upper Lillooet River, and falls into the latter at Pemberton Meadows, just above the head of Big Lillooet Lake.

to watch it, and went hunting in the mountains west of Pemberton Meadows. The day after her brothers had left, the girl went to the dam and found one salmon, which she caught, rolled up carefully in her robe, and took home. That evening she put it on a stick, and roasted it in front of the fire. When it was nearly ready to eat, she heard some one call, "Cali'tcia!"¹ and she at once fell asleep. It was Grizzly-Bear-Woman who called. She entered, and ate the fish. When the girl awoke, she found the salmon gone. Next day she took two salmon at the dam. When they were nearly roasted, Grizzly-Bear-Woman called, and she at once fell asleep. When she awoke, the fish had disappeared. The following day she caught three salmon at the dam, and the same thing happened.

The brothers were aware that something was wrong at home: so they returned to their sister, who told them what had happened. That day they went to the dam, and caught four salmon, which they put on sticks before the fire to roast. Then they hid themselves. They said, "If Grizzly-Bear-Woman eats or takes away all the fish, we will kill her."

Grizzly-Bear-Woman appeared, and, seeing only the girl, she called, "Cali'tcia!" and at once the latter fell asleep. Grizzly-Bear-Woman ate three of the salmon, and then left. The brothers followed her some distance, and then turned back, excepting the eldest, who followed her to her house. There he found Grizzly-Bear-Woman with her sister, Black-Bear. Each of them cooked some berries and roots for him. He ate what they gave him; but he found Black-Bear's food much better cooked, of better quality, and more palatable, than Grizzly-Bear's. He married both the Bears, and thenceforth lived with them. Grizzly-Bear-Woman's name was Tsemxa'litc, Black-Bear-Woman's name was Hu'kami'. Black-Bear, however, was his favorite wife, and Grizzly-Bear was jealous of her sister. Each of his wives bore him four daughters.

Grizzly-Bear-Woman made up her mind to kill her sister, her husband, and her sister's children: so one day she said to her husband, "Come along with me! I am going to dig roots. You can help me to carry them home."

[The rest of this story is like Tale xxii, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," p. 69, commencing with the sixth line from the beginning of the story, and continuing to the end.² The following are the only differences:—

1. p. 71, 9th line from top. Meadow-Lark said, "Look at the claws," instead of, "You are eating your own child."

¹ Some say that this was the sister's name.

² See also Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 16 (Thompson), 81 (Comox); Boas and Hunt, *Kwakwaka'wakw Texts*, x, p. 15; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 218 (Uta'mqt); Hill-Tout, *Folk-Lore*, p. 195; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 360.

2. p. 71, 14th line from bottom. When Kwo'nêqa¹ asked her to sit down on the unpatched hole, Grisly Bear asked, "What hole is that?" and Kwon'êqa answered, "It is the rectum of the canoe."
3. p. 71, 9th line from bottom. She did not land, but died in the canoe, and Kwo'nêqa threw her body into the river, and Coyote found it and drew it out.
4. p. 71, 3d line from bottom. The Lillooet say "some boys," instead of "the Fox."
5. p. 72, 1st line from top. The boys also stuck a stick in Coyote's back.]

20. THE MALE GRIZZLY-BEAR²

An old woman lived in an underground house with her grandson. One day she said to him, "Go and soak some salmon in the water."³ He took the salmon and laid it on the beach; then, after throwing water on his legs, he returned, and said, "Look at my legs! I have placed the salmon in a deep place: there is no danger of any one stealing it."

Next morning the lad said to his grandmother, "Heat the stones ready for boiling. I will go and get the salmon." In a short time he returned, and told her that some one had stolen it. She said, "I believe you did not put it into the water." Then she gave him some more, and told him to be sure and put it into the water, out of reach of any one.

He went to the creek, and placed the fish near the edge of the water. After wading up to the waist, he returned, and showed his grandmother how wet he was, saying, "I put it in a deeper place this time. See! the water reached to my waist."

The next morning, after telling the old woman to heat the stones, he went to get the fish. Returning presently, he said to her, "The salmon is gone. I think the Grizzly-Bear must have eaten it. I will kill him for stealing the salmon." The old woman said, "You ought not to talk so. The Grizzly-Bear will kill you if you try to shoot him. He is a dangerous enemy, and has killed many men; and you are only a lad."

The boy, never heeding what his grandmother said, made a bow and arrows, and laid some salmon near the water's edge. Then he concealed himself, and waited for the Grizzly-Bear to appear. He came; and, when he was just in the act of taking the salmon, the boy shot him. The arrow passed through his body in a vital place, and killed him.

The boy went home and told his grandmother what he had done,

¹ This is the Lillooet pronunciation of the name.

² Compare Boas, *Chinook Texts*, p. 119; J. Owen Dorsey, *The Cegiha Language*, p. 22 (Ponca); also Telt, *Traditions*, p. 75; Telt, *The Shuswap*, pp. 679, 751.

³ Indians generally soak dried salmon or trout for a day before boiling it.

adding, "I just had to shoot him once. Now, you had better come and help me skin him." She would not believe him at first, but at last consented to go with him. When they had taken off the skin and cut the body up, the lad asked his grandmother if she desired any particular part to eat. She answered, "I do not wish any." Formerly, people never ate the meat of grizzly bears. He did not heed her words, and offered her one part of the animal after another, — first the skin, then the head, then the fore-legs, the hind-legs, the liver, the heart, etc., — but she refused them all. At last he offered her the rump and the membrum virile. These she accepted, saying, "Thank you. These are just the parts I want." She tied them up in her strap to take home, and the lad also made up a pack of the meat to carry home.

They started together, but had only gone a few yards, when his grandmother's strap broke, she fell down, and the Grizzly-Bear's membrum penetrated her. She tied the meat up again; but every few yards her strap would break, and, as she lay on the ground, the same act would be repeated. The lad left her, and continued on his way with his load. He cooked some meat when he got home, and also boiled and roasted bones to break for the marrow.

Toward evening his grandmother appeared at the top of the ladder; but, just when she was about to descend, her pack-strap broke, and the same thing happened as before. She fixed her strap again, and tied her burden up; but, just when she reached the bottom of the ladder, it broke again, and the same thing happened as before. Then the lad offered her some meat, but she refused to eat. He said, "It is a long time since you have had any food. You must eat, or you will die." Then he offered her some marrow-bones, which she took. She ate hastily, and swallowed a splinter of bone with the marrow. The bone stuck in her throat, so she told the lad to run for water.¹ He took a bucket and went to the creek. On his return, he fell down and spilled the water. He hastened back to the creek, but, when returning with the water, he fell down and spilled it again. He did this intentionally three times. The fourth time he saw that his grandmother was dying, so he brought the water to her; but it was too late, for she was turning into a bluejay. He offered her the water; but she said, "Keep it for yourself." Immediately afterward she flew away in the form of a bluejay.

When the lad realized that he was alone, he wept. At last he fell asleep. A louse bit him, and he awoke, thinking that his grandmother had come back. When he saw that it was only a louse, he called it names, was angry, and killed it. Then a flea bit him, and he awoke. When he found out what it was, he was angry, and killed the flea.

¹ Compare this incident with Nootka (Boas, *Sagen*, p. 109); Boas, *Kathlamet*, p. 146.

On the following day he went to the high mountains to search for his grandmother. He said to a short tree, "Have you seen my grandmother?" The tree did not answer, so he killed it. Then he went down to the creek, and asked a tall tree if it had seen his grandmother; but the tall tree did not answer, so he killed it. Then he said to a stone, "Have you seen my grandmother?" and, receiving no answer from the stone, he killed it also.

After travelling some distance, he came to a river in which he saw a salmon swimming. He said, "If I were a salmon, I would jump on the ground, instead of swimming in the water." The salmon, wishing to show that it could do this, jumped out on the bank, and the lad caught it and killed it. He put it on a stick, and set it before the fire to roast; but before it was cooked he fell asleep.

Some boys who happened to be near saw him. They took the fat salmon and smeared his mouth with it.¹ They ran the stick into his anus, and then hid close by to see the fun. When he awoke, he went to ease himself, and, finding something was wrong, he felt, and pulled out the stick. He now knew that the boys had played a trick on him: so, after going to the river and washing his mouth and backside, he cut some switches, ran after the boys, caught them, and thrashed them soundly.

21. FAWN

Some people lived in a large underground house near Pole Creek. One of them, an old man, partly blind, went hunting with a dog, and drove a Fawn into the creek. Fawn swam down the river to a place opposite the underground house, where the people saw and captured him. They took him down inside the house, and there he remained as a slave for many months.

One night, Fawn made up his mind to regain his liberty. When all the people were asleep, he arose and tried to jump up through the entrance of the house; but his head struck the timbers, and he fell down again. The noise awoke the old man who owned him, and he asked, "What is that?" Fawn answered, "One of the dogs fell down, and I am trying to throw him out again." Some time afterwards, Fawn tried again, but with like result. The old man woke up again, and said, "Let the dog remain. Go to sleep." Now, Fawn pretended to snore, and waited until the old man fell asleep. Again he arose to try to jump out the entrance, and this time succeeded.

He took to the waters of Pole Creek, and swam along until he reached its junction with the Upper Lillooet River. Swimming down the latter river, he reached the upper end of Big Lillooet Lake. Here he jumped on a shoal, and it became a little island. Thence he jumped again on to a sand-bank, and it became a large island. Here he remained hidden.

¹ Some say they also rubbed the fat salmon all over his buttocks.

Next morning the people found his tracks in the snow, but lost them where he had taken to the water. They followed along the river-banks, but could not find any trace of his having left the water. They came back and told the old man, who said, "Bring me some deer's trotters to eat, and I will soon locate him." The people brought some, and he ate them. Now he knew where Fawn was, and directed the people where to find him. They took canoes and went to the island that Fawn had created, but found nothing but his tracks. Fawn was aware that they were coming: so he jumped off, and swam away down the lake, and the people never saw him again.¹

22. THE LAD WHO KILLED HIS COUSIN²

A family consisting of a man and his wife, their two daughters, and the man's nephew, once lived near Pemberton Meadows, where there were many people. The eldest girl was pubescent, and lived apart in her own lodge. Her mother visited her every morning to light her fire and to give her food.

One evening the nephew went to visit her, to see how she was getting along. When he reached her lodge, he saw a young man with her. He at once turned back, feeling very angry and ashamed. He went three successive nights, and found the young man with her each night. He made up his mind to shoot his cousin's lover: so he went and made a bow and some arrows, which he tipped with goose-feathers. A number of lads were with him when he made the weapons.

Next evening he repaired to the girl's lodge, and, finding the young man with her, he shot at him. His aim was not true, however; and the arrow went through his cousin's body, and killed her. When he saw what he had done, he broke his bow in pieces, went home, and lay down without speaking.

On the following morning the mother said to her younger daughter, "Take some fire and food to your sister." The girl went, but soon returned, wearing a terrified look, and saying that her sister was dead, with an arrow in her body. The mother waked her husband and the nephew, and they all went to see. The latter began to dance, and behaved in a warlike manner, saying he would be avenged on his cousin's slayer.

The people all gathered around, and began to cry. The father addressed the people, saying he wished to know who had killed his daughter. Some of the young men said, "We think your nephew killed her, for we recognize the arrow in her body as belonging to him." Then the nephew was afraid, and moved away from the people. As he went, he sang, "If I only knew who killed my sister! If I only

¹ Some Indians think that this is only a fragment.

² See Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 679; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 361 (Nicola).

knew who killed the daughter of my uncle!" He went to a small swampy lake in Pemberton Meadows, made a canoe of horse-tail grass, and paddled around in it, singing in the Thompson language "I killed the daughter of my uncle."

The people said, "It is certainly he who killed the girl." So they all went to attack him with spears. When he saw them coming, he stood up in his canoe, and danced, singing in Thompson, "I killed my sister. I killed the daughter of my uncle." They stabbed him through and through with their spears, and left him seemingly dead, with his blood and brains streaming out.

They had just reached home, and told that they had killed him, when they heard him singing loudly, as before. They returned, and saw him dancing in the canoe. They formed a circle around him, and drew in upon him. They said to one another, "Be sure he does not escape!" He paddled towards Coyote; and the others cried out, "Coyote, be sure you spear him!" He dived out of the canoe towards Coyote, who struck at him, and cried out, "I have him! I have speared him! Come and see!" When Coyote pulled out his spear, there was nothing but a lump of mud on the end of it. The people were angry with Coyote. Just then the young man appeared some distance away, singing in Thompson, as before, and mocking them. They transformed him into a muskrat, and ordained that he should always inhabit swamps.

23. NKĪMTCAMU'L¹

An orphan boy lived with some people who took little or no care of him, and treated him very meanly. They gave him nothing to eat: so he had to subsist on the bones and refuse which they threw away. Neither did they provide him with clothes or blankets: so he slept naked beside the fire at night. Not content with starving him, they also beat him, and called him many hard names. Even the neighbors treated him badly, and despised him because he was naked, dirty, and ugly. They nicknamed him "Big-Belly" because of his distended abdomen.

When the boy grew older, he determined to become a great man, and make the people ashamed of their treatment, and envious of his success. He continued living with the same people, but used to go away at night to the mountains, where he passed the time in training himself. Every morning he was home before the people awoke: consequently they always found him sleeping beside the fire, as usual. For years he continued this practice, unknown to the people, and had become a wise and athletic young man. He spent many of his nights

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 37 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, p. 300 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 9 (Shuswap); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 684; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 534. The name seems to mean "he who eats scraps of food."

now in hunting, and succeeded in killing great numbers of marmots, deer, and other animals, the skins of which he made into robes, and which he hid away.

Now, there was a young girl who was still a virgin, who lived in another village, and who had refused all offers of marriage made by the young men of the country, because she considered them her inferiors. Nkĩmtcamu't, for that was the name by which the orphan boy was generally known, resolved to marry this girl: so he went to her village one night, and, knowing the underground lodge in which she lived, he tore a hole in the roof, just above where she slept, and spat down on her navel. She became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a son; but neither she nor any of the people knew who was the father of the child.

When the boy was a few years old, the girl's father called all the men of the country together, and told them he wished to find out who was the father of his grandson. He asked each one to make a bow and arrow, and give them to the boy. The men did as they were requested; but the boy disdained each of their weapons, and threw them away. The grandfather asked if every man had given his bow and arrow; and they answered, "Yes, every one except Big-Belly, who cannot possibly be the father of the child." The old man insisted that Nkĩmtcamu't should also present a bow and arrow: so he made very rough ones out of fir-branches, and handed them to the boy, who at once was delighted, and cried out, "Father!"

The people were all disgusted when they knew that the naked, despised Nkĩmtcamu't was the father of the boy. The old man gave his daughter to Nkĩmtcamu't; and all the people made fun of the girl, and laughed at her because of her husband. Now, Nkĩmtcamu't made a house for his wife and child, and, going to his caches in the mountains, brought home many fine skins, and presented his wife with several of the best marmot robes. Thenceforth he clad himself in the finest skins, and no longer went naked. He soon showed the people that he was a better hunter than any of them, and his family was always the best provided for of any in the village. He became rich, and had many children, and the people envied his success and wealth.

24. THE MAN WHO GOT FOUR WIVES

Four brothers lived in the same house with their four sisters. They were all anxious to marry; but they knew of no people in their country except themselves. In the neighboring country there dwelt a man who trained in the mountains and became like a shaman. Through his magic he learned of these people, and made up his mind to relieve them. He put on a deer's skin, and in the form of a buck-deer passed by the brothers' house. Next morning they noticed the fresh deer-

tracks, and followed them up. After following them a long distance, they got tired, and three of the brothers gave up and returned; but the eldest persevered, and overtook the deer.

When the shaman saw that he was nearly caught, he made a house near a creek, and a sweat-house close by. Then, changing himself to his natural form, he began sweat-bathing. The brother came to the creek, and searched for the buck's tracks, which had come to an end there.¹ At last, unsuccessful and tired, he decided to return home. Just then he noticed the sweat-house, and, approaching it, found a man inside. He asked him if he had seen a buck go past; but the man answered, "No. Go to my house over yonder," said he, "and I will come to you when I finish sweating." The hunter went to the house, and the man, arriving presently, treated him very kindly.

On his return home, the brother related that he had seen a man living near a creek; and, as he was a good man, the brothers sent one of their sisters to him to be his wife. Some time afterwards the man changed himself to a deer again, and did as he had done before. Another of the brothers found him, and, thinking it was a different man in a different place, as soon as he returned home, sent one of his sisters to marry him. Thus the man acted four times, until he had got the four sisters for his wives.

Now the man said, "I have taken all the brothers' sisters. I will try to get wives for them." He changed himself into an eagle, and flew away to a neighboring country. Here he saw four girls picking berries. Three of them were singing, and one was quiet. He took off his eagle's body, and approaching the quiet one, who was alone, asked her if she would come with him. She consented, and jumped on his back; he flew away with her, and gave her to his eldest brother-in-law. Then he returned as a different man, flew away with another one of the sisters, and gave her to the second one of his brothers-in-law. Thus he continued until he had obtained wives for the four brothers, when he left, and went to a distant country with his own wives.²

25. THE GHOST-MOTHER

A man's wife died, leaving him with a young child, which he used to put to sleep at night in a basket-cradle suspended from a bough. The baby cried all day, but was always quiet at night. As soon as it got dark, the child's crying would suddenly cease, and the people would hear a noise as if the infant were sucking. The mother's ghost staid with it all night, and suckled it.

¹ Some say the deer-tracks led up to the sweat-house, and that the hunter followed them there, but could not find them beyond.

² Some say the man changed himself into an eagle throughout, and obtained husbands for the four sisters in the same manner as he obtained wives for the brothers. After getting the eight of them married and happy, he left, and was seen no more.

Now, the man was rich; and he wished, if possible, to capture his wife's ghost, and try to make her become a human being again. He sent to all the neighboring countries for shamans to come and try their skill. He offered to pay them well: so the best ones came from each country. Several came from down the river and from the sea, and one each from the Upper Lillooet, the Shuswap, and the Thompson Indians. When they had all arrived, they held a consultation, and agreed to work together. Some fixed the air above the child; others, the air on all sides around it; others made a fire underneath, all ready to light; and the Thompson shaman had a basket full of urine and medicine of herbs, ready to throw on the ghost. Then they all sat around, ready and waiting.

Just at dark the ghost entered the space occupied by the child. She did so from below, as that was the only way she could get in. Immediately the shamans lighted the fire, and took away the baby. Then the medicine was thrown on the ghost, and, her escape being cut off on all sides, she was a prisoner. The shamans treated her and sprinkled medicine on her all night, and by morning she was so changed that she had partly left the ghost state, and had begun to resemble a living woman.

Thus they treated her for several months, when she was so far advanced that she was able to lie down in her bed and suckle her child. Some of the shamans now left, while a few still remained, and continued their efforts. After many more months of treatment, the woman became human enough to be able to do a little of the housework, and to sleep with her husband. Then the last shamans left. When departing, they warned the man to take very great care of his wife, and to give her tasks by degrees, as it would take a very long time yet for her to become just as she had been before her death. If she were excited or startled in any way, she would at once change back to the spirit state.

Several years elapsed, and the woman had slowly improved during the interval, so that she was now able to do most of the work she used to do, much to the joy of her husband. One day the latter thought he would give her a new task to perform: so he asked her to go to the cellar for some roots. At first she refused to go, saying she might meet with some accident; but at last she consented, and went. She carried two baskets, — one woven for the roots, and one of birch-bark to fetch water in on her way back. She left the bark basket at the entrance when she descended into the cellar, and began to fill the other one with roots. When the birch-bark basket was about half full, it fell down and almost hit her, and startled her. At once she reverted to the spirit state, and was a ghost as before.

The husband found out what had happened, and was very sorry.

Her ghost never visited him or the people again. The child, however, was now old enough to do without her care, and grew up to be a man.

26. STORY OF THE SISTERS

A number of women went to gather roots at a place four days' journey from their home. Among them were two young women who were sisters. The first two days, as was the custom, they just gathered what amount of roots they could eat each night.¹ On the third and following days they intended to dig as many roots as they could.

On the afternoon of the second day the sisters went to bathe themselves; and the elder one noticed, in the reflection of a tree in the water, what appeared to be the form of a man. The tree was a large one growing near the water's edge; and the woman was afraid to look up at it, lest the man might think she had noticed him, and would kill them. That evening in camp she said to her younger sister, "Come here and let me louse your head!" The younger sister went and laid her head on the older one's lap. The elder sister then whispered into her ear, "There are enemies near. I saw the reflection of their scout sitting on a tree when we were bathing." The younger sister began to cry, and the other women asked what was wrong with her. The elder answered, "I just happened to pull her hair too much, and it hurt her." She then whispered to her sister, "Don't be afraid! I will hide you." She made a small hollow in the ground a little deeper by digging it, and made her younger sister lie down in it. She covered her over, and, putting her pillow on the top, she herself lay down over the place where her sister was hidden.

That night all the women were killed by a war-party of strangers, the elder sister's skull being split in two.² When the enemy had gone, the younger sister arose and started for home. That night she climbed a tree and slept in the branches. About dusk the ghost of her elder sister appeared at the bottom of the tree, with her split head flopping about on her shoulders. She could not see straight, everything appearing to be upside down.³ So she said to her sister, "What shall I do to get up there? I wish to be with you." The younger sister answered, "Where I am is below. If you wish to reach me, you will have to put your feet up, and climb head down." The ghost did this, and tried all night in vain to ascend the tree. At daybreak the ghost left.

Next night the girl again slept in a tree, and was visited by her sister's ghost, who asked her the same question, and was answered in the same way. Thus the ghost followed her until she reached home,

¹ This is an observance among the Lillooet.

² Some say it was split perpendicularly, others say horizontally.

³ As it flopped about, the ghost could not tell whether the ground, or anything she saw, was up or down. Sometimes it appeared one way, sometimes the other.

where she told the people her story, and then dropped down dead. The people blamed the elder sister for not having told all the women about seeing the man in the tree, and thus given them all a chance to escape.

27. THE MEDICINE-MAN AND HIS SWEETHEART¹

A young man in the Lillooet country had a sweetheart who died. He was very fond of the girl, and her death was a great blow to him. He went into the mountains and lived by himself. After spending four years there training, he returned home one night, and, going to the place where the girl was buried, he dug her up and took out her remains. After cutting the strings, he took off the mat in which she was wrapped, and began to treat her. Before long she showed signs of life, but was not able to move. He took fir-branches and struck her four times with them. She was able to get up, so he told her to go and wash in the river four times. When she had done this, she was quite well again, and went with the man to his parents' house.

On the following morning a brother of the girl came into the house to obtain a light to make fire. Seeing his dead sister sitting with the man who had been away so long, he ran back in astonishment, and informed his mother, who at once went to see for herself. She came back crying, and informed her husband that their daughter was really there. The father then went to see, and found his wife's story to be true. The people all flocked to the house to see the wonderful couple; and the man became known as a great shaman.

One day a lad's sweetheart died, and he thought he would like to raise her from the dead, as the shaman had done: so he went to him and asked him what to do. The shaman said, "If you train four days and nights, you will be able to bring your sweetheart back to life again." The lad did this, and then went and dug up the body of the girl. He carried her home, expecting she would come to life some time before morning. He covered her over with a blanket, and lay down beside her. The blanket was too short to cover her all, so her feet were exposed.

About daybreak the lad began to laugh to himself; and an old woman who had got up to light the fire, hearing him, looked in that direction. Seeing the bare feet sticking out from below the blanket, she wondered who it could be. She noticed that the feet were swollen and discolored, so she wondered all the more. Taking an awl, she stuck it into the sole of one foot, but there was no movement. She now took off the blanket, and was astonished to see before her the body of the girl who had recently died. She now guessed what had happened, and was very angry with the boy, calling him a crazy fellow.

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 68; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 336.

They sent for the girl's parents, who came and took the body away, and reburied it.

28. TĊİMTCİMİ'KĪN¹

TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn was the name of a very tall man who had the power of changing himself at will into the form of a black bear. Once a Cannibal stole his wife, so he devised a plan to get her back again. He transformed himself into a black bear, and hid in a large hollow tree. A hunter came along, and, when he noticed a hole in the tree-trunk, said to himself, "A bear must live here." He took a long stick, poked it down the hole, and believed that he felt a bear sleeping there.

Next morning he returned to the place, accompanied by a boy, whom he left at the upper hole to watch, while he himself crawled in through the lower hole to kill the bear. He did not find the animal where he thought to find it, followed along through the log in search, and either was lost or killed, for he never came out again. The boy waited patiently for a long time. Finally, when the man did not appear, he began to cry.

Then TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn transformed himself back again into a man, came out of the log, and approached the boy, saying, "Do not cry or be afraid! I will take care of you." He took the boy on his shoulders, and said, "We will travel a long distance. Thus he carried the lad at a rapid pace all day, without stopping. Once the boy said, "I wish to urinate;" and TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn answered, "Urinate on my shoulders:" so the boy did so. Some time afterwards the boy said he wished to defecate, and the man told him to do it on his shoulders; so the boy did as directed.

At last they came to a lake, where they stopped to camp. TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn felt very hungry, and, as there were many beavers in the lake, he decided to get them to eat. He instructed the boy to kill the beavers as soon as the lake was dry; then he stepped into the water, began to drink, and never stopped until the lake was dry. The boy killed many beavers, and TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn ate them all that night; but the beaver-tails he threw away, as he thought they were unfit for food. At last, being gorged with food, and tired, he fell fast asleep. Then the boy collected all the tails, and ate them. When TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn awoke, he saw the boy roasting beaver-tails at the fire, and eating them. He remonstrated with the boy; but the latter maintained they were the best part of the beaver, and invited him to try them. This he did, and found them to be excellent eating.

Now TĊİmċİmİ'kĪn said to the lad, "I wish you to train, that you may be able to help me." So the boy trained himself under the tutor-

¹ Compare Teit, *Traditions*, p. 80; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 254 (Utā'mqt); also Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 713. The name means "burnt back."

ship of Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n. They repaired successively to three other small lakes, whose waters they drank dry, and where they killed and ate many beavers. When they were at the fourth lake, the boy was able to drink it dry himself, thus showing that he had attained the same powers as his teacher; but he continued training until he was able to jump across a river at one bound. Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n lay down on his back, and asked the boy to jump across the river. When he had done this, he asked him to jump back again. This he did, alighting on Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n's breast. After the boy had jumped across four times, Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n was satisfied that he was proficient.

He related to him the story of his wife, who had been stolen by a Cannibal, and suggested that they should go and fight him. The Cannibal lived on the opposite side of a large river, where he spent most of his time fishing for people with a dip-net. This net was endowed with magic, and was ornamented along the hoop and handle with strings of human teeth, and finger and toe nails, which the Cannibal had obtained from the bodies of his victims. Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n sent the boy across to torment him and to call him names. The Cannibal did not take any notice until the lad made fun of his brow. Then he became angry, and chased him. The boy jumped across the river, and the Cannibal after him. Now Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n came to help the boy, and they fought the Cannibal, and killed him eventually by dismembering him. The boy then went across the river, and brought over Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n's wife, who made the lad sweat-bathe four times before he left them.

After hunting for some time, the boy departed for home, taking with him four bladders which Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n had given him for protection. These he could make appear as dogs. He had to camp five nights before reaching home. On each of the first four nights he camped near a cliff, as Tc̄mtc̄mī'k̄n had directed him, and was visited by strange men who wished to kill him; but he made the bladders advance, and growl like dogs; and the strangers, in running away, fell over the cliff in their fright. On the fifth night he did not camp near any precipice, so the bladders would not act. That night he was attacked by a Cannibal, who ate him.

29. THE LOON AND THE WOMAN¹

A young man lived with his wife and mother-in-law. They dwelt near the small lakes called Kokwo'linaz and W̄lle.² The wife gathered

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 83; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 725. This is a widely distributed tale (see, for instance, Boas, *Sagen*, p. 247; Petittot, *Traditions des Indiens du Canada nord-ouest*, p. 407; W. Bogoras, *Chukchee Mythology, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. viii, p. 26).

² These lakes are situated on the Upper Lillooet River, above Pemberton Meadows.

skemtc-root (*Erythronium grandiflorum*) every day near the lakes. She was fascinated by them, and began to have amorous desires.

One day she went down to a low rock which extended out into the lake, and, lying down flat on her back, she cried out, "Callk!"¹ repeatedly, and asked any one from the lake to come and to be her paramour. Soon Loon gave his weird cry, and approached the rock. Going ashore, he stood over the woman, and struck her repeatedly with his bill on the navel. When he left, the woman gathered roots; but she did not dig many.

At night her husband said, "Why have you gathered so few skemtc-roots? What have you been doing all day?" She replied, "The plants were scarce, and I had to wander around a great deal to get even a few."

The next two days the woman did the same thing. Her husband was now suspicious, and the next day he watched her. She felt sore where Loon had picked her; yet she went to the rock as usual, and called Loon, who came ashore, and did as before.

When Loon had disappeared, the husband went to his wife, and, after accusing her, he killed her, taking off her clothes,² and burying her body. Then he dressed himself in her clothes, fixed his hair as her hair had been, and, going to the rock, lay down and called, "Callk!" Soon Loon came, and, thinking it was the woman, he began to strike the man's navel with his bill. When he did this, the man stabbed him with his knife and killed him. He took the body, and buried it beside that of the woman.

When he reached home, his mother-in-law asked him where his wife was, and he answered her, saying, "I buried her with her paramour."

30. THE FAITHLESS WIFE³

Many people lived together in one underground house. Among them was a young man who was training. When the men of the house went hunting, he would never go with them, but always went out to train. When they had been away some time, he would always return and meet one of the men's wives some distance from the house. This woman would not go with the other women when they did work, but would complain of feeling ill, and would wander off to meet the young man. She would eat very little when other people were near, but when alone would eat heartily.

One day the men went out hunting, and killed so many deer, that they had to camp over night. The husband of the woman was suspicious

¹ Said to mean "stone."

² Some say he put his own clothes on his wife's body.

³ See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 162 (Kwakiutl), 234 (Heiltsuk), 257 (Bella Coola), 281 (Tsimshian); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 724.

of his wife: therefore he left that night, when the other hunters had fallen asleep, and went home to see his wife. He dressed himself as she did, in a marmot-skin blanket with a belt around the waist. When he reached the house, he descended the ladder quietly, and crawled up to near her bed. Then he heard the young man talking to his wife, crawled up to them, took out his knife and cut off the lad's offending parts. The lad did not utter a sound, but jumped up and ran outside, leaving many blood-stains on the ladder. The husband followed, carrying the parts which he had cut off, and which he hid in a tree.

On the following morning, when the people awoke, they found that the ladder was blood-stained, and wondered what had happened. The people said, "Every one is here except the hunters and the lad who is training. Perhaps it is he." But the lad's father said, "It cannot be he, for he is out training in the woods and mountains." The people followed the blood-marks, and eventually came to the body of the lad, who had bled to death.¹

That day the woman pretended to be very ill, and sat down alone just outside the underground house. About noon a man² came along, having a dog with him, and, seeing the woman there, asked her if she were ill. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said he could cure her if she would eat his medicine. She said she would. So he told her that the medicine he would give her was some very good venison, but she would have to eat it a very small piece at a time. The woman gave him a basket, and he went some little distance away, and boiled the venison along with the privates of the young man. When it was cooked, he cut the whole into very small pieces, and gave it to the woman to eat. When she had tasted it, he asked her if it was good, and she said it was very nice. She ate it all, and died shortly afterwards. By that time the man and dog had disappeared.

31. THE SQUINT-EYED WOMAN; OR, THE MAN WHO OBTAINED A NEW HEAD³

A woman lived in a certain place with her son. She was squint-eyed, and had a wicked temper, so that no one would marry her. At last, however, she obtained a good-looking man; but every night she tore his face with her nails, so that he bled profusely. After some time

¹ Some say the lad did not die, but went to where the hunters had slaughtered the deer, and, seeing a big buck lying there, cut off its privates, and put them on himself. He returned to the house in a few days, and the husband was going to kill him; but his parents made peace between them by giving their daughter to the indignant husband.

² This was the woman's husband in disguise. Some say that only a dog appeared to the woman, and offered her the medicine, the dog being the husband metamorphosed.

³ See Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxvii, p. 346 (region of North Victoria); *Ibid.*, xxxiv, p. 354.

of this treatment, he became so disfigured that he could hardly be recognized. He left¹ his wife, and went to a wise old woman to see if she could not tell him of some way to get back his good looks.

He reached the house of the woman, who lived near a trail; and she advised him to go to the house of the man who kept heads, and get a new one. "He will first show you all the worst heads, which hang on the walls," she said; "and then he will show you better ones, which he keeps in boxes: but refuse them all except one, which is kept covered in a small box by itself. It hangs in a corner. Ask for it, as it is the best and most beautiful one in the place."

Reaching the old man's house, he was invited in, and asked if he wanted anything. He said, "I wish to get a new head." The old man showed him all the heads, one after another; but he refused them all. At last he took the one out of the small covered box; and this the man accepted. He cut off his own head, and put the new one on in its place. As he went out and passed by the heads on the walls, the women's heads began to sing, and cried out, asking him to be their husband; but he passed by without heeding them.

On his way back he visited the house of Black-Bear-Woman and Crane-Woman,² who lived together. He married them and staid there, each of them bearing him a child.

When the children had attained some size, they cried continually to see their grandfather: so their father hunted, and killed much large game. He put all the meat and fat in one glove, and the skins in another, took his wives and children, and journeyed to his parents' house. Here he called all the people together, and gave them a great feast and many presents of skins.

Among the people who attended the feast was his former wife with her son. The latter laughed at his father because of his new wives; but the mother wished the man to take her back again as his wife. "Oh, no!" he said, "I have got a new head now, and I do not wish it spoiled." The woman became angry, and said, "I will get a new head too; and when he sees my beauty, he will admire me, and ask me to become his wife again." Taking her son with her, she went to the house of the man who kept heads; but, as she could not see straight, she chose a very ugly head with one eye looking to each side. Thinking herself to be now pretty, she returned home; but she was so ugly, that the people were all afraid of her, and the children ran away in terror: so the people took her and her boy and threw them into the water, saying that henceforth they should be water mysteries or spirits.

¹ Some say she turned him out.

² *Stuwa'*, the crane, or some similar bird.

32. THE GAMBLER¹

Once a man played lehal until he had lost everything. First he gambled away his weapons, then his clothes, then his blankets and food. He lost also his four children, his wife, his hair, and finally himself. He lay down that night feeling very miserable, for now he was virtually a slave for a time. Moreover, he was naked, and without wife or children. He brooded so much over his bad luck that he could not sleep, so at last he arose and went to the house of an old woman who was celebrated for her wisdom. She told him that his bad luck came through his not having trained enough; and she advised him to go to the mountains, and train himself for four years. "If you do this," she said, "you will become wise and rich." He took her advice, and at once retired to the mountains. At the end of the four years he had become very wise, and knew what to do. He had obtained several powerful protectors, chief among which was the knife.

Now he repaired to a lake on the other side of which dwelt a number of people in two underground houses. Those who lived in one were good people, while those who dwelt in the other were bad people and cannibals. Over each house presided a chief; Kalēnūxxwa' being the name of the bad chief, and Asūxxwa',² the name of the good one. On the lake-shore, and not very far from the houses, lived Loon, whose duty it was to take across the lake any one who wished to visit the chiefs. He had a copper canoe, which he used for this purpose. The gambler arrived at the lake-shore, and called on Loon to take him across; but Loon evidently did not hear, for he paid no attention. Getting tired of calling, the gambler lay down, and, feeling tired, yawned. As soon as he yawned, Loon seemed to hear or know that some one wished to cross; for he immediately launched his canoe and paddled rapidly across the lake. When still some distance from the shore, he stopped the canoe and told the man to jump in. This the gambler did at one bound. When he was seated in the canoe, Loon asked him which house he wished to visit, and the man answered, "I am going to see Asūxxwa'." Loon said, "Are you sure that it is not Kalēnūxxwa' you intend to visit?" But the gambler knew the difference in character of the two chiefs: so he said again, "Asūxxwa'." — "That is strange," said Loon. "Every one who crosses here goes to see Kalēnūxxwa'."

Reaching the other side, the gambler went up to Asūxxwa's house, and entered. The chief spoke to him kindly, and invited him to sit among the people; but the gambler preferred to sit apart, saying, "I do not yet know enough to sit among you." Then Asūxxwa' said, "I will make you all right," and, going up to him, he struck him four

¹ See Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv, p. 199; also p. 364.

² Sometimes called Anēnūxxwa'.

times with a whip of switches, and then told him to go and wash himself four times. When he returned from washing, the chief gave him his two daughters to wife.

Kalɛnũx̄x̄wa', hearing there was a stranger in the other chief's house, went to test him at lehal. He put up his two daughters and much goods as a stake. The man won all, but returned the goods to Kalɛnũx̄x̄wa', while the two daughters he kept. After this, Kalɛnũx̄x̄wa' did not trouble him again.

The gambler had now four wives. One of his first two wives bore him a daughter, and one of the wives he won at lehal also bore him a daughter. After he had staid some time with these people, his children began to cry to see their grandmother: so he took his four wives¹ and two children, and returned to his parents in his own country. Some time afterwards a man there lost everything playing lehal: so, having heard the story of the gambler's success, he went and asked him how he had managed to become so rich and such a good gambler. The gambler said, "I trained four years, then went to the lake where Loon takes people across in his copper canoe. When crossing, I was asked whether I intended to visit the chief Kalɛnũx̄x̄wa' or the chief Asũx̄x̄wa', and I said the former. I was directed to his house, and, on reaching there, I staid and gained great knowledge." The man believed the gambler's story, did as directed; and Kalɛnũx̄x̄wa' ate him, and threw his bones out beside those of his other victims.

33. THE WOMAN WHO WAS IMPALED ON A TREE-TOP

An old woman lived in a house with her son and his wife,² a young woman. The wife went out every day to gather cedar-bark and to dig fern-roots. Although she always staid away until dark, she never brought home much bark or roots. She really spent most of her time each day with Lynx, who used to meet her in the forest. Her husband became suspicious. One day he watched his wife, and saw her with Lynx. On the following day he said to her, "I love you very much, and like to be with you. I will go with you to-day to dig roots and gather bark." When they had travelled some distance through the forest, they arrived at the bottom of a very tall, straight tree. The husband climbed the tree, and asked his wife to follow, which she did. When he reached the top, he sharpened the point of the tree with his knife, and impaled his wife on it. Then, as he descended, he peeled the bark off the tree for a long distance down, and went home, leaving his wife to die.

¹ Some say he took with him only the two wives who bore him children.

² Some say the man was a Lillooet, and that his wife belonged to one of the tribes of the coast (see Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 285 [Ut̄á'mqt], 384 [Nicola]; Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 22 [Fraser Delta], 89 [Comox], 96 [Puntlatch], 123 [Nootka], 129 [Kwakiutl]; Boas, *Kwakiutl Tales* [Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, vol. ii, p. 400]).

It was a very hot day, and the woman suffered terribly. She called for help to her brothers, who were at sea in a canoe, harpooning seals. They heard her, and went to her rescue, and she told them how she came to be there. They called together all the animals and birds, and asked them to try and save the woman; but they were all unable to climb the slippery part of the tree. At last Snail tried it. Snail was so slow climbing up the peeled part of the tree, that the woman was dead when he reached her. Snail took the body down.

Now, one of the brothers, who looked very much like his sister, cut off her hair and put it on his own head. He also put on her clothes, took her basket on his back, and in the evening went to the house of the old woman, who said, thinking it was her daughter-in-law, "What keeps you so late when you gather so few roots?" The husband was surprised to see what he thought was his wife, but he said nothing, and allowed the brother to go to bed with him. The pretended wife said to him, "You must not touch me to-night. I am sore after what you did to me." So the husband turned over and went to sleep. When he was sound asleep, the brother took out a large sharp knife which he had hidden in his clothes, and cut the husband's throat; then he put a log in his place in the bed and covered it over.

On the next morning the old woman called to her son and his wife to get up, but they did not stir. About noon she uncovered them, and found a stick lying in the place of the woman, and her son dead with his throat cut. The brothers buried their sister's body, and then returned to their home on the sea.

34. BROTHER AND SISTER ¹

A widower lived in an underground house with his son and his maiden daughter. The father kept the girl in a box near his own bed, for he was afraid some of the young men might touch her. One night, when the father was asleep, the brother opened the lid of the box, went inside, and staid with his sister. Neither of them spoke, and the girl did not know who he was. The brother did this three successive nights. The girl desired to know who was visiting her, so she rubbed some powdered charcoal and grease on the palms of her hands; and, on the fourth night when he visited her, she embraced him, leaving the imprints of her hands on his back. Next morning she sat down on the roof of the house to watch the lads playing, to find out which of them had visited her. She saw the black hand-marks on her brother's back, and felt greatly ashamed. That night, when he visited her, she told him what she had done. "I am very much ashamed," she said. "It

¹ See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 37 (Fraser Delta), 124 (Nootka); Hill-Tout, *Report 1890*, p. 566 (Thompson). Known to the Lower Thompson under the title "Roiaſtcu't" or "Roiaſtcu'tit" ("they burnt themselves"). Hill-Tout's principal informant, Chief Michel, belonged to the Lower Thompson.

will never do for our father and the people to know. We had better leave here together." That night they ran away together, and travelled to another country, where they lived by themselves. They made a house in a place where game was abundant, and in time the girl gave birth, first to a boy, and then to a girl.

When the children grew large enough to run around, their parents always made them stay on the opposite side of the fireplace; for they were afraid, if they came too near, they might notice the great resemblance between their father's and mother's faces. Notwithstanding this precaution, the children noticed the similarity, and said to each other, "How much alike our father and mother are!" The children asked their parents how it was they were so much alike, and the parents felt embarrassed.

At last the mother told them the story of their disgrace. The father said, "We feel too much ashamed to live with our children: we had better kill ourselves." They hung food and goat hair and skins in a tree, and told the children that it was for them, because they themselves were going to die soon. The children cried when they heard that their parents were going to die; but the father said, "We are not going to die yet." So the children laughed and were glad again. Their father told them how to travel to reach their grandfather's house. It would take them many days; but they would have food and clothes enough for the journey, if they took what was hanging on the tree. Whenever their father talked thus, they would cry. Then he would cheer them by saying it would not be for a long time yet; and the children would be merry, and play again.

The parents gathered much pitch-wood, which they placed in and around their lodge to make it burn quickly. Then, one day, when the children were playing some distance away, the woman went into the lodge; and the man, after setting fire to the house all around the outside, joined her. Thus they burned themselves to death in their lodge.

The children saw the flames, and hurried home, but too late to see their parents again. After crying bitterly, they made up packs of the food that had been left on the tree, and started for their grandfather's house. When they arrived there, their grandfather asked them who they were and whence they came, and they told him the whole story. They remained with their grandfather and his people.

35. THE FLOOD, AND DISTRIBUTION OF PEOPLE¹

All the Lillooet people lived together around Green Lake, and for some distance below it on Green River.² At that time there came a great and continuous rain, which made all the lakes and rivers overflow their banks, and deluge the surrounding country. When the people saw the waters rise far above the ordinary high-water mark, they became afraid.

A man called Ntci'nemkñ had a very large canoe, in which he took refuge with his family. The other people ascended the mountains for safety; but the water soon covered them too. When they saw that they would probably all be drowned, they begged Ntci'nemkñ to save their children. As for themselves, they did not care. The canoe was too small, however, to hold all the children: so Ntci'nemkñ took one child from each family, — a male from one, a female from the next, and so on.

The rain continued falling and the water rising, until all the land was submerged except the peak of the high mountain called Split (Nci'kato).³ The canoe drifted about until the waters receded, and it grounded on Smlmelc Mountain.⁴ Each stage of the water's sinking left marks on the sides of this mountain.

When the ground was dry again, the people settled just opposite the present site of Pemberton. Ntci'nemkñ with his wives and children settled there, and he made the young people marry one another. He sent out pairs to settle at all the good food-places through the country. Some were sent back to Green Lake and Green River; others were sent down to Little Lillooet Lake and along the Lower Lillooet River; and some were sent up to Anderson and Seaton Lakes. Thus was the country peopled by the offspring of the Green Lake people.⁵

¹ Compare Teit, *Traditions*, p. 20.

² Green Lake and Green River are situated in the heart of the Cascades, at the southwestern head waters of the Upper Lillooet River. They lie in the watershed between the Lillooet and Squamish, and the Squamish trail passes right along them. They are only thirty miles, or a little over, from the sea. From tradition, this place seems to have been the main early abode of the Lillooet people, and was convenient for trading with the Coast Indians. Probably long ago the Lillooet may have occupied a position similar to that of the Chilcotin, who at one time lived together near the divide, for convenience in trading with the Bella Coola.

³ This mountain is situated on the west side of the lower end of Lillooet Lake. Its peak consists of a great precipice split in two perpendicularly.

⁴ This mountain is just opposite Pemberton Meadows, to the northeast, and is rather low and flat. It has a number of flat terraces on its sides (one above the other), which are said to be the marks of the receding flood.

⁵ Some say Ntci'nemkñ sent a pair to each country, and that every tribe in the interior and on the coast is descended from one of the pairs of Lillooet people sent abroad after the flood.

36. THE POOR MAN; OR, THE ORIGIN OF COPPER¹

Formerly many people lived at Green Lake and its vicinity. The only other people known to them were some who lived on the Lillooet River.² They did not know of the Coast Indians at that time.

The Green Lake people were visited by some disease, and all died excepting an old woman and her grandson. They were very poor, and the boy cried constantly. The old woman made a bow and arrows, a bark canoe, and many toys with which to amuse him; but he continued to cry as much as ever. She made a fish-line of hair,³ and taught him how to fish. This pacified him, and he now spent most of his time in fishing.

One day he caught something heavy, and his line broke. He went home and told his grandmother, who made a new line for him of hemp (*spa'tsan*) bark, and put a ball of her own hair on the hook as a bait. The boy was well pleased, and went back to the same place to fish. He hooked something heavy again; but this time he had a strong line, and was able to pull it out. It was a large piece of copper, — a thing which the people had never seen before. He rolled it up carefully in brush, and took it home. His grandmother saw it was something rare and precious, so she told him to lay it by, which he did.

When the boy had grown a bit, he began to shoot many humming-birds and other bright-plumaged birds, the skins of which he made into robes. When he reached the age of puberty, he began to hunt larger game, and became a great hunter. He killed many bears and deer and goats. His grandmother spent all her time making the skins into robes, in making goat-hair blankets, and in laying up a large supply of food. At the end of several years the house was quite full of food of all kinds, and robes of goat-hair, goat-skin, deer, bear, and marmot skin, etc.

Now the lad asked his grandmother what he should do with the copper he had found; and she said, "Show it to the people. I think there are some people who live on the Lillooet River."

One day not long after this, while the lad was hunting on the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains, he met some strange men who said they were Squamish. The strangers left him, and in their explorations reached his grandmother's house. She was surprised to see them. They said they belonged to the sea, and asked her what she was doing there all alone. She said that she and her son were the only ones left of the people of that region. Thus the Coast Indians became known to them.

¹ Some say that the events narrated in this story took place at a later period than those of the other stories, and that this tale does not belong to the time of the ancients.

² The Lower Lillooet is meant.

³ Some say she made the line of her own hair.

Now the old woman said to the lad, "Our house is full. It is now time that you invited the people." So he went to the Lillooet River, and invited the people he found there. He also journeyed to the coast, and invited the Squamish. When all the guests had assembled, he went and got his copper. The Copper said to him, "When you show me to the people, you must put feathers and down on your head, wear a feather blanket, and carry a rattle in your hand. You must dance when you show me." The lad dressed as directed; and when he showed the copper, he danced, and sang the story of its origin, and how he found it. He feasted the people many days, and before their departure he gave each one a present of a robe. They all called him a chief. His fame spread; and, when the Lower Fraser people heard of him, one of their chiefs came and gave his daughter to be the young man's wife. One of the Squamish chiefs also brought his daughter and gave her to him in marriage. The young man gave marriage-presents of pieces of copper to his fathers-in-law.

By his two wives he had many children, mostly sons; and people of distant countries, on hearing of him and of his sons, visited them, bringing their daughters, whom they married to his sons. For each daughter-in-law he gave a piece of copper. Thus copper was distributed among all the tribes. The people who had received it valued it very highly, and would not part with it, for it was rare and gave them a higher standing among their people. When they showed their copper, they always dressed in feathers, and danced.

The Shuswap and the Thompsons each married a daughter to the sons of the Green Lake chief. Thus the Green Lake people became very numerous again; and some of them moved farther east, and settled around Pemberton and Lillooet Lake. In recent years the Green Lake Indians have left that region altogether, and settled among the Pemberton Indians.

37. THE S'Ä'INNUX¹

Between the Indian village of Pemberton and Green Lake, at a place a little above Currie's Ranch, there formerly lived a number of people in two underground houses. These people were called S'ä'-innux, and were very familiar with the water, and powerful in magic. Their chief had two daughters who were very handsome, and many young men from the neighboring country were anxious to obtain them as wives; but all who had attempted to court them had been killed by their magic. The bones of these unfortunate suitors were heaped up around the houses for a considerable distance away.

One day the four Transformer brothers² arrived near their house,

¹ See Teit, *The Lillooet, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 252.

² The Black-Bear Brothers (see p. 350).

and one of them at once undertook to obtain the girls. As he approached the house, the girls' mother saw him, and called out, "Another man comes for a wife!" Then one of the girls ran out, laughing, and embraced him when she met him. As soon as she did this, his flesh began to disappear, and he died: only a heap of bones was left on the spot. As he did not return, another brother went, and fared in the same way as the first. Then the third brother went; and he also met a like fate.

Now, the fourth brother knew that there was something wrong: so he went to an old woman who lived in a small house near the trail, and asked her advice. She told him what tests he would have to go through, and advised him to sweat in her sweat-house before he went to see the S'ä'innux. He did as directed; and when he finished sweat-bathing, he knew everything, and was full of magic. Then he took his quiver full of arrows, his bow and knife, his fish-spear, his snowshoes, and his paint and grease, went to the S'ä'innux at night, and lay down between the two sisters. When they awoke, they were surprised to find a man between them, and especially such a handsome man; for he shone like light, and his body was smooth to the touch. They awoke their parents, who were surprised; and, after looking at the man, they were satisfied with him as their son-in-law, and allowed him to stay with their daughters.

On the following morning the parents were surprised to find their daughters still in bed, for they were always in the habit of going to wash themselves at daybreak. At last they arose; and one of them went to fetch water, while the other one made the fire and began to cook. The man did not get up; and the parents, being curious to have a look at him now by daylight, removed the blanket which covered him. They were astonished to see a very old, decrepit, ugly man in place of the handsome man they had seen the night before. Then they laughed at their daughters, and said, "What a wretch to have for a son-in-law!" But one of the girls would not desert him, as she thought he was only playing a trick: so she carried him around in a basket everywhere she went.

Once the parents, expecting to have a laugh at the girl and her husband, said, "Let our son-in-law gather fire-wood!" His wife carried him to a tree, which, apparently with great difficulty, he chopped down and split up, the people meanwhile looking on and laughing at him. His wife went home with her basket, intending to return for him before long. In her absence, the parents attacked him, and left him for dead. When they reached their house, they said, "Our son-in-law killed himself while splitting wood." Now, when they had gone, the man arose, gathered the wood together, and made it assume the size of a small bundle, which he took to the house. He

threw it down, and the wood returned to its natural proportions. He had changed himself back again into a handsome, athletic man.

Then the parents said, "Let our son-in-law go hunting!" He took his weapons and snowshoes, and went out. When he had been gone a little time, one of the S'ä'innux, hoping to kill him on the mountains, sang a song to make snow fall; but he put on his snowshoes, ran over the snow, and killed much game, which he made to assume the proportion of a small pack. He threw it into one house, and it became almost full of meat and fat.

Then the people said, "Let him go to spear salmon!" They conducted him to a rapid some distance up the river, which was the abode of "water-mysteries"¹ in the shape of mermen, half man and half fish. One of these appeared, and the people said, "That is a salmon. Spear it quickly!" He speared it, and was at once dragged under the water. The parents returned home and said, "Our son-in-law has been drowned." But before long he arrived, carrying two mermen in each hand.

The people were afraid, and said, "Do not take them in here! Throw them away!" He paid no attention, however, and threw them into the house. At once the water rose in the houses, and drowned all the S'ä'innux, excepting the Transformer's wife and her sister, brother, and parents. Then the man made a large hole, which he caused to become full of water. He jumped over each of the skeletons which were strewed around the houses, and told each man, as he came to life again, to go and wash in the water. This they did, and afterwards returned to their homes. The descendants² of the S'ä'innux dance at potlatches, with masks and clothes representing half man, half fish.³

38. THE HAITLO'LAUX AND WOLF PEOPLE, ANCESTORS OF THE LILUET'Ö'L⁴

In the region inhabited by the Liluet'ö'l there formerly lived two groups or families of people who never intermarried with each other. One group, called Haitlo'laux (or Haitlö'laux), lived in underground houses at the mouth of the river that empties into the head of Big Lillooet Lake; while the other group, known as the Wolf people, lived a few miles upstream, on its north bank, above its junction with

¹ Some say these were friends of the S'ä'innux.

² These people are now included with the Liluet'ö'l.

³ This story is obviously based on the widely-spread story of the tests of the son-in-law which is current among all the coast tribes (see Robert H. Lowie, "The Test-Theme in North American Mythology," *Journal of American Folk-lore*, vol. xxi [1908], pp. 97 et seq., particularly p. 135).

⁴ Compare some Uta'mqt stories (see Teit, *The Lillooet, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 252).

the Pole River. They also lived in underground houses. The sites of their underground houses are pointed out by the Indians at the present day.

The HaiLo'laux were very tall people (the men about ten feet in height) and very broad and strong. Many of the men had hair on their breasts, and looked like bears; while all of them had very long hair on their heads, reaching almost to the ground. Most of them had black hair, but some had brown, and quite a number had red hair. They were a bad people, and were never known to sleep. They wandered about at night, and stole things from the Wolf people, who, when they went to their house and asked for the stolen property, were always met with the answer, "We know nothing about what you lost. Why do you come here to look at our privates?" When the Wolf people would put fish in the water to soak, the HaiLo'laux would frequently steal it, for they were fond of fish, and used to catch them by swimming after them under the water. The Wolf people were of medium size (some of them small), and were wealthier and better hunters and fishermen than the others. Both people were endowed with magic in a high degree, especially the HaiLo'laux.

The HaiLo'laux had a chief who had four daughters noted for their magical powers. The Wolf chief sent four men to watch the HaiLo'laux and see what they did at night. They hid themselves near the river-bank. At evening the chief came out of his house; then, a while afterwards, one of his daughters came out also. Thus they came out one at a time, the fourth daughter appearing about midnight. The four women went down to the river and washed themselves near where the Wolf men were hidden; and the latter jumped out on them, and took them home to be their wives. When they reached the ladder of the underground house, the women suddenly became invisible and left them, and each of the men found that he was bleeding, — one of them below the ankle, one at the back of the head, another above the eye, and the fourth one from the heart. The men were astonished, and went into the house and reported their adventure. The women had each taken some of their blood home.

Some days afterward a HaiLo'laux man came to the Wolf house, and asked if any of them had lost blood, as the chief's four daughters had each of them a piece of dried blood hanging above their beds. One of the Wolf men said, "I lost some blood from my foot;" and the HaiLo'laux answered, "You had better come and see if it is yours. If it is, the woman who has it will marry you." He went to the HaiLo'laux house, and, seeing the blood, he pointed out one of the pieces as his. The woman who possessed it said, "No, it is not yours. You must prove it to be yours by undergoing a test of your powers. Go into that small house yonder, and stay there for a time. You will see a

web of fat hanging in there which is continually dripping. If you allow the drops to fall on you, they will burn right through you, unless you are strong in magic. You will have difficulty in breathing when you first go into the house, but that will wear away. As soon as you feel at ease, take some of the fat and put it to your mouth. If you don't die when you do that, then eat some. If you still feel all right after eating the fat, then return to me. If you die during the test, your flesh will be burned up, and only your bones will be left." The man went into the house as directed, saw the web of fat, and said to himself, "I don't wish to stay here long, I will eat the fat at once and be done with it." He ate the fat, and at once died, his insides and flesh burning up.

The next day a HaiLo'laux man appeared at the Wolf house, and told them that their friend was dead, and that the women still had the blood hanging above their beds. He said, "Whoever of you can prove it to be yours, him the women will marry." One man said, "Some of it is blood from my eye." The HaiLo'laux said, "You had better go and claim it." The Wolf man answered, "No, I am not strong enough in magic." Another said, "It is blood from my head; but I will not go to claim it, for I also am weak in magic." The fourth man said, "It is blood from my heart." The HaiLo'laux answered, "Come and claim it, then."

The Wolf man said, "Yes, I will go, and conquer or die." Taking his bow and arrows, his quiver, his knife, his thunder arrow-head,¹ and his paint, he started. His grandmother lived alone in a little house close by, and, as he was passing, she called him in. She said, "I will give you advice." She told him what tests he would have to pass through, and added, "Before going to the HaiLo'laux, you must sweat-bathe in a very hot sweat-house. Thus you will gain the required strength and knowledge." He did as directed; and when he came out of the sweat-house he was very wise, and full of magic. He went to the HaiLo'laux house, and claimed a piece of the blood as his. The woman possessing it said, "Yes, perhaps it is yours; but you must go through a test." They gave him some of their meat to eat, which he bolted without chewing. Then the woman sent him to the small house, as his predecessor had been sent. When he had been inside a while, he put some of the fat to his mouth, then, before long, he ate some. When he came out of the house, he was at once changed to resemble a HaiLo'laux, with much red hair all over his body. The hair of his head also assumed a red color.

¹ Skim'äst, or thunder arrow-head, of the Thompsons. The Lillooet, Thompson, and Shuswap believe that they are fired by the Thunder. Most of these are simply large pieces of arrow-stone, generally blocked off more or less, so that they somewhat resemble a spear-head or an arrow-head of huge size.

When he came back to the people, they said, "Fell and split that tree yonder." He took his hammer and chisel, cut the tree down, and split it. When he had nearly finished, the wood suddenly became hard to split, and he had to put in several wedges. Then all at once it yielded, and one of the wedges fell into the crack. The people said, "Pick it out!" When he had his arm and head in the crack, they caused the crack to close on him. He spit out red paint, which he had in his mouth, and the HaiLo'laux thought he was dead; but the wood had not really closed on him very tightly, for he had placed his thunder-stone crosswise in the crack, which prevented its closing. When the people had gone away, he split up the rest of the tree, and, making all the split wood into one small piece, threw it down the hole of the underground house, and it assumed its original proportions.¹

The HaiLo'laux tested his powers in many ways; but he was always equal to his task, and even showed them that he was more powerful in magic and knowledge than they were. He married the woman who had taken his blood, and eventually became chief of the HaiLo'laux. When he had become chief, he said, "The HaiLo'laux and the Wolves shall become one people."

One night he told stories² to the HaiLo'laux, and asked them to say "i'a'i"³ as long as he continued relating them. They did as told, and eventually all fell asleep. After this, they always slept at night, like ordinary people. He assembled the HaiLo'laux and the Wolf people, and told them they must all eat deer-meat, and thus become like one people. They all partook of the venison, except some of the Wolf people, who refused. These he transformed into wolves, saying, "You shall be wolves, and shall always have poor food, and often be hungry." Then the people were changed to look like Indians, and no longer like animals, and they intermarried with one another.

The descendants of the Wolf people dress in wolf-skins, and wear wolf masks when they dance at potlatches; and the descendants of the HaiLo'laux dress in bear-skins, and wear masks somewhat like a bear's face, painted red, when they dance. The union of these two peoples made the Liluetδ'l, who are their descendants. Some people, it is said, occasionally see HaiLo'laux in the mountains at the present day.

¹ See footnote 3 to p. 346.

² Some say it was another Wolf man who visited the HaiLo'laux, that told the stories.

³ The Shuswap, Thompson, and Lilloet, all say "L'a'i" as long as a person continues relating a mythological story. It is something like saying "Yes," and shows that the people are awake and listening.

II. TRADITIONS OF THE LILLOOET OF THE LAKES

39. COYOTE

Coyote was sent to travel over the world and put it to rights. He changed the natural features of the country where they were bad, so that the people should be able to live easier. He transformed all the bad ancients into stones, birds, animals, and fishes.

Coyote was fond of joking, and was boastful. He played many tricks, and was often worsted in his tricks. He was very wise, yet sometimes he was foolish, and did silly things. Notwithstanding, he was the greatest worker and transformer in the ancient times. He had four helpers,¹ who were great in magic, and sometimes accompanied him on his travels. They were the Sun, the Moon, Mu'epem,² and Skwia'xEnamux.³

40. THE BLACK-BEAR BROTHERS

There were four brothers called the Little-Black-Bears, who were also great transformers, and travelled all over the earth. It is said they did not belong to the interior, but came from the sea. They came up the Fraser River from its mouth, and, after passing through the Thompson country, they travelled north through the Slatlemux and Shuswap countries.⁴

41. TSU'NTIA⁵

This story, as I obtained it from a Lëxalë'xamux, is the same as that printed in "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians" (p. 95), with the following differences and additions:—

- p. 95, line 3. The maiden belonged to SetL, and was one of several there who refused all suitors.
- p. 95, line 8. The girl was ashamed, and was going to kill her child, but the people told her to rear it.
- p. 95, line 12. He went to Sklmka'in, and played shooting arrows with the children of Tsanā'tz, who was an old man, and who always had his face and body painted red. Tsanā'tz ordered him away twice, saying, "Go to your own place and play, you bastard son of Kokwe'la!" He afterwards changed this man into the fish of that name, which has a red color.

¹ See the coyote cycles of the Shuswap and Thompson Indians, footnote 2 on p. 292; also the Xäls traditions of the coast; Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 19 (Fraser Delta), 45 (Cowichan), 56 (Squamish), 63 and 76 (Comox); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 518 (Squamish); Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.*, xxxiv, p. 360.

² Seems to mean "diver," or "to dive;" also "mü'ipem," "smü'ipem" or "nmü'ipem."

³ Arrow wing (arm) man.

⁴ See p. 322.

⁵ See Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 224 (Utä'mqt), 319 (Nicola); Teit, *Traditions*, p. 45; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 564 (Thompson).

- p. 95, line 6 from bottom. He returned to his mother, and told her the Water denied having killed his father. She then said, "The Rock killed him." He went to the Rock and drew his bow on it, saying "You killed my father: I will shoot you." The Rock answered, "I kill people sometimes, but I know those I kill. Your father I never killed."
- p. 95, line 3 from bottom. When he reached his full stature, he commenced to travel. He had grown to be a man of very large size and great physical strength. The first thing he did was to transform all those people who had called him "bastard" when he was a boy. He went to Setl and transformed those people who had mocked him. One he turned into a grizzly bear, one into a wolf, and one into a marten. Some others he transformed into birds and fishes. He then scattered them over the earth in different directions.
- p. 96, line 5. He crossed the Fraser River just above the mouth of the Thompson, and named the place Taka'ut. He met the four Black-Bears at the creek, a little above Nka'ia, below Lytton.
- p. 96, line 9. Sometimes they nearly managed to transform one another into stone, but there was always some part of their body they were able to move; therefore they gave up trying.
- p. 96, line 12 from end. He took it all in two spoonfuls, used horn spoons, and boiled food in a stone kettle.
- p. 96, line 4 from end. The brothers said they were thirsty, and were too lazy to go for water. Tsu'ntia took a rock, and, placing it before them, water gushed out of it, and they drank. Some say he kicked the rock, and water came out.

Wherever Tsu'ntia travelled, the kokwe'la-plants recognized him, and embraced him by entwining themselves around his legs.¹

When Tsu'ntia and the four Black Bear brothers had travelled over the earth and put things to rights, they met one another at the edges of the earth. The brothers said to Tsu'ntia, "There yet remains one country in the world where the people are bad. We ourselves were not able to put them to rights: they were too strong for us. You, Kokwe'la, who are full of mysterious power, you go to that country and stop the sun, so they may all die and be burned up as a punishment." Tsu'ntia said, "If I go there and stop the sun, all the people in the world will be burned up, and everything on earth besides."

The brothers would not believe him, so he commanded the sun to stand still. Then the earth began to become hot and scorched, and at last the tops of the trees began to smoke. The brothers, overcome with heat, and afraid of being burnt, said, "We see you know, and speak the truth. Now let the sun move on!" He said, "Whistle at the sun, and it will go." But they asked him to do so himself. Now he whistled, and, pointing his finger at the sun, the latter followed his finger as he moved it toward the west. He moved his finger down

¹ The Lillooet say that he belonged to the lower end of Seaton Lake.

over the mountains, and the sun set rapidly. Then a breeze sprang up, and soon cooled the earth and its people. The bad people of that country were never punished, and still remain somewhere near the edge of the earth to the east.

42. (a) NK'Ē'OLSTĒM¹ (*first version*)

The Skímkainēmux had become a numerous people, and a descendant of Xanau'kst was their chief. He had a son who became known as Nk'ē'olstēm. This boy went from one house to another at intervals during the winter, and asked the people for food of different kinds, saying that his father had sent him. The people always gave him what he asked for, because his father was chief; and the lad took the food away and ate it himself.

Just about spring, when most of the people had come out of their underground houses, he asked a certain hunter for deer's back-fat, which was given to him. The man went to the lad's father, and said, "How is it that you have been begging food all winter from the people, and sending your son for it?" The chief never answered for four days, because he was ashamed. Then he told the people secretly that they should all go up the mountains, and desert his son. They would ask some lads to take him across the lake, on pretence of gathering arrow-wood, and leave him there.

Early the following morning, some lads said to Nk'ē'olstēm, "Let us go across the lake to where there is plenty of wood, and gather sticks for making arrows!" As soon as they had gone, the people carried all their effects to the canoes, and set off up the lake. After they had gone a long distance, they left their canoes, and went up the mountains until they reached a place called Totce'lēks, where they erected lodges for hunting.

The lads took Nk'ē'olstēm into the bushes to look for arrow-sticks, and said to him, "We will scatter here, and will whistle to one another, so that each may know the other's whereabouts."

When the lads were out of his sight, they defecated, urinated, and excreted on the ground, and told their excrements, also their urine and spittle, to whistle, and when they heard a whistle to answer back. Then they jumped into their canoe, and paddled hard to overtake the other people. Nk'ē'olstēm heard whistling all around, and thought his companions were still near. Toward evening the whistling grew faint, and in some places stopped altogether. This was because the excrements had become dry. Finally he discovered what it was that whistled. He ran to where the canoe had been, and found it gone. He cried, and walked around the lake to reach home, crying as he went.

¹ The Thompson Indians call this story "The Sun and the Lad;" or Nke'kaumstem ("they twisted bark with him" [?]; see footnote 4 on p. 296).

He met Gray-Body (*papaē'ixktn*¹), and said to him, "Oh! you are the only one that did not leave me. Why did you not go with the rest?" He struck him on the head with an arrow-stick, transforming him into the snake of that name. He said, "This place shall be known as N'êxo'it. You shall live here; and people in later days will find snakes very abundant here."

In his distraction he sat down, and shoved one foot past the other, leaving the marks as a bare scraped rock, which may be seen at the present day. Also at this place he threw his sticks away, and high service-berries now grow there in great plenty. The place is known as Place-where-he-kicked (*Nicotcolcu'ELn*).

When he came to the place where the lodges had been, he found them all down. He went up to a place near by, called Ko'mikstn, where the winter houses and caches were, and found them all deserted also. In one house which had been recently occupied he saw a large basket turned mouth down. He said, "Why do they leave their baskets behind?" and gave it a kick, disclosing an old woman, Mink, underneath. He was glad to see her. She had a slow-match, consisting of the upper part of a dry *balsamorrhiza*-root,² which she had lighted when the people left. With this she had lighted a fire.

Now he went around all the people's caches, and found that many of the people had taken pity on him, and left dried fish, fish-heads, and back-bones for him. He took these to Mink, who sent him to gather bark to make twine for snares. When they had made many snares, he set them, and caught very many mice of different kinds, rats, squirrels, chipmunks, Hudson Bay birds, pinejays, bluejays, and other small birds and animals. The old woman sewed the skins together, and made many robes; so that, when she spread them out in the sunshine, they covered the knoll at the back of the house. They lived on the flesh of the birds and animals he snared.

Now he dreamed of the Sun, who appeared to him seven consecutive nights. On the eighth day, at evening, just after the Sun had set, he approached him from the west. At that time, people could look at the Sun; for he was like the Moon, not very bright. The Sun was clad in a robe of mountain-goat-hair, like those the Lower Lillooet use. He addressed the lad, saying, "You have been deserted by the people. I pity you, and will give you advice and power; but I wish to get one of your beautiful blankets. I have noticed them often as I passed overhead." The lad answered, "Take your choice of them: they are all spread out on the knoll." The Sun said, "I desire the

¹ The Lillooet name of a variety of snake. The Thompson call it *spēlamē'ixken*.

² The top of this root is called *ske'lēklen*, and is very fibrous. When old and dry, it was used sometimes as a slow-match by the Lillooet and Thompson, and perha other tribes of the interior.

one you use for a pillow; and my own robe I will give to you, for it is not bright enough, and the people can thus look at me." They exchanged robes. The Sun continued, "Those people who left no food for you in their caches you will transform when they come back." Then he showed the lad how to make fish-traps,¹ and instructed him how to set them. He followed directions, and made three traps, which he set next evening where several creeks emptied into the lake. He was the first man who ever made or used fish-traps; and those he made were afterwards turned into stone, and may be seen at the present day. He caught many trout in his traps, and Mink split them, and hung them up to dry on sticks and in branches of trees.

One day the lad saw Crow approaching in a canoe, and he told him to go back; but Crow said he was hungry; so the boy allowed him to land, and gave him some fish, some of which he took home and fed to his children after dark. His children made so much noise eating the fish, that the people said, "Crow must be feeding his children something. He is the poorest hunter, and yet he has food for his family. He must steal it from some place." Crow visited Nk'ē'olstēm again, and brought home more fish, which he gave to his children after dark. Now the people were sure: so they asked him what he fed his children with, and where he got it. He answered, "It is fish, and I got it from the lad we deserted. He has lots of trout."

As the people could find no game, and were starving, they all returned home in their canoes. When they arrived, the lad allowed those who had left him fish-bones to occupy their houses and live there as usual; but the others he transformed into "water-mysteries," and threw them into a canyon and waterfall in Cayuse Creek, where they inhabit the rocks, but are invisible. Indians go there to train.²

The Nkait people, hearing of his fame, sent one of their daughters to be his wife; and several people, both at Skimka'in and Nkait, are descended from him. He went to Nkait, and showed the people there how to make and use fish-traps, and then returned home again. After this the people could not look at the Sun, who obtained so much brightness by wearing Nk'ē'olstēm's magpie blanket.

42. (b) NK'Ē'OLSTĒM, OR NQĒ'QAUMSTEM³ MYTH (*second version*),

The people of Seaton Lake are descended partly from Fraser River Lillooet belonging to SetL, and partly from Nk'ē'olstēm. The latter was the son of a chief who lived near Sqemqa'in, and was deserted by the people. He and his old grandmother made four large robes of mouse, rat, bluejay, and magpie skins respectively. At that time the

¹ The kind of fish-trap called by the Thompson *pš'pš'p*.

² See also Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 711.

³ The former name is used by the Lillooet; the latter, by the Thompson.

sun travelled overhead in the sky every day, as now, but it was invisible. Nevertheless it gave out far greater heat than at the present day: so the people sweated very much, and felt almost as if boiled in the day-time. It was hot like this all the year round. One day Nk'ē'olstēm had his four blankets spread outside, and was sitting by them, when he saw a man descend from the sky, who approached him, and said, "I am the Sun, and each day as I travel I see your robes and admire them. I wish to exchange my robe for one of them. If you will give me your beautiful robe, I will teach you many things." The lad said, "Perhaps, if I give you my robe, you will be hotter than ever, and the people will all die." The Sun answered, "No! it will make me bright, so that you can see me every day; but my heat will not be able to come out so much as through the robe I am wearing, therefore the people will be cooler." The lad said, "Very well, if you promise to be brighter and cooler, getting only moderately hot during the summer, and remaining cool during the rest of the year, you may take two of my robes in exchange for your one." The Sun handed the lad his robe, which was made of mountain-goat wool, with long fringe, and told him to dip the fringe of it four times into the lake, and each time fish of a certain variety would become very numerous. Then he told him how to make a picture of a fish-trap in the ground by scratching with his feet, and it would change into a real fish-trap with which he could catch the fish he created. He also told him to draw with his toes on the sand a picture of a fish-spear and a net, which would also change into real ones. After telling him how to use these things, he selected the bluejay and magpie robes of the lad, and ascended to the sky. Now the Sun began to wear the magpie robe, and the people could see him quite plainly. Although it was summer-time, the heat from the Sun was much less than formerly. When winter-time came, the Sun began to wear both the robes, and the heat he emanated became still less. Since then, the Sun has worn these robes; and the people are not now overpowered with the heat, and ever since have had moderately warm summers and cool winters. After the Sun's departure, Nk'ē'olstēm did as he had been directed, and created four fish-traps, one for each kind of fish. He also created spears and nets, and caught great numbers of fish. Thus were the first fish-traps, fish-spears, and fish-nets made, and four new varieties of fish were added to the waters of the lake. After this the people who had deserted the lad returned, and they gave him two of their daughters for wives. Eventually the transformers Qwo'qtqwatL came along, and, thinking the people of that place were bad, they commenced to metamorphose them into stones, and succeeded thus in killing all the people, with the exception of the lad and his two wives. Nk'ē'olstēm wrapped the Sun's magic robe around himself and his wives, and the transformers

could not harm him. He had many children. Afterwards a number of the people from Setl came and settled there, and the two peoples intermarried and became numerous. Nk'ē'olstēm changed his name to Xana'ukst, and became the chief of the band, and noted for his wealth. The original Seaton Lake people are thus descended partly from Setl Indians, and partly from the ancients Xana'ukst and his wives. The Sqemqa'in (Skimqain) people look upon him as their ancestor.

43. (a) RAVEN; OR, HOW DEATH CAME INTO THE WORLD¹

Raven² was once a chief of great power, and very wise. At that time people did not die. One day a man³ came to Raven, and said, "I am not satisfied with the existing order of things. Let people die, so we may weep, and then we shall be happy."⁴ Raven said, "Very well, if the people wish to die, it shall be so."⁵

The man went away, and shortly afterward his child died. He was sorry, and, instead of rejoicing when he wept, he felt sad and miserable. He said, "What a fool I was to tell Raven to make people die!" He went back, and asked Raven to stop people from dying; but Raven answered, "It is too late. You asked for that, and I made it so. I cannot change the order of things now. People shall henceforth continue to die." This is the reason that all people die. Afterward Raven was transformed into the bird of that name, because he introduced death into the world.

43. (b) RAVEN AND OLD-ONE, OR CHIEF

After Raven had vanquished the Chief, or Old-One, and it was decreed that people and all things should die, Raven's child died.⁶ This was the first death in the world. Hitherto people had died only for a time, and their bodies during death never changed. Raven tried to revive and doctor the child into life again, but utterly failed. At last he went to the Chief and said, "My child is really dead. Its body is changing, and the flesh is getting rotten, so that it smells. I wish I had not agreed to people's dying." The Chief answered, "Now you see how nasty a thing death is, and how sore your heart gets when your friends die; but it is too late to change. It has been agreed that henceforth everything must die, and, as the first death

¹ This widely spread theme is not very common on the North Pacific coast (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 329 [Nicola]).

² Raven, it is said by some, was at that time looking after the world, and seeing that everything ran smoothly. He had to see that nature worked properly, and had the power to improve things when necessary.

³ Some say a chief; others, "The Old-One."

⁴ Some say he said, "How would it be if people were made to die?"

⁵ Some say he answered, "If they die, I shall be glad."

⁶ This refers to the beginning of the L̥xal̥'xamux̥ version, given here as No. 43 (a).

has taken place, it cannot now be avoided." Raven, in his sorrow, took an arrow-stone and hit himself with it. He was surprised to find that it cut his flesh, and blood ran out. He thought to himself, "This stone is mystery, and can kill people. I will try it." He stuck it on the end of a stick and struck a man, who died of the wounds. Thus Raven first discovered that arrow-stone could kill; and the people learned to make it into knives and arrow-heads. Raven was the first person who made a spear, and became a murderer. Some say he did not kill any one with the arrow-stone, but, seeing that the sharp parts of the stone drew blood, he sharpened it with his beak, and cut himself more and more, in his sorrow, until at last he lost all his blood, and died. Thus he was the first person in the world who committed suicide.

44. ORIGIN OF BANDS OF NORTHERN SHUSWAP¹ LIVING NEXT TO THE LILLOOET OF FRASER RIVER

The neighboring Shuswap to the north (those of Fraser River), or at least part of them, are said to have originated from a man called Coyote, who lived somewhere north of Clinton. He lived alone in an underground house, and had for a wife the branch of a tree with a knot-hole in it. Whenever he went out hunting, he covered the branch with a robe.²

One day the four Black-Bear brothers came along and entered the house. As it was cold weather, they looked around for fire-wood, saw the branch, made a fire with it to warm themselves, and afterwards fell asleep. They were awakened by a voice calling from the top of the ladder. They hid themselves. It was Coyote, who was crying, "Wife, take my load of meat!" Then he answered himself in a louder, shriller voice, saying, "Let your pack fall." He said, "You are a lazy wife. Why don't you take down my burden?" Then, answering himself again, he exclaimed, "Just drop it down! There is no need of my getting up." The brothers smiled when they heard him talking thus.

Coyote let the pack of meat drop down. When he was inside, he noticed that the branch was not in the bed, and, looking at the fire, saw it there nearly burned out. He said, "Oh! my wife has been trying to go up the ladder, and has fallen back into the fire." And he began to weep. The brothers appeared, and tried to comfort him, saying, "We did not know it was your wife, so we burned the branch; but do not be sorry! We will give you a better wife." They asked for an arrow-stone adze, went to a grove of trees near by, and cut down

¹ Some say all the Shuswap originated in this way. See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 44; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 652.

² See footnote to p. 309.

two of them, — one an alder, and one a cottonwood or aspen-poplar. After shaping them to resemble women, they carried them to the house. They blew breath into them, and the figures began to breathe, became alive, and followed the brothers into the house. They presented them to Coyote, saying, "These shall be your wives." Coyote blessed the brothers, and called them good. They said, "One of these women has red skin, and the other white skin; and one has light hair, and the other has dark hair: therefore some of your wives' children will be dark, and some light.¹ Your wives will have many children; and your descendants will be numerous, and occupy a large country. They will all speak Shuswap." This is the reason why the Shuswap-speaking people occupy a large expanse of country.

45. PORCUPINE; OR, THE STORY OF DEER²

All the lesser animals lived in human form in four underground houses near the place called "The Lake," at the portage between Seaton and Anderson Lakes. There were among them Wolf, Fox, Coyote, Lynx, Marten, Fisher, Wolverine, Porcupine, and many others. At that time deer were very wild, and could jump from one mountain-peak to another at a single bound; therefore it was impossible for the people to hunt them. They lived on the north side of the mountains which separated the lakes from the Upper Bridge River, and beyond as far as the Chilcotin River. This region was called the Deer Country; and the Deer people lived in four underground houses just north of the mountains. They were Mule-Deer, Elk, Caribou, Bighorn-Sheep, Mountain-Goat, Horse, and some others.³

At that time snowshoes were not known. The snow lay very deep on the mountains which separated the two peoples, for it was winter-time. The chief of the animal people said it would be advisable to ask the Deer people to a feast, and try to take away from them the power of jumping. They asked Coyote to go and invite the Deer people; but he returned at evening, not having been able to walk through the deep snow. One animal after another tried, but they all failed; and as a last resort Porcupine was asked to go. Coyote, his sons, and some others, laughed at the idea of Porcupine going, and said, "How can a person with such short legs and big belly go where we couldn't?" Porcupine took his shirt, leggings, cap, moccasins, and belt (all of which were richly embroidered with dentalia), and his

¹ This is why Indians in general, and Shuswap in particular, have different shades of hair and skin. Some Shuswap are very light-skinned, and others are very dark or red skinned (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 313, where the explanation is given that the Indians are the children of Antelope and Coyote, and have therefore the colors of their parents).

² See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 51. Some Lillooet consider all the Athapaskan tribes as descendants of the deer or of the deer people.

³ Some add moose, buffalo, antelope, and another variety of small deer.

dentalia necklaces, and rolled them all up in a bundle, which he put on his back. He said, "If we want to get these people here, we must make a rich display. If I manage to reach the summit of the range, I shall light a signal-fire, so that you may know of my arrival."

He went under the snow, instead of on the top, and at last reached the summit, where he lighted a fire, as he had promised. The following evening he reached the houses of the Deer people. On the side-hill above their houses he put on his fine clothes. The people cried out, "A stranger is coming, wearing beautiful clothes!" He was invited in, and as he descended the ladder, and jumped down at the bottom, dentalia fell from his clothes. Whenever he moved his arm, leg, or head, dentalia fell down, and the children gathered them up. The people gave him venison to eat, and asked him why he had come to visit them. He said, "I have been sent to invite you to the houses of my people to a feast." They at once answered, "We will start in the morning." They thought all the messenger's people must be like him, or even more richly dressed than he, and they would probably receive rich presents from them. They did not know that Porcupine was the only one of his people who possessed dentalia.

On the next morning Porcupine led the way, and all the Deer people followed. When the animal people saw them coming, they hastened and spread mats for them to walk on to the house, and others for them to sit on. They feasted them first, and afterward gave them presents. They gave each one a present of some article of a pubescent girl's clothing or paraphernalia. One was given a robe; one, an apron; another, paint; another, a scratcher; and so on. After all the presents had been given out, the people cried out, "You have forgotten Goat!" The animal people had nothing to give him, so they made two small sticks of vine-maple, sharp at the ends,¹ and threw them at his head, where they stuck, and became horns. Again the people cried out, "You have forgotten another person, — Horse!" The animal people had nothing to give him, so they threw a woman's privates at his legs, and thus he obtained the peculiar fetlocks he has at the present day.

The Deer people took their presents, and went away disappointed. They found themselves heavy, and no longer able to jump as before. This was because of the pubescent girl's clothes. When they arrived at the summit of the mountain-range, they were all transformed into deer, sheep, and goats, and scattered through the mountains,² as we see them at the present day. The things they received as presents may be found in their bodies;³ and because they inhabited the

¹ Some add that they blackened them with pitch-smoke or soot.

² Some say over the world.

³ Part of the inside of a deer is called the "paint;" another part is called the "apron" or "kilt," because supposed to resemble in shape these objects.

country around Upper Bridge River, and north to the Chilcotin River, therefore deer are more numerous there than in any other place, and goats and sheep are also plentiful.¹

46. THE MAN WHO LIVED WITH THE BEAR

A man lived at the mouth of Bridge River who had a wife and three children. He always went hunting with the other hunters; but, as he was never able to kill anything, the other men, when dividing the game, never gave him any share. The people were camped in mat lodges.

One evening, when the father was away, the children began to cry for meat; and their mother said in a sarcastic manner, "When your father comes home, you will have lots of fat to eat." Her husband was near by, on his way home, and heard what she said. He felt so ashamed, that he turned back and went up to a place in the mountains called Npaa'nk,² where there are bare, burnt hillsides and bluffs of rock, with a small lake on the top. Here he slept. Next morning early he travelled in an aimless manner toward the lake, saying to himself, "I will wander around until I die."

When near the lake, he saw a male black bear sitting in front of him. He went toward it, but never attempted to shoot it, although his quiver was full of arrows. Bear said to him, "Come, friend! I am glad you do not try to shoot me. I know how the people have treated you, and the bad luck you have had in hunting. If you come with me and do as I direct, I will teach you, and you will become very wise."

It was the fall of the year; and Bear went into his den, taking the hunter with him. It was a large cave, in one end of which Bear defecated and urinated. In another place there was a small pool of water, at which he wet his lips. Bear said, "I am going to stay here all winter, and I wish you to remain with me." The hunter looked around, and, seeing no food, said to himself, "I wonder what we shall eat!" Bear knew his thoughts, and said, "You need not think of that. I will provide food for both of us." Now Bear gathered fir-branches, and made a bed; and the man did likewise. Then Bear closed the entrance to the den, and said to the man, "You will sleep in that corner, and I will sleep here. Take off your clothes and lie down. It is now dark, and we will go to sleep." The hunter divested himself of his weapons and clothes, and lay down. He felt quite warm, for there was no draught, and the breath of the Bear kept the place warm. Bear said, "I will wake you when it is time to eat." At the

¹ It is said that some of the people around the portage—namely, the head of Seaton Lake and the foot of Anderson Lake—claimed descent from the animal people who used to live there, and, when dancing, wore masks representing deer and porcupine. They also wore many necklaces of dentalia, and deer-skin robes.

² Means "burnt" or "gray side-hill."

end of one month, Bear wakened him, and gave him one paw to suck, while he himself sucked the other. Thus Bear wakened and fed him at the end of each month for four months.

Now it was spring-time; and Bear, opening the den, gave the man his bow and arrows, and bade him good-by. Taking four of his arrows, he fixed them so that they became different,¹ and said, "Take care of these! If you shoot them at game, they will always kill. Never try to shoot any black bear. No shaman will ever be able to bewitch you, or take away your luck. You will be lucky, and kill all kinds of game, and will never be hungry. You will be a great hunter. Don't give the people anything you kill at first." Then he told him where to find deer; and the man did as directed, and shot a buck, which he carried home on his back.

Coming to where the people were camped, he passed by above them, and went to his wife's house. She had cut her hair as a sign of widowhood. He ate the meat with his family. The people came to see him, but he would not give them any meat to eat. They were angry, and said, "He has been out five months, and only killed one deer: it is well if he eats it all himself."

Again the man went hunting, gathered the deer all in one place, and shot forty. He took home a piece of one. The people said, "The poor fellow has killed another deer." They went out hunting; but each time they returned without seeing any deer, and feeling very tired. Then an old man said to the others, "He has learned the 'mystery' of the deer: talk nicely to him, and he may give us meat." Now he asked the people to go and carry in the deer. They laughed, and said, "It does not require us all to carry in one deer." At last, however, they all went, and were surprised to see so many dead deer. It took them all of one day to skin and cut up the carcass, and all of the next day to carry home the meat. The man became the most famous hunter of the tribe.²

47. ORIGIN OF THE LILLOOET AND BRIDGE RIVER PEOPLE³

Formerly there were no people who lived at Bridge River and the Fountain; but a number of people lived near a spring close to where the present Indian village of Lillooet is situated.⁴ They were Lillooet, and lived principally on deer-meat. Lower down, between them and the Fraser River, at another spring where white people are living now,

¹ Some say he simply made them lucky.

² A few of the people at Bridge River, his descendants, used to wear the mask of the black bear at dances. They are probably now extinct.

³ Called, respectively, Se'tlamux and Nxo'istnamux (from Setl, the name of Lillooet; and Nxo'isten, the name of Bridge River). They are Sla'tlemux or Sla'tlemux-ō'l. Compare this story with Tait, *Traditions*, p. 96 (Lillooet).

⁴ Setl.

dwelt other people who were called Frog-Mouths (*Pap̄'latcin*) because they ate frogs. They lived all together in an underground house, and never held any intercourse with the people who lived above them. They subsisted principally on frog-flesh; but they also ate snakes, lizards, and all kinds of reptiles.

In those days the frogs and toads were as large as buffaloes; and the Frog people called them, "the animal," in the same way as the Indians of the present day designate the grizzly bear. These people made all their clothes and blankets of frog and toad skins. Their dress consisted of shoes, breech-clout, and robe. They hunted the frogs with spears similar to beaver-spears, and carried home the meat at night.¹

Among these people were two marriageable girls whom the young men of Setl were very anxious to marry. The young men repaired to the underground house to obtain the girls; but each one, in turn, was overcome by the smell of frog-fat when the people cooked, and died inside the house. Their bodies were carried out, and left on a bench near by. Thus all the young men of Setl met their death; and their bones whitened the bench near the house of the Frog-Eaters.

Only one young man was left, and he repaired to the mountains to train himself. He took the back-fat of four deer with him, and lived on that during the four years he was away training. At the end of that time he had learned all the "mystery" of water, lake, swamp, mud, spring, and river. He had also learned all the "mystery" of the animals that inhabited or lived near them, such as frogs, snakes, and lizards. He could eat all these animals, and their flesh did not harm him. Being complete in all the magic required for his purpose, he returned home, and told the people he intended to go and obtain the daughters of the Frog-Eaters. The people said, "Don't go! You are sure to be killed, and you are the only young man we have left." After swallowing arrows, snowshoes, and a dog, he went to the Frog-Eaters' house, clad only in breech-clout and leggings. A Frog-Man was sitting at the ladder, striking one foot against the other, and, seeing him coming, he said, "All your friends have died by coming here. Don't you see their bones on the bench? Why do you court death? Have you had no lesson?" The lad answered, "I wish to obtain your two daughters, and am prepared to die." The man struck him on the legs as he went down the ladder, but he paid no attention. Reaching the bottom, he went aside, and sat down with his back to the wall. The people were all lying down; but when he entered they said, "Cook some meat: we have not eaten since morning." Then they began to boil and roast frog-meat, and the smoke from the fat filled the house. The people ate, and, when the smoke cleared away, they

¹ Some say they also hunted at night.

saw him sitting in the same place. They said to one another, "He does not die as quickly as the others did." After a while, the people said, "We will cook again;" and this time they roasted the intestines and inside parts of the frog. The house became so filled with smoke from the burning fat, that the people could not see one another. When it cleared away, the lad still sat alive, and the people wondered. When they went to sleep, their chief said, "The lad has vanquished us, and seems to be able to live with us. He may have our daughters." He staid with his wives that night, and they covered him with a frog-skin blanket, which smelled horribly.

On the next day the people said, "Let us hunt! We are nearly out of food." They all went and hunted over the mountains back of Lillooet, returning by the mouth of Bridge River, without seeing any game, for the lad made all the frogs leave their usual haunts. The people all returned home, the lad being the last one, and some distance behind. He felt thirsty, went to a spring called Kêlamu'lâx, and, although knee-deep in mud, he drank, pushing aside the dead leaves which covered the surface of the water. To his surprise, he beheld a huge frog looking at him. It was nearly concealed by the dead leaves, water, and mud. It was early winter, and the frog had probably gone into his winter quarters. The lad said, "I am not afraid of you," and drank his fill of the water. Then he hurried home to the house, as it was getting late.

He was wearing frog-skin shoes, and his legs were all covered with mud. When he entered, the people noticed the mud, and said, "Our son-in-law must have found a frog! He is a great hunter." His wives pulled off his shoes and leggings, and hung them up to dry. He told them where he had seen the frog, and they said, "We will go to-night and kill it." They all went to the place, and, after spearing the frog and killing it, they began to roast the meat. The place where they had their fire and roasted their meat may still be seen near the mouth of Bridge River. Then they carried the meat home, and ate again when they reached there.

The lad did not eat any frog-meat. He told his wives he was going to hunt, and bring in a different kind of meat to eat. Early next morning he went out, and vomited the dog he had swallowed, sending him to round up deer. Then he vomited his snowshoes and bow and arrows, and put the snowshoes on, chased the deer into a gulch, and shot them all. He cut up one, took some of the meat home, and, when he found his wives out washing themselves, he persuaded them to eat some. They thought they would die; but after waiting a long time, and finding no bad effects from the meat, they were glad.

The lad said, "I will change the food of your people to-morrow." He brought some deer-meat to the house the next day, but the people

were afraid to eat it. On the fourth morning he went to the gulch, roasted the whole carcass of a deer, and brought it to the house and dropped it down the hole. The people were afraid of such a mysterious object. He told them, "You must eat this meat, and I will eat with you. It is good, and will not harm you. I shall transform any one who does not eat of it." The people at last ate of the meat, and, finding that they did not die, they declared it to be good food. Three of them would not eat of the meat.

Then he sent his wives and all the people to bring in the deer from the gulch. When they had left, he took all their clothes, blankets, skins, and meat of frogs outside the house, and burned them. When the people returned, he said, "You are already in my power, and I can do with you as I like. Having eaten of venison, you are now like my own people." He told them to strip naked, and burned all their frog clothes. Then he showed them how to tan the skins of the deer they had brought home, and make themselves deer-skin clothes.

When they were all clothed, he told them to sit down on the edge of the bench where the skeletons were, and watch what he would do with them. He said, "You killed these people: now I will make them alive." He jumped over the skeletons, one after another, and immediately each one became alive. They stood up, and he ordered them to walk around and mix with the Frog people. Then he transformed into "water-mysteries" the three Frog-Eaters who would not eat venison, and threw them into a creek near by, saying, "You shall remain there as 'water-mysteries,' and shall howl like dogs. If a person happens to see you, you may do them harm, if their time has come to die."¹ Then he conducted all the Frog-Eaters up to Sett, where they lived thenceforth, and the two peoples intermarried.

After they had amalgamated, some of the people moved, and settled at the mouth of Bridge River: therefore the Bridge River and Sett or Lillooet people are the same. Many of them claim descent from the Frog-Eaters and their ancestor who changed the Frog-Eaters. The other Lillooet nickname them "Frog people," or "Frog-Mouths," because of their origin and ancestry. They used to impersonate their ancestor at feasts and potlatches, and wore masks resembling frogs.

48. ORIGIN OF THE SKIMQAI'N PEOPLE²

The earliest known inhabitants of Skimqai'n were two families who lived some distance apart. The head of one family was a man called Xana'ukst, who had many wives and a large number of sons. He was

¹ The sight may cause them to die.

² Called Skimqai'nemux, from Skimqai'n ("head" or "top"), the name of the lower end of Seaton Lake, so named because the river emerges from the lake here: consequently it is the head or top of the river. They belong to the division called Lëxalë'xamux. Compare part of this story with p. 338.

very wealthy, and lived exactly at the spot called Sk̓mqai'n. The other family lived at the place known as SLaka'l, and their head was a man called Twisted (*Lupst*), who had a twisted jaw. These two families were the original inhabitants, and were kin to one another.

On the far side of a lake called Stôq, situated a considerable distance away, lived a different people,¹ who were related to one another. They occupied two underground houses. The chief of one was by name Zenūxha'; and his elder brother, whose name was Nkalūxha',² was chief of the other. These people were endowed with magic, and Nkalūxha' was a wicked man and a cannibal. His brother Zenūxha' had two daughters, who were good-looking young women; and Xana'-ukst's sons had, one by one, gone to woo them: but each in turn had made the mistake of going to Nkalūxha''s house, and had been eaten by him and his household. Thus all of Xana'-ukst's sons had perished, except one, who grew very restless because his brothers did not return, and asked his father what had become of them. His father told him they had been eaten by a cannibal.³

Xana'-ukst gave his son the back-fat of four deer, and sent him up Cayuse Creek to train. There he trained himself for four years, and never combed his hair in that time, so that it had become filled with needles from the fir-branches with which he washed himself, and stuck out like a ball around his head. When he had finished training, he found himself to be full of knowledge and magic. He was the discoverer of arrow-stone, and from it made the first arrow-heads and knives, which he used in hunting. He also made the first bow and arrow and quiver, and the first pair of snowshoes. When he had made all these things, he hunted and killed deer for food.

One day he swallowed a dog, quiver, bow, arrows, knife, and snowshoes, and then went down to the lake, on the other side of which lived the people who had killed his brothers. He shouted for a canoe all day long, but the people took no notice of him. About evening he grew tired, and, leaning back on the bank, yawned. All at once the people seemed to hear him, and sent off two men in a canoe to fetch him across. They stopped the canoe about ten feet from the shore, and asked him to jump in. He said it was too far: so they brought the canoe a little closer, and he jumped in. When they were going across, they asked him which chief he intended to visit,⁴ and he said, "Zenūxha'." They said, "You must be making a mistake. Every one who comes here visits Nkalūxha'." But he said, "I visit Zenūxha'."

When Nkalūxha' saw the canoe approaching, he thought the man

¹ Some say they were cranes, or similar to them.

² Also called *Kalūxha'*.

³ *Kalūxha'* used to throw them alive into his kettle, and boil them.

⁴ Some say they first told him two chiefs (giving their names) lived across the lake, and said, "It is our duty to take you to either one you wish."

would certainly come to him, as the others had done: so he made his little kettle boil (it was a hole in the earth, lined in the inside with flat stones), and he cried, "Nīm, nīm, nīm, I will soon have some dainty meat to eat!" He was disappointed, however, for the canoe men had to conduct the man to Zenūxha's house, as he had requested.

Entering the house, he said to Zenūxha', "You are a great chief, and I take refuge with you. I come for your daughters." Zenūxha' said, "Kneel down before me." Then he struck him on the back of the head four times, each time with a different fir-branch, and the lice fell out of his head. Then he said, "Go and wash yourself in my water," pointing to a little creek near by. When he returned, Zenūxha' gave him his two daughters to be his wives. His father-in-law said, "It is well that you came to me. If you had gone to my brother, you would have shared the fate of your brothers."

The young man did not leave the house for a couple of days. He staid with his wives, who were making moccasins for him. The other young men in the house said, "Zenūxha's son-in-law should hunt. He has given his daughters to a useless, lazy fellow. He should have given them to us, who are hunters and industrious men." On the next morning the young man went hunting with his brothers-in-law and all the men. They travelled fast, and left him behind with one of his brothers-in-law, who said, "You hunt in that direction, and I will hunt in this direction." After they had parted, the young man vomited his snowshoes,¹ and put them on. He also vomited his dog and his weapons. The dog ran all the deer into a gulch, where his master came up and shot them. He cut up one, and took the web-fat from around the paunch, and put it inside his quiver.

It was dark when he got home; and all the other men had preceded him, being unable to find any deer. They laughed when they saw him come in without any meat. When his wives had pulled off his shoes, he said to them, "Give my quiver to my father-in-law to dry." Zenūxha' was astonished to find the fat inside, and the others at once ceased laughing. He cooked the fat, and invited Nkalūxha' to come and eat. The latter made great haste, thinking his brother had cooked his son-in-law. He said, "Nīm, nīm, nīm!" as he came down the ladder. Zenūxha' said, "If you kill any more people, I will kill you." So Nkalūxha', after eating part of the fat, went home disappointed. Now the young man said, "I have killed many deer. To-morrow you will bring them in." It took all the people four days to carry all the meat home.

When the man had lived four years² with these people, he decided to go home. He had now a child by each wife, and the children were

¹ These people had never seen snowshoes.

² Some say three years.

asking to see their grandmother. He said to his wives, "Your people are very bad. You must not be sorry if I transform them. Then we will go home to my people. There is no hurry, however, for my father does not expect me yet. I told him I would be away eight years."¹

One day he took Nkalūxha', transformed him into a crane² and threw him on one side of the lake, and the water at once turned black. Then he threw Nkalūxha''s wife behind her husband, transforming her into a mountain of a black color.³ Seizing Zenūxha', he changed him into a *s'a'tuen*,⁴ and, throwing him to the other side of the lake, the water there assumed a white color. Then he threw Zenūxha''s wife behind him, and she became a white mountain. Thus the lake became "mysterious;" and half of its waters is black, and the other half white.

Now he took all the rest of the people, transformed them into lizards, and threw them around the lake-shore.⁵ Then he jumped over the bones of his brothers, and they became alive and walked home. He followed them, with his wives and children. On the way, his wives dug roots⁶ in great abundance, which he caused to assume the size and weight of two small bundles. He hunted deer, killed forty, and gave them the size and weight of an ordinary pack of meat, which he carried himself.

When he arrived at home, he caused the roots and deer to return to their original proportions, and they filled many scaffolds. Then he gave a great feast and a potlatch, — the first one on record. He spread fir-branches all around the outside of the house for his guests to walk on, and invited all the people from the Lower Lillooet River north-east to the Fountain, and they all had plenty to eat.

Most of the Sklmqa'in people are descended from the man and his two wives. They were the first women that used bone whistles,⁷ on which they used to imitate the cries of the crane, heron, swan, and other birds. The people who claimed descent from them used to imitate cranes in their dances, used whistles, and wore masks like the heads of cranes. The Sklmqa'in people are nicknamed "cranes" or "*s'a'tuen*" by the other Lillooet.

¹ Some say seven years.

² The kind of crane called by the Thompson "*skolaxa'n*."

³ Changed to black color, because bad. Black seems to be symbolic of evil.

⁴ A bird so named by the Thompson Indians. I did not learn the Lillooet name. The narrator told the story in the Thompson language. It is a variety of crane or heron.

⁵ Lizards are very plentiful near this lake and on the neighboring hills. Near by, on the hillsides, lilies of two kinds grow in great abundance; and the women, when about to dig their roots, address a prayer as follows: "O Zenūxha'! know thou that we come to dig roots. May no lizards harm us, or follow us when we go home!"

⁶ The varieties of roots called *lax'en* and *ska'metc* by the Thompson Indians.

⁷ The same kind that pubescent girls and boys use. They are also sometimes used as drinking-tubes.

49. ORIGIN OF THE FOUNTAIN PEOPLE¹

The first person known to have lived near Fountain (X'a'xalep²) was a man called Coyote, who dwelt in an underground house at a place called Laxó'xoá, below the present Fountain rancheria. He was going to cut open the belly of his wife, who was pregnant, when the four transformers — Black-Bear brothers — came along, and, hearing him weeping, entered the house and asked what was wrong. He said, "You see your mother lying there! Well, I am about to cut her open and take out her child." He was sharpening a stone arrow-head knife for the purpose. "She will die; but I will rear the child, who will, in turn, become my wife. I have been doing this for generations." The brothers answered, "You are certainly to be pitied; but we can help you. Give us some bird-cherry bark." They took the bird-cherry bark, which they moistened, and, inserting it in the woman, they pulled the child, the head of which came out. The bark string broke, and they asked for some deer-thong, which they fastened to the child, and pulled it out altogether. Then they said, "Your wife will henceforth give birth to children, and there will be no longer any need of cutting her belly open." Coyote was very glad. They further said, "You will have very many children by your wife, and your descendants will become numerous in this country."

Coyote had a numerous family, half of whom married Shuswap from up the Fraser, and the other half married Lillooet from across the Fraser. Their descendants settled in and occupied the country to a point up the river beyond Kala'ut, and near to the mouth of Pavilion Creek, and as far down as opposite the mouth of Bridge River. There one of them, by name Keaxu's, made an underground house; and his descendants increased, and occupied several houses at that place. They always intermarried with both the Lillooet and Shuswap, and from the first have been a mixed people, as they are at the present day. They are neither Lillooet nor Shuswap, but part of both, and speak both languages. Their ancestor, Coyote, is supposed to have been a Shuswap, or at least he spoke that language. They are nicknamed "Coyote people" by the other Lillooet, and used to impersonate their ancestors at dances. They wore coyote masks at potlatches and when they danced. Some of the Lillooet who intermarried with them continued to wear the frog masks of the Setl people at their dances.

¹ The Fountain people are called X'a'xalspamux or Laxó'xoamux (from X'a'xalep, the name of the place where their present village is situated; and from Laxó'xoá, the name of their original abode, which is only half a mile away). The latter is the more ancient name. They are sometimes called Stallemux, as belonging to that division; but some people look on them as different, and simply call them Laxó'xoamux (see footnote 1 to p. 291; also p. 295).

² The name of the present Fountain village.

50. KOMAKSTI'MUT¹

A woman called Komaksti'mut lived in the west, in a high mountain of the Cascade Range, overlooking a lake, in a cave of two rooms. Stretching from her house to the lake was a smooth, steep slide where she amused herself by sliding down into the water. She had no hair on head and body. She needed no food, for she lived by her magical powers. She waylaid hunters, upon whom she cast a spell. At once they lost all will power, and became entirely subject to her control. Thus she had captured many men, and taken them to her house. There she stripped them naked, and cohabited with them. They lost all desire to leave her; and when she was absent, they sat in the house, waiting for her. As she kept no food, they could not eat, and, owing to her influence, they were never hungry. Thus they remained until they gradually wasted away and died. Then she put them in the inner cave, beside the skeletons of her previous victims.

Now there came into this region two sisters gifted with magic, who were accompanying their husbands on a hunting-trip. The husband of the elder one was the Horned-Owl; and her son was the Deer. The younger one had for husband the Golden-Eagle; and her daughter was the Frog. Both sisters had luxuriant heads of hair, upon which they bestowed much care, combing it, and washing it with medicine. The hair of the elder one reached to her heels, and that of the younger one trailed on the ground.

One day the two men, while hunting, came near to where Komaksti'mut was, and fell under her spell. Eagle became completely spellbound, and Owl lost his mind. He escaped from her, and wandered about, hooting as he passed the women's camp, which he would not approach.

When the women learned that Komaksti'mut had taken Eagle, they said, "We must rescue our husband." They gave Owl's son toys to play with during their absence; but he cried and they had to return. Then they gave him different kinds of toys; but again he cried. At last, the fourth time, they gave him a bow and arrows and a fawn to play with. He was delighted with these, and amused himself by shooting at the fawn. The women fastened up the door of the lodge and departed, carrying the girl on their backs. The boy never cried. When he was tired he slept, and when he woke up he played again.² When Komaksti'mut had captured Eagle, she took him to her home. As they travelled along, she plucked out all his feathers. The sisters followed their track, picked up the feathers as they went along, and put them in a sack. At last they came to the lake,

¹ Compare Teit, *Mythology*, p. 251. Said to be so named because she had no hair on her head. Some say she was the otter.

² See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 64; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 675.

and saw on its calm waters the line of feathers stretching right across. Now they took bones, flesh, and intestines out of the girl that they were carrying, and transformed her skin into a canoe, which moved through the water like a frog. They picked up all the down and feathers as they crossed. When Komaksti'mut saw them, she said, "Oh! at last my rivals have come. What fine hair they have!" When they reached the house, she said to them, "I should like to have hair like yours." They answered, "We can easily make hair like ours grow on you, if you wish." Now she proposed that they should go and play on the slide. She wanted them to go first, but they refused. Then she jumped on the slide, and rolled down to the lake, but did not sink in the water. While she was gone, one of the women filled her mouth with red paint, and the other with white paint, from their paint-pouches. When Komaksti'mut returned, she said, "Now it is your turn." The elder one then stepped on the slide, and rolled down into the water, which became tinged with red from the paint she spat out. Then the younger one stepped on the slide, and rolled into the water. Soon the lake turned white; and Komaksti'mut thought the girls had dashed out their blood and brains.¹ She went home laughing. Barely had she reached there, when the sisters appeared quite unharmed.

They said, "Now we will make hair grow on you." They told her to bring pitch and flat stones, and to make a fire. The sisters heated the stones, and let Komaksti'mut sit down. One of them held her from behind, while the other one, standing behind her, put a large lump of pitch on the top of her head. She then placed a hot stone on the pitch; and, when the melting pitch ran down over her, Komaksti'mut began to squirm. In order to keep her quiet, they passed some of their own hair in front of her ears, so that she could see it, saying, "Look! your hair is over your ears already." Then they put on another stone, hotter than the first, and she began to struggle; but they made her believe that her hair reached over her shoulders, and she sat still again. The fourth stone burned a hole through the top of her head and killed her.

Then they threw her body into the lake, and said, "Henceforth you will be the 'water mystery' of this lake. You will seek and kill no more men. Only when a hunter sees you here in the lake, then you may kill him." Even in our days, hunters occasionally see Komaksti'mut in this lake, and, if their time has come, they die after seeing her.

The women found Eagle, who was already very thin. They put all his feathers on him. Then they revived all Komaksti'mut's victims, who then returned to their homes.

¹ See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 39; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 666.

The sisters and Eagle crossed the lake in the frog canoe. They put the flesh, bones, and intestines back into their child. She assumed her original shape, and they carried her along. When they arrived at home, they found their son playing with the fawn. Now both sisters were Eagle's wives, for Owl was still wandering in the mountains. Later a transformer changed him into the horned owl, saying, "Henceforth you will be an owl, and hoot and cry. Hunters will imitate your cry when they hunt, so that each may know where the other is." The Eagle and the sisters returned home, and later on, they and their children were also transformed.¹

SPENCES BRIDGE, B.C.

¹ The narrator belonged to Seaton Lake, but he said the story was known to the Lillooet of Pemberton and of Fraser River. He had forgotten the end of the story.

NOTES AND QUERIES

THE DEATH OF ANDREW LANG.—Andrew Lang died on the 20th of July, 1912, at the age of sixty-eight. The wizard of St. Andrews is no more. His was a life of restless activity in more than one field. He was a student but not a scientist, a scholar but not a book-worm. Whether he delved into history, literature, mythology, social origins, his scholarship was always of a high order, and his work never lacked that quality of sparkling lightness, that *élan*, which was altogether his own. Nothing, perhaps, could bear better witness to his ever youthful pen than the fact that four books bearing his name have appeared since his death, not to speak of a score of articles in various periodicals.

Of Lang's many achievements his services to the science of man rank among the highest. While still a young man he wrote the article on mythology for the ninth edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica." It was a formidable attack upon the mythological theories of Max Müller, who was then at the height of his fame. Lang developed what was destined to become the anthropological method of dealing with myths, as opposed to Müller's narrowly philological method. The subsequent development of the science of mythology, to which Lang himself contributed in no small degree, fully vindicated Lang's position in that first fight of his fighting career. Regarding myths as free products of the imagination, Lang to the end stalwartly resisted all attempts to ascribe historical significance to mythological records. His "Custom and Myth" appeared in 1884, followed in 1887 by his "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," — the forerunner of Frazer's "Golden Bough," Farnell's "Cults of the Greek States," Hartland's "The Legend of Perseus."

Later he took up the fight against Tylor's animism. While having the highest regard for Tylor's achievement (*cf.* Lang's splendid tribute to Tylor in the "Anthropological Essays," 1907), Lang found that his facts did not fit into the animistic frame set for them by the father of anthropology; and he insisted on a hearing. He drew attention to certain phenomena of twilight psychology, — hallucinations, illusions, crystal-gazing, etc., — the rôle of which in shaping primitive forms of religious belief had, he thought, been vastly underestimated. He gave expression to his ideas in "Cock Lane and Common Sense" (1894), and in part in "The Making of Religion" (1898). The latter work, however, was inspired by another heresy, — the discovery of a primitive belief in a Supreme Being. A heated discussion with Hartland (1898-99) ensued. Lang's advocacy of the High-God theory was altogether free from prejudice, and he looked askance at Father P. Schmidt's voluminous appreciation of himself.

Classical scholars are divided in their estimates of Lang's Homeric studies, — "Homer and the Epic" (1894), "Homer and his Age" (1906), "The World of Homer" (1910); but, whether right or wrong in his conclusions, Lang once more set an example of a broad-minded ethnological analysis of the data.

Lang's most signal contributions to anthropology fall in the domain of primitive sociology and totemism. In his "Social Origins" (1903) he propounded the jealous-sire theory of the origin of exogamy; while the totemic name theory

of the origin of totemism received its definitive form in "The Secret of the Totem" (1905). With unflagging interest, Lang followed the rapidly accumulating facts and theories on primitive society and totemism, ever watchful of the blunders of his encyclopædic rival, J. G. Frazer. In 1910 Frazer published his "Totemism and Exogamy," in which the name of Andrew Lang is barely mentioned. Aroused at last, Lang took terrible, albeit soft-gloved, revenge in his article on totemism in the eleventh edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica."

In his posthumous "Last Words on Totemism, Marriage, and Religion" (*Folk-Lore*, September, 1912) Lang writes, "For the last three years I have written and rewritten, again and again, a work on totemism and exogamy." All those who love primitive society, all those who care to hear once more the voice of Andrew Lang, will join in hoping for the appearance of this his last attempt to unravel the secret of the totem.

A. A. GOLDENWEISER.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK.

THE NINETEENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS, 1914. — In the fall of 1911 a number of delegates to the past congresses of the Americanists met in Washington, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the Anthropological Society of Washington, for the purpose of taking preliminary steps toward extending an invitation to the Congress, at its London meeting, to hold its nineteenth session in 1914 at Washington. A temporary organizing committee was selected, consisting of Professor W. H. Holmes, chairman; Mr. F. W. Hodge; and Dr. A. Hrdlička, secretary. This committee entered into communication with the principal local institutions and organizations which are interested in the work of the Americanists; and by May 1, 1912, a formal invitation to the Congress was agreed upon by the Smithsonian Institution, the Anthropological Society of Washington, the George Washington, Georgetown, and Catholic Universities, and the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. A list of names of persons to form the permanent organizing committee was agreed upon; and Dr. Hrdlička was instructed to present the joint invitation, with the list just mentioned, to the council of the London meeting of the Americanists, which was done, and both were accepted without objection. In addition an official invitation from the Bolivian Government was accepted for a second session, to be held at La Paz, following that in Washington.

On October 11, 1912, the permanent committee for the Washington session met in the United States National Museum, for organization. Its membership is as follows: —

Messrs. Franklin Adams, Frank Baker, Charles H. Butler, Mitchell Carroll, Charles W. Currier, A. J. Donlon, J. Walter Fewkes, Alice C. Fletcher, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, F. W. Hodge, H. L. Hodgkins, William H. Holmes, Walter Hough, Aleš Hrdlička, Gillard Hunt, J. F. Jameson, George M. Kober, D. S. Lamb, Charles H. McCarthy, James Mooney, J. Dudley Morgan, Clarence F. Norment, Thomas J. Shahan, H. J. Shandelle, George R. Stetson, Charles H. Stockton, J. R. Swanton, Harry Van Dyke, Charles D. Walcott, and M. I. Weller.

The elections of officers resulted, in the main, as follows: —

For *Patron of the Congress*, The President of the United States.

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Secretary, A. Hrdlička, Curator Division Physical Anthropology, United States National Museum.

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The sessions of the Congress will be held, due to the courtesy of the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution, in the new building of the National Museum. The exact date for the meeting will be decided upon later, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the delegates to the Congress; but the month will in all probability be September. Active preparations for the session, which promises to be one of the most important ever held by the Americanists, will be begun without delay.

A. HRDLIČKA, *Secretary*.

NOTES ON MEXICAN FOLK-LORE. — On p. 251 of this volume I pointed out that the story of the "Journey of the Soul" as told in Pochutla, Oaxaca (see pp. 215-219), has a parallel in the Philippine Islands; and I concluded from this that it is presumably of Spanish origin. I have since found a Portuguese parallel in the collection of Portuguese popular tales gathered by Z. Consiglieri Pedroso, and published in the "Revue Hispanique," vol. xiv (1906), pp. 148 et seq., under the title "O Rio de Sangue." The tale is a little fuller; but the same classes of obstacles occur, — a river of water, of milk, of blood, two striking rocks, two lions, wood-choppers and firemen, and fat and lean doves. The explanations are analogous to those given in the Pochutla version, only water, milk, and blood are referred to the Virgin and Christ. — The story of the "Rabbit and the Serpent" (see pp. 209, 210, of this Journal) is told in the same Portuguese collection, under the title "A raposa" (pp. 116 et seq.); and a version of "John the Bear" occurs under the title "João Pelludo" (pp. 166 et seq.), the title of which agrees with the Tehuantepec form and that of the Assiniboine (see this volume, p. 255).

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THE
JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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LANCASTER, PA., AND NEW YORK

Published by the American Folk-Lore Society

G. E. STECHERT & CO., AGENTS

NEW YORK: 151-155 West 25th Street

PARIS: 76 rue de Rennes

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 57, 59 LONG ACRE

LEIPZIG: OTTO HARRASSOWITZ, QUERSTRASSE, 14

Copyright, 1912, by THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

SINGLE NUMBERS, \$1.00

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$3.00

Application made for Entry at the Post Office at Lancaster, Pa., as second-class matter

PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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THE JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE
VOLUME XXVI



LANCASTER, PA., AND NEW YORK

Published for the American Folk-Lore Society

G. E. STECHERT & CO., AGENTS

NEW YORK: 151-155 WEST 25TH STREET

PARIS: 76 RUE DE RENNES

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 57, 59 LONG ACRE

LEIPZIG: OTTO HARRASSOWITZ, QUERSTRASSE, 14

MDCCCXIII

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LANCASTER, PA.**

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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXVI.—JANUARY-MARCH, 1913—No. XCIX

STORIES OF AN AFRICAN PRINCE¹

BY JOHN A. LOMAX

YORUBA TALES

ON one of my several visits to the State Normal and Industrial School for Negroes, at Prairie View, Tex., I met Lattevi Ajaji, a young African prince, the lineal heir to a kingdom, in area about as large as Texas, containing a population of more than three million blacks. He came into my room quietly, and stood with some embarrassment before me, as erect as a soldier, while I questioned him. Although plainly ill at ease, his dignity was impressive. His bright eyes met my look squarely, and he gave my questions prompt, thoughtful answers. He had not learned to dissemble any more than has a wild animal suddenly taken captive. "Do your people sing?" I asked him. "Oh, yes!" — "And have they stories?" — "Yes." — "Will you write out for me those you can recall?" — "Yes, professor." — "Where did you learn the stories?" — "In Africa," he answered. "You know we stay much out of doors. At night the people sit in a ring around a large fire made to frighten away wild beasts; and as they sit there, it is customary for each person to tell a story to entertain the crowd. These stories I am about to write for you I heard over and over again while I was a child. There are many, many, stories like them in Africa."

I shall read Ajaji's stories as he has written them out; but first I will tell you briefly what I know of him. He is now a student at Tuskegee, in Booker Washington's school, and he belongs to the Yoruba people, who live north of the Gulf of Guinea, in West Central Africa. His grandfather is the present king of the tribe. Ajaji came to Texas to study agriculture, particularly cotton-growing. Four years ago Professor Hoffman, a graduate of Tuskegee, brought him to this country. Professor Hoffman, in the employ of the Ger-

¹ Address of the retiring President, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, held in Cleveland, O., December, 1912.

man Government, had been teaching agriculture to the natives. As Ajaji's tribe do not have money, the boy was a charge on Texas, after he came to the State, though, doubtless, some of the expense fell on Professor Hoffman. Ajaji plans to marry a Texas negro girl after he is through college, and take her to Africa.

Seventy years ago, some missionaries reduced the Yoruba language to a written form. Ajaji wrote in the Yoruba tongue the stories I shall now read to you, and then translated them into English.

It may be of interest to include an abridgment of Ajaji's account of his life as he wrote it out for me:¹

I was born in Lagos, West Africa. I was taken away from my mother when I was two years old, which I was sent to a place called Grand Popo. I stay there with my father's relatives until I was six years old. During this time I was put under a man who duty is to train a boy they expect to become a ruler of that country some day. We have to be trained as a rough rider; know how to shoot the bow and arrows, without missing a single thing you shooting after; sleep naked; swim.

I staid there until I was twelve years old, and went back to see my people in Lagos. After I got there, I did not feel like leaving them; I stay about two or three years. All of that time I wasn't doing anything but playing.

Well, it was one day when a friend of mine that I missed for some time came to me if I want to be a farmer. That he heard of a foreign man talking about how to farm; not only that, but how to raise everything on the farm. That impressed me so that I asked one day the boy waiting on him to get me as his pantry boy. He told me that he would find out and let me know. The next morning about nine o'clock he told me that he want me to be the pantry boy, but I have to travel with them. I told him that was alright. He took me to Professor Hoffman that evening. Somehow, he took an interest in me. And he told his steward to take me to a native tailor to make me some more gowns, and some of the Africa's trousers.

When I received an answer to that letter was to get ready and go to the ticket-office and get my passage-ticket for England. And he explained where to changed, also how to travel. I was the happy little fool ever born in the town of Lagos. I got every of my friends enthuse about coming with me. But I told me I am sorry, but they must wait until I get here; then I will recommend to my master. And he will no doubt send for them, if they want to come. I started May the 27th.

I have no idea that I was going to see any negro in America, but white people. As we anchored in the harbor who can I see but a person black like myself. I jumped out to speak to him in my native tongue, which he

¹ As far as possible, I have retained Ajaji's idiom, spelling, and punctuation.

didn't even know what I was talking about. I believe he must have thought that I was going crazy. When I found out that he could not speak my language, I went back into the ship when I heard that Professor Hoffman want them to bring me to the city.

.

After that, professor sent me some of the American's clothes, such as underwear, new shirt, new shoes, collar and tie, and a straw hat. I wasn't use to any of these things. He now knowing that I didn't know how to put them on, he dressed me up himself. But I declared the shoes, collar and tie, I suppose worries me to death. The collar seemed as if I was choking myself. High-heel shoes throws me down at time I made a move. Professor Hoffman wanted me to see the town. He took me along Canal Street. All along the way, I was fallen and getting up, fallen and getting up, until I have to go back to the place I was staying. I didn't want to put them on the next day; I wanted to go barefooted, naked. But I was told by professor that everybody in America wear clothes, and that I have to keep it on until I get use to it. So which I did.

.

When we reached the college I was made acquainted with the teachers and their wives. And some schoolboys that remain here after school closed to work for the summer. They were the best years I have ever spent in all my life. I was a friend to the whole school, from the board of directors, faculty, down to the work hands. I was more interested in the girls than I was with the boys on the campus. And every summer, I am always doing something to get few change for pocket use, and also to go off and see my college friends. At the end of fifth year I was graduated, and hated to see my friends leave me, hate to leave my classmates and schoolmates. And at the same time, it was sad and sorrow for me to tell them good-by.

I. THE ELEPHANT AND THE ROOSTER¹

During our forefathers' time, an Elephant² was known as the largest animal amongst the other animals, strong and brave, and also they thought that he ought be called the "King" of all the beasts.

But one day Elephant was walking in thick woods, he met a Rooster by the way, and he asked him who he was. And the Rooster said to him, "I'm a little bird that walk on two feet, sharp quill to pick the ground with so as to get the bugs and worms." Then said the Elephant, "Oh, yes! I have heard so much about your picking the ground. Tell me how many acres of land can you pick in an hour?" — "About ten acres," reply the Rooster. "That's nothing, I could do twice as much as that in a second."

Before an Elephant through talking, there came a hungry Tiger, looking terrible, and wanted to know what's the matter with them. But he want to jump on that Rooster to devour him. But Elephant

¹ Very unlike Kipling's story, "How the Elephant got his Trunk." Most of the other stories have been made familiar by Joel Chandler Harris.

² I follow Ajaji's custom of writing the names of animals in capitals.

would not allow him. Therefore, he went on and left two of them there, disputing on their subject. Few minutes afterwards, the Rooster said to the Elephant, "It is not a nice thing to stand up here discoursing. But let us try and see who will win." Before starting, Elephant made a promise that if Rooster can beat him picking the ground, he shall give him his whole house and his wife.

They started. About half an hour, Rooster through with five acre of land whilst Elephant has not complete one-third of an acre. But after Rooster got through with his, in a certain hour he promised to be through. As he was going back he found an Elephant under a tree, tired and sleepy, without getting through with half an acre.

Rooster woke him and asked him if he believes what he can do. Elephant said, "Yes." Rooster ask for what Elephant promised him, but he didn't answered him. Then Rooster got mad, and jumped on him, and pecked him at his nose. Then his nose start swollen up, kept swollen up till it hang down, which we called this day an Elephant snout. Rooster is the one the cause Elephant nose to look so long, long. If not, Elephant shall have nose just like the other animals. And at the same time he didn't get to be the King of the beasts.

2. THE ELECTION OF THE KING OF ANIMAL

All the animal gathered to elect their King. But it was said that either Lion or Elephant will be chosen as the King. Before the election they have to run a race. The one that wins will get the King. But Elephant knowing that he couldn't run, he said that he ought to be the King, because he is strong and can do many things that Lion couldn't do. And at the same time the Lion replied that he can do anything that that great big Elephant couldn't do. He can roar and let the earth shakes, run and fight at any time. And that Elephant couldn't do anything but drink up a whole river up, if they let him. Why Elephant went on telling some of the things he is able to do. Suddenly Lion cut him off and said, "Let's run and gets through." They line up; Rabbit is the judger. First Elephant ahead; after a short while Lion was ahead. Then Elephant stop. And said, "You can have it." The Lion was chosen as the King of the beast. After that, Lion and the Elephant hard to get along. They always try to fight one another, but they afraid of one another. Then come Rooster, and said to Elephant, "I knew that you not any count. You remember when we picking ground?" Elephant said in a rough voice, "You little scoundrel! If you don't get away from him, he is going to eat him up." It ends in this way, that Elephant and Lion was after all a good friend. They can't do without one another. Even Elephant run the throne by telling Lion what to do. This shows us that before you can become anyone's friend, you have to go in hard work or trouble. So end the election for the day.

3. THE MAN AND THE RABBIT

There was one day when a man dug a large spring for his own use. But every day he go there to get some water, he'll find it stirred up, or he found the water all muddy. He said to himself one day that he is going to set trap and catch who always come and bother my water. He had this trap fix for next morning that night, and he took [it] there and set it where he think the thief would get into it. That evening the Rabbit went there to drink some water, and found this trap stood near the spring.

Rabbit thought it was a man, and he said to the trap, "If you don't get out of my way, I'll give you a slap!" And this thing didn't move out the way. Finally the Rabbit hit the trap and his right hand stick there; and said the second time, "If you don't turn my hand loose, I'll hit you with the other one." Well, he keep on till he have all of his body stick against the trap. The next morning the man went to see about his trap and found a Rabbit on it. He took the Rabbit to the house, and ask his wife what must he do with the Rabbit. His wife told him to put the Rabbit in his large field for few days, so they can decided what to do with him. When the man ready to put Rabbit in his field, he began to cry, saying, "Please don't put me there, because some animal will eat me up." Rabbit didn't mean that at all; he just want to get in there.

The man put him in there anyhow; and Rabbit said to him, "This is my father's land." Then he picked ran and left there. That's why we always see Rabbits in a prairie; if not, Rabbit will be one of those animal that stay in the jungle.

4. THE GORILLA AND THE MOTHER

A mother of a Gorilla was watching her little baby one day, who just start to walk. The young Gorilla would walk for few minutes and fall, walk and fall. The mother so proud of him, and said to herself that that was the best looking child she ever own. She called at him, and said, "Son, you looking just fine; everything was nice on you; but you don't walk straight enough." The young Gorilla said to her, "Dear mother, if you would show me the straight way, I will promise you that I will walk in it." The mother try, but even could walk any better than her child. Therefore we get out of this that example is more better than preception. And ever since then we have been trained to walk straight, not to walk like Gorilla.

5. THE MAN AND HIS PIGS

A man had some Pigs. He has not special place for them to stay. They were wild Pigs. They roamed everywhere for something to eat.

So one day this man left home without breakfast. But he wife prepared it and left it in his working-place for him. These Pigs always go there. When they went in there, they found this breakfast. And they ate up. The man came back hungry, asked his wife did she fix anything for breakfast. She said yes, she fix it, but his Hogs ate it up. So they next day these Pigs went in there; he ran them off. But they seems not to understand their master. So one day this man fix for them. He put some water on the stove, until it start to boil almost. Just about that time one of these then went in there, and the other one just coming. But this first one was scalded by his master, and he began to growl, growling, and growling. The other met these one by the way, and asked what his'trouble. He said, "Some one throw hurt water on me." Then the one that didn't get hurt, turned by saying, "Do, do, idols do; do, do idols do; because I am so lucky, thank the idols." And turned back to their place. I meant they found themselves some place ever since. Ever since then we know how to be in our places.

6. THE BEAR AND THE FOX

One day, a Bear met a Fox by way with a dead meat, and he asked Fox where did he get the fish from? Old Fox answered him and said, "Brother Bear, I caught the fish in that river." Bear asked him, how did he catch it? He told Bear that he stock his tail in the water, and he let it stay there till he feel something biting him, before he pulled it out. There is a fish tangle to the end of his tail. He told Bear to go and do the same thing. So Brother Bear went there and stock his tail in the water for about five minutes; he feels something catching whole of his tail. Then he start to pull his tail; he couldn't get it out, and pulled hard, and got his tail cut into two. When Bear start to pull his tail, Fox stood on the bank of the river, and commence to laugh at him: and when he got his tail cut, Fox ran off, and left him there. That why Bear and Fox never agreed together or didn't like one another. That's why Bear now got his short tail.

7. THE TWO ROOSTERS

In a little village, a man had two Roosters. And he placed them together in one cage. They were friends. They lived together, eat together, until a Hen happen to come in the village through a neighbor house. They then start to quarrel about this Hen. Finally, it came up that they should fight. If either one of them beat, or who ever whip, that one will get the Hen for his wife. They continue; one of them got whipped and felt ashamed of himself. Whilst the one that whipped the other one flew upon a high wall, and showing himself to the world, and calling himself the champion of the world. Whilst he

was up there, an eagle came there and pick him away with him. Then this other one came and said, "Yeh, you whipped me, and you miss the Hen for your wife too." That's why we must not overdo a thing; if we do, we won't get along.

8. THE FOX AND THE BIRD

A little Bird was learning how to fly by her mother. One day the little Bird said to her mother that she believe that she can fly by herself now. Her mother trust her and warn her to be careful or else an old Fox that jump on her father will be glad to get her. And told her not to get on the ground or else this Fox will get her. And that the Fox will say some good thing about her, just to try to get her down to eat her up.

This little Bird went flying; directly was tired resting on a tree. A Fox who was so hungry passing by and happen to look up this tree and saw this Bird on the tree, and said, "Good-morning, Miss Bird, how are you to day?" And she said, "I am feeling well." Then he said, "I know you feeling well, because you look so nice, glossy, and you talk so nice. Won't you come down and walk here with me?"

The little Bird began to sing, "Don't think you going to make a fool out me and eat me up, because I have heard about you. So farewell." Then she flew away. This Fox didn't know what to do; he was so hungry until he made up his mind to eat this Bird up. He follow this Bird; watch just where she going to stop. She forget to do what her mother told her. And she get on the ground; by that time the Fox was there and jumped on this little Bird and killed her. Whilst sitting down enjoying this Bird, he swallow some of this bone and got choked. All of the his neck was swollen, about to die; then on his way home he met a Crow by the way and ask him to push his head into his throat and pull this bone out. Crow said, If I save you, you going to jump on me and eat me up." Old Fox say, "No." And Crow said to him, "Alright, stretch your mouth," and he push his head into his mouth and pulled this bone out. He pretend as if it was two bones in his throat. And he said, "Finish pulling them out." By the time Crow was fixing to put his head in there again, Fox thought the Crow had put her head in his mouth; he tried to bite his head off. And the Crow jumped up and flew away. By that time a hunter came and shot at the Fox and killed him. That shows us from that time that no wrong can be done in this world that you won't get the reward of it.

9. THE MAN AND THE GHOSTS

One day as it was gradually getting dark, he saw a man pass so quick that haven't any head on. About few minutes after that the

spirit returned again and stood under a tree that was right before his house.

This man got up and went into the house and start to peeped through the grass house, just to see what the headless man was going to do. Just about that time there come another one with baby in his hand, which two of them start in this man's house. He had every door locked, but by some way they got in. The man was so scared that he could hardly move.

He went to the back of the house. He didn't see anything. He left the house, and went to the fortune-teller house, and tell him what had happens and also what he had seen. The fortune-teller was known to be called Baba Lano. This fortune-teller went to his god and asked them in which he returned and said, "Is nothing but his father that has been dead came around to see him; also his mother that was dead few months afterwards." Then he also said that he might come to take him over. Or come there to guard his house. Ever since this man had seen a ghost, if he is at home, without any one, he will jumped if he happened to hear anything make list bit of noise. Even in the crowd. He sit down and everybody keep quiet. He will always jumping, until they thought that he was going crazy. From that time the word "crazy" begins. By being nervous and quick to keep things, memory will bring to people the idea of craziness.

IO. THE ASS AND THE DRIVER

An idol is to be moved from one the temple to the other through a town. In passing through this town, people were kneeling and bowing for the idol. They put the idol on the back of the Ass. In bowing to this idol, the Mule whose back this idol rides on, thought that the people were worshipping him. So he stop and get bigotive, and wouldn't move any more. When the driver found out, he went up there and hit him right on his back and there the Ass commence to kick and pitching, and let the idol fall and break its neck. The driver took a splinter and nail it back and carried it in his hand into the temple. The Ass at that time found out that the people stopped bowing and fallen before him. So he found out that is a bad thing to take the credit that due to some one else. (This is just a short one.)

II. THE RABBIT AND THE FOX

One day a Rabbit and Fox met together. One said, "Hello," and the other one said, "Hello." Finally Fox said, "I bet I can beat you doing one thing." Rabbit said, "What?" He said, "Well, I can beat you climbing up a tree." Rabbit said, "That's alright; I can beat you running, too." Fox said, "I don't believe you." Rabbit said, "Let's start."

Fox knowing that he couldn't run as fast as a Rabbit, he said, "Well, let's do mine first." He just trying to catch Rabbit and eat him up. But Rabbit and Fox stand up there long time disputing. Directly there come a hunter and shoot at them but missed them and both starts run. Why Rabbit was about a mile almost from Fox. They did not get to see one another until three days after all. "Well, we did meet again," said Rabbit. Fox was so hungry that he want to jump on Rabbit. But Rabbit, knowing the plan of this Fox, he said to him, "Mr. Fox, you look like you almost drop dead." Then Fox said, "Yes, I am so sick as I can be." About few second he fell down as if he was sure not off dead. Rabbit thought he was dead for the fact; start to walk on off when the Fox take a leap and grab Rabbit, and tore him to pieces. This comes that is hard in this world to believe anybody. That's where we got the idea of deceiving people.

12. THE FLY AND THE ANT

The Fly and the Ant had a big discussion one day about how they make their living. First, says Fly, that among all the flying birds he suppose he is the only one can go anywhere without any one disturbing him. He said the first seat in the church was his; he admitted in the court; even that he can be crown as a King. But he didn't care for it, because he always sit at the shoulders of the King. And he think that that enough for his can. And that he doesn't have to work before he live in this world.

By that time Ant study just what to say. As soon as he was through, Ant said, "It is true that you don't have to work, because you flying around; but to be invited to a King house, to different entertainment that's another big thing too." Then Ant also said, that she work and get her something to put up, for when the sun too hot he can be able to eat. But she doesn't believe in waiting until she invited, before she can look for anything to eat. That's why we must depend on ourselves, not on others. We got that lesson from ants.

13. THE DEVIL AND HIS FRIEND

One day a man sitting down by himself in a little hut where there was no one but him. There he saw a man with a long tail and two horns on his head came to him and spoke to him. And asked to stay with him. The man accommodate him. He staid there until they become a thick friend. It was one day they were at their dinner eating and the food was so warm that the man blow it in order to keep it cool. The next day the food seemed as if it was too cool for him. Then he blew his breath on it and this Devil asked what that for; and he said the food was too cold and he want to warm it. Then the

Devil got up with angry and said as he was walking along that he is the man that never tell the truth. He told him one thing to-day and next time he told him another, got angry and left right and the middle of the dinner. That the first man Devil ever caught telling stories.

14. THE TWINS

Two boys were known to be twins, their father and mother dead. And they have no one to take care of them. They were about four years old. One day the elder one said to his brother of his, that as they haven't any one to look for them he is going to look out for himself. And his brother said to him that he would like to do the same thing, but he likes to travel. They bid one another good-by, and the little one start on his journey.

The elder one went about twenty-four miles from home, and build him a large house, married, and he had a parrot, which he put on top of his house to notify him if any danger will occur, in order that he may prepare for the danger. But when this parrot happen to be hungry, or see any bird, she make all kind of noise. And this boy will rushed out, and see nothing. By doing so every day, the boy pay no more attention to the parrot. But one day the parrot saw a group of bad animal coming towards this house and the parrot made all the noise she could, but nobody pay no attention her. Finally these animal went in this house and jump on this boy and his wife and they eat them up.

That's why we should [not] listen to a deceiver some time. Since at that time the world begin with its fooling people. Or else we wouldn't know anything about temptation.

15. THE FAMINE AND THE SPIDER

One day in a little town where there is nothing to eat but hot water. And in that village there was a Spider, with three wives and four children. But in those days Spiders were made like a human being. But during this famine, everybody in that village have to drink this hot water. But Spider claim to be tired of it. He said to himself one day that "I'm going to fine me something to eat." In fact he started on his journey, with a large bag hanging on his shoulder. As he was going along through the woods, he looked toward his left and found a stream of water with a large palm-tree which bear lots of kernel nuts. And will ripen. He jumped in this water and swim towards the palm-tree. He climb to the top, and start picking some of these kernel nuts. About two or three of them happen to dropped into this stream of water, and Spider jumped into it, looking for these nuts. And with his surprise, he found himself in a strange house, and a fierce looking

man. And who said in a rough voice, "What do you want here?" And that startle Spider. With trembling voice he related all of his trouble to the man. And the man said to him, "Take these two pots, and said to them, 'Do what you can do; let me see,' and they will show you." Spider have not reach halfway home, when set these pots down by the side way and began to repeat these words. In his surprise he found a native food called "iyau;" in another, called "obe." He sat down, and eat them with satisfaction without any remembrance of his wives and children. After he got through he took them into his house and hid them, because he didn't want anybody to see it. But when he return from his journey his wives and children were so glad to see him, and they serve him some of this water. He refuse it, and told them that he is old and wise and he could stay hungry all the time. So they must go and drink that hot water. He said the same thing every day. But his wives knew that he brought something with him from where he returned, but they didn't know where he place it. So they watched him and found out where he put these thing. And order these pots; with their surprise, they found these food appear. They called their children and sat down and eat it. Then they went around and found some basket and a large clay dish and repeat these word three time, and they fill out these basket and also the dish; and after they are through they bore a hole in each pot, and that will not produce no more food for Spider. In a few minutes after they through, Spider came in with hope that these pots going to give something to eat. One of his child brought him some hot water, but he wouldn't drink it. He went where these pots are and repeat these words, but nothing doing. He said it must have been because I'm dirty; I'm going swim. He went; about two minutes he came back and repeat these words, but all in vain. He found out that they all has hole in them; they couldn't supply him any more of that food. He ran to his wives and asked for that hot water. And he drank about two buckets full. That evening he started toward this stream again, and swim to the palm-tree, and began to pick these palm-nuts and threw few of them into this water himself. Then he jumped in it and went to this same house, and the man ask him what did he want. He related his trouble the second time, and the man gave him a long whip, and told him to say the same word he used for those pots. Spider with joy have not reach halfway home he lay the whip down and repeat these word. When that whip started poor Spider hollah; made so much noise, but in vain. A bird happen to pass by and said "Stop" before the whip could [be] stopped. Spider took the whip with him to his house and went all round the town and invite, King and Queen, rich men, poor men, blind men, and also his own wives and children, to come and have some supper with him.

That evening nearly everybody in that town came to Spider house and he locked them up in his large room and went out himself and told the King to said those words, and the king repeated after him. Oh! the whip start and whip every one in that room, killed some of them and they broke the door and ran out. Then they jump out and beat Spider, till he burst to a little insect with eight legs crawling on the wall from then to this modern days.

16. A KING AND HIS DAUGHTER

A King who have no more than a child. And this child was a girl. He so devoted to her, that he didn't want any one to marry her. And that he like to sit down and look at her. Everybody in that country liking the girl. But they afraid to go to her father and say something about her to him. The King had a house built, which was three stories building. He put the girl way on the third floor. Just to keep some one from bothering her. The fellow that was desperately in love with her, went to the King's house to look for some work. The King asked him can he work. He said, "Yes;" and that he can cook almost anything. He also have to wait on the King and also on the girl. The King asked his name. He told the King that his name was private. And went to the King's daughter, and she asked of his name. He told her that his name was Pea-soup. It was one day when the King asked him to cook him some pea-soup, and he did. The King thought he was a pretty fair fellow and trust him with his daughter. But when the cook serve this girl some of that soup, and the girl was through drinking it, he jumped on the girl and fool with her and the girl commence to cry and making noise, saying, "Pea-soup, Pea-soup." Her father thought she was sick, and came up there and found this cook fooling with his daughter. And the cook jumped running down and the King was telling the watchmen to put their bow and arrows down and catch private, and they thought the King said their privates, and commence do that whilst the cook ran and pass by them without knowing. That why, whenever you have a daughter, don't think she is too pretty for anybody to marry; rather give her to them, or they will get her by force. After that he married her. And they live a happy life.

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BAGOBO MYTHS

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THE following stories were obtained from the Bagobo people, one of the groups of pagan Malays in southeastern Mindanao, Philippine Islands. Their habitat is on the eastern folds of the Cabadangan mountain-range, in the vicinity of Mount Apo, the highest peak, and on the foothills thence sloping down to the west coast of the Gulf of Davao. They practise a primitive agriculture—raising corn, rice, camotes, and several vegetables—in fields and little gardens at the edge of the forests. Their garments are of home-grown hemp; and their artistic interests centre largely around the decorative designs produced in dyeing, weaving, and embroidery.

In spite of physical barriers interposed by mountain-spurs, frequent swift-flowing rivers, and dense undergrowth in the forests, there is considerable intercourse between the small villages, each of which contains from two to twenty or more houses. The people take long journeys on horse and on foot over the trails to assemble at ceremonial festivals and for purposes of trade, as well as for social visiting. On such occasions, stories and songs are repeated.

That the component parts of the stories have been drawn from numerous and widely separated sources, is apparent, even at a cursory glance. Among these sources, the folk-lore material of Sanscrit writers seems to have left a distinctive impress upon the Bagobo mythical romance. Against a Malay background, and blended with native pagan elements, are presented chains of episodes, characteristic personalities, methods for securing a magical control of the situation, that suggest vividly parallel literary forms in the Sanscrit saga. Still more, one is conscious of a prevailing Indian atmosphere, that may sometimes elude analysis, yet none the less fails not to make itself felt. But as to the line of ethnic contacts which has transfused this peculiar literary quality into Malay myth, — whether it is to be traced solely to the influence exerted by Hindoo religion and Hindoo literature during ages of domination in the Malay archipelago, or whether we must reconsider the hypothesis of an Indonesian migration, — this is a problem of great complexity, for which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered.

Modern foreign increments that have filtered into the stories from the folk-lore of neighboring wild tribes — notably that of the Bilan, the Tagacolo, and, to a less extent, the Culaman and Ata — will have to be sifted out eventually. In illustration of this point, one tale known to be outside of Bagobo sources is here introduced. The story of "Alëlä'k

and Alëbū'tud" was told by an Ata boy to a Bagobo at the coast, who immediately related it to me. It was unquestionably passed on in Bagobo circles, and has become a permanent accession. Yet this was the sole case that came under my observation of a social visit made by an Ata in a Bagobo house; for the Ata live far to the north-west of the Bagobo, and are extremely timid, and "wild" in the popular sense. Recent ethnic influences from higher peoples, pre-eminently the Moro and the Spaniard, will have to be reckoned with. The story of "The Monkey and the Turtle" is clearly modified from a Spanish source.

The myths here presented include only those of which no texts were recorded. A part of the material was given in the vernacular and interpreted by a Bagobo; a part was told in English, or in mixed English and Bagobo. [The stories were taken down in 1907, on Mount Merar in the district of Talun, and at Santa Cruz on the coast.]

As regards subject-matter, the stories (*ituran*¹) tend to cluster into groups fairly distinguishable in type. Foremost in significance for the cultural tradition of the people is the *ulit*, a long, romantic tale relating in highly picturesque language the adventures of the mythical Bagobo, who lived somewhere back in the hazy past, before existing conditions were established. Semi-divine some of them were, or men possessing magical power. The old Mona people; the Malaki, who portrayed the Bagobo's ideal of manhood; and the noble lady called Bia, — these and other well-marked characters figure in the *ulit*.

Another class of stories deals with the demons known as Buso, who haunt graveyards, forests, and rocks. These tales have been built up by numerous accretions from the folk-lore of many generations. The fear of Buso is an ever-present element in the mental associations of the Bagobo, and a definite factor in shaping ritual forms and magical usages. But the story-teller delights to represent Buso as tricked, fooled, brought into embarrassing situations.

Still another type of myth is associated with cosmogony and natural phenomena. It is probable that more extended research would disclose a complete cosmogonic myth to replace the somewhat fragmentary material here offered.

The number of explanatory animal tales thus far collected is surprisingly small. Doubtless there are many more to be gathered. Yet, in view of the comparatively scanty mammalian fauna of Mindanao, we might anticipate a somewhat limited range of animal subjects.

It will be observed that these groups of stories, tentatively thus classified for convenience, are not separated by sharp lines. Buso figures prominently in the *ulit*; animals play the part of heroes in Buso tales; while in nature myths the traditional Mona are more or

¹ The general name for a story, of whatever type.

less closely associated with the shifting of sky and sun. But this is merely equivalent to saying that all the tales hang together.

A word as to the form of the stories and the manner of narration. Here we find two distinct styles dependent on the content of the myth. The tales of animals, cosmogonic myths, and the folk-lore of Buso, are all told in prose, with many inflections of the voice, and often accompanied by an animated play of dramatic gesture. In marked contrast is the style of the mythical romance, or *ulit*, which is recited in a rapid monotone, without change of pitch, with no gestures, and with a regard to accent and quantity that gives a rhythmic swing suggestive of a metrical rendering.

Although Bagobo songs are often designated as men's songs and women's songs, in the case of the stories I have found as yet no monopoly by either sex of any special type. The *ulit*, however, is often told by a young woman just after she leaves the loom, when darkness drops. She sits on the floor, or lies on her back with hands clasped behind her head, and pours out her story in an unbroken flow to the eager young men and girls who gather to listen. Again, I have seen a girl of thirteen the sole auditor while a boy but little older than she rolled off an *ulit* that seemed interminable, with never a pause for breath. The children did not glance at each other; but the face of each was all alight with joy at the tale.

I. MYTHS ASSOCIATED WITH NATURAL PHENOMENA

I. COSMOGONY

In the beginning, Diwata¹ made the sea and the land, and planted trees of many kinds. Then he took two lumps of earth,² and shaped them like human figures; then he spit on them, and they became man and woman. The old man was called Tuglay,³ and the old woman, Tuglibung.³ The two were married, and lived together. The Tuglay made a great house, and planted seeds of different kinds that Diwata gave him.

Diwata made the sun, the moon, the stars, and the rivers. First he made the great eel (*kasili*), a fish that is like a snake in the river, and

¹ Among the Bagobo the name "diwata" is used rather as a collective than as a specific term, and refers to the gods in general, or to any one of them. Pamulak Manobo, creator of the earth, is the *diwata* here referred to.

² In Malayan-Arabic tradition, Adam was moulded from a lump of clay mixed with water (cf. W. W. Skeat, *Malay Magic* [1900], pp. 21-22); but the suggestion may as well have come from a Jesuit story.

³ Tuglay, the "old man" of Bagobo myth, and Tuglibung, the "old woman," were the Mona, who lived on the earth before time began. Tradition says that they were acquainted with only the rudest of Bagobo arts and industries; that they were very poor, and dressed themselves in the soft sheath torn from the cocoanut-trees. Tuglay and Tuglibung are not specific, but general, names for all those old people of the tales.

wound¹ it all around the world. Diwata then made the great crab (*kayumang*), and put it near the great eel, and let it go wherever it liked. Now, when the great crab bites the great eel, the eel wriggles, and this produces an earthquake.

When the rain falls, it is Diwata throwing out water from the sky. When Diwata spits, the showers fall. The sun makes yellow clouds, and the yellow clouds make the colors of the rainbow. But the white clouds are smoke from the fire of the gods.

2. IN THE DAYS OF THE MONA

Long ago the sun hung low over the earth. And the old woman called Mona said to the sky, "You go up high, because I cannot pound my rice when you are in the way."

Then the sky moved up higher.

Mona² was the first woman, and Tuglay³ was the first man. There were at that time only one man and one woman on the earth. Their eldest son was named Malaki; their eldest daughter, Bia. They lived at the centre of the earth.

Tuglay and Mona made all the things in the world; but the god made the woman and the man. Mona was also called Tuglibung. Tuglay and Tuglibung got rich, because they could see the god.

But the snake was there too, and he gave the fruit to the man and the woman, saying to them, "If you eat the fruit, it will open your eyes."

Then they both ate the fruit. This made the god angry.

After this, Tuglibung and Tuglay could not see the god any more.⁴

3. WHY THE SKY WENT UP

In the beginning, when the world was made, the sky lay low down over the earth. At this time the poor families called "Mona" were living in the world. The sky hung so low, that, when they wanted to pound their rice, they had to kneel down on the ground to get a play for the arm. Then the poor woman called Tuglibung said to the sky, "Go up higher! Don't you see that I cannot pound my rice well?"

So the sky began to move upwards. When it had gone up about five fathoms, the woman said again, "Go up still more!"

This made the sun angry at the woman, and he rushed up very high.

¹ The Malays of the peninsula have a similar tradition as to the snake element (cf. Skeat, *l. c.*, p. 6).

² The name "Mona" is ordinarily applied to the old man as well as to the old woman of prehistoric days.

³ A generic name for the old man of the ancient myths. The word seems to be related to *tugul* ("old"), which is used only of persons. "An old thing" is *tapi*.

⁴ With ready ease the Bagobo incorporates elements that have come from Catholic sources, yet without breaking the thread of his narrative.

In the old days, when the sun as well as the sky was low down, the Mona had a deep hole in the ground, as large as a house, into which they would creep to keep themselves from the fierce heat of the sun.

The Mona were all very old; but after the sun went up very high, they began to get babies.¹

4. WHY THE SKY WENT UP

In the beginning, the sky hung so low over the earth, that the people could not stand upright, could not do their work.

For this reason, the man in the sky said to the sky, "Come up!"

Then the sky went up to its present place.

5. THE SUN AND THE MOON

Long ago the Sun had to leave the Moon to go to another town. He knew that his wife, the Moon, was expecting the birth of a child; and, before going away, he said to her, "When your baby is born, if it is a boy, keep it; if a girl, kill it."

A long time passed before the Sun could come back to the Moon, and while he was gone, the Moon gave birth to her baby. It was a girl. A beautiful child it was, with curly hair like *binübbüd*,² with burnished nails that looked like gold, and having the white spots called *pamoti*³ on its body. The mother felt very sad to think of killing it, and so she hid it in the big box (*kaban*⁴) where they kept their clothes.

As soon as the Sun returned, he asked the Moon, "How about our baby?"

At once the Moon replied, "It was a girl: I killed it yesterday."

The Sun had only a week to stay at home with the Moon. One night he dreamed that a boy with white hair came to him from heaven. The boy stood close to him, and spoke these words:—

"Your wife got a baby, but it was a girl; and she hid it away from you in the box."

When the Sun wakened from sleep, he was very angry at the Moon, and the two fell to quarrelling about the baby. The Moon wanted the child saved.

"You ought to keep it with you," she urged.

¹ A tradition of the first peopling of Mindanao was found by Mr. Cole at Cibolan. Cf. *The Philippine Journal of Science*, vol. vi, pp. 128-129 (1911).

² Hemp warp that has been laced in a banded pattern before dyeing, in order to produce decorative figures in a textile, is called *binübbüd*. After the binding-threads are clipped, there is an effect of rippling in the hemp, of which curly hair is suggestive.

³ Such auspicious white spots are referred to in the text of a Bagobo song (in manuscript), in which the Divine Man who lives at the source of the streams is said to have the *pamoti* on his body.

⁴ A well-made box of hard wood in which fine garments are kept.

"No, no!" protested the Sun. "I cannot keep it, because my body is so hot it would make your baby sick."

"And I cannot keep it," complained the Moon, "for my body is very dark; and that would surely make the child sick."

Then the Sun fell into a passion of rage; and he seized his big *kampilan*,¹ and slew the child. He cut its small body into numberless little bits, — as many as the grains of sand that lie along the seashore. Out of the window he tossed the pieces of the shining little body; and, as the gleaming fragments sparkled to their places in the sky, the stars came to birth.

6. ORIGIN OF THE STARS

All the old Bagobo men say that the Sun and the Moon once had a quarrel about the Moon's baby.

The Moon had a baby in her belly; and the Sun said, "If our baby is a girl, we will kill it, because a girl could not be like me."

Then the Sun went on a journey to another town, and while he was gone, the baby was born; but it was a girl. Now, the Moon felt very sorry to think of her little child being killed, and she hid it in a box. In a few days, the Sun came home to rest with his wife. Then he asked her for the baby.

The Moon answered, "I killed it yesterday: it was a girl."

But the Sun did not believe what his wife said. Then he opened the box to get his clothes, and there he saw a baby-girl. And the Sun was very angry. He seized the baby and cut it into many pieces, and threw the pieces out of the window. Then the pieces of the baby's body became the stars.

Before the Sun and the Moon had their quarrel, they journeyed together through the sky, and the sky was not far above the earth, as now, but it lay low down.

7. THE FATE OF THE MOON'S BABY

The Sun wanted the Moon to have a boy-baby so that it would be like its father. The Moon too hoped to give birth to a boy. But when the child was born, it was a girl. Now, at that time, the Moon was very hungry, and wanted to eat her own baby. Then the Sun killed the girl-child, and ate it up himself.

8. THE BLACK MEN AT THE DOOR OF THE SUN

The men who live in that part of the world near to where the sun rises are very black. They are called *Manobo tagselata k'alo*.² From

¹ A long, one-edged sword that hangs at the left side, in an elaborate scabbard, when a man is in full-dress.

² Men (*ta*, "the;" -*g*-, a formal or euphonic infix; *selat*, "door;" *k'* [*ka*], "of;" *alo*, "sun") at the door of the sun. *Manobo* is a general term for "man," "people."

sunrise until noon, they stay in a hole in the ground to escape the fierce heat of the sun. Just before sunrise, they put their rice in the big pot, with water, and leave it without any fire under the pot. Then they creep into their hole in the ground. The rising sun cooks the rice; and, when the black men come out of the hole at noon, their meal is all ready for them. From noon until sunset, and then all night, the black men play and work. But before the sun rises, they fix their rice in the pot, leave it for the sun to cook, and go down again into the big hole.

9. STORY OF THE ECLIPSE

Before time began, very long ago, a great bird called "minokawa"¹ swallowed the moon. Seized with fear, all the people began to scream and make a great noise. Then the bird peeped down to see what was the matter, and he opened his mouth. But as soon as he opened his mouth, the moon sprang out and ran away.

The minokawa-bird is as large as the Island of Negros or Bohol. He has a beak of steel, and his claws too are of steel. His eyes are mirrors, and each single feather is a sharp sword. He lives outside the sky, at the eastern horizon, ready to seize the moon when she reaches there from her journey under the earth.

The moon makes eight holes in the eastern horizon to come out of, and eight holes in the western horizon to go into, because every day the big bird tries to catch her, and she is afraid. The exact moment he tries to swallow her is just when she is about to come in through one of the holes in the east to shine on us again. If the minokawa should swallow the moon, and swallow the sun too, he would then come down to earth and gulp down men also. But when the moon is in the belly of the big bird, and the sky is dark, then all the Bagobo scream and cry, and beat *agongs*,² because they fear they will all "get dead." Soon this racket makes the minokawa-bird look down and "open his mouth to hear the sound." Then the moon jumps out of the bird's mouth and runs away.

All the old men know about the minokawa-bird in the *ulit* stories.

¹ The Visayans believe that an eclipse of the moon is caused by an enormous animal that seizes the moon, and holds her in his mouth. Cf. this Journal, vol. xix (1906), p. 209.

² Large percussion instruments made by the Chinese, imported from Singapore into Mindanao, and widely used by the wild tribes.

II. THE "ULIT:" ADVENTURES OF MYTHICAL BAGOBO AT THE DAWN OF TRADITION

I. LUMABAT AND MEbŪ'YAN

Long ago Lumabat¹ and his sister (*tūbŕ*²) had a quarrel because Lumabat had said, "You shall go with me up into heaven." And his sister had replied, "No, I don't like to do that."

Then they began to fight each other. Soon the woman sat down on the big rice mortar,³ and said to Lumabat, "Now I am going down below the earth, down to Gimokudan.⁴ Down there I shall begin to shake the lemon-tree. Whenever I shake it, somebody up on the earth will die. If the fruit shaken down be ripe, then an old person will die on the earth; but if the fruit fall green, the one to die will be young."

Then she took a bowl filled with pounded rice, and poured the rice into the mortar for a sign that the people should die and go down to Gimokudan. Presently the mortar began to turn round and round while the woman was sitting upon it. All the while, as the mortar was revolving, it was slowly sinking into the earth. But just as it began to settle in the ground, the woman dropped handfuls of the pounded rice upon the earth, with the words: "See! I let fall this rice. This makes many people die, dropping down just like grains of rice. Thus hundreds of people go down; but none go up into heaven."

Straightway the mortar kept on turning round, and kept on going lower down, until it disappeared in the earth, with Lumabat's sister still sitting on it. After this, she came to be known as Mebū'yan. Before she went down below the earth, she was known only as *Tubŕ' ka Lumabat* ("sister of Lumabat").

Mebū'yan is now chief of a town called Banua Mebū'yan ("Mebū'yan's town"), where she takes care of all dead babies, and gives them milk from her breasts. Mebū'yan is ugly to look at, for her whole body is covered with nipples. All nursing children who still want the milk, go directly, when they die, to Banua Mebū'yan, instead of to Gimokudan, and remain there with Mebū'yan until they stop taking milk from her breast. Then they go to their own families in Gimokudan, where they can get rice, and "live" very well.

¹ The first of mortals to reach heaven, and become a god (cf. the "Story of Lumabat and Wari"). In the tales that I have thus far collected, Lumabat does not figure as a culture-hero.

² The word indicating the relationship between brother and sister, each of whom is *tūbŕ* to the other, whether elder or younger.

³ The mortar in which rice is pounded is a large, deep wooden bowl that stands in the house. With its standard, it is three feet or more in height.

⁴ The place below the earth where the dead go (*gimokud*, "spirit;" -*an*, plural ending); that is, [the place of] many spirits.

All the spirits stop at Mebū'yan's town, on their way to Gimokudan. There the spirits wash all their joints in the black river that runs through Banua Mebū'yan, and they wash the tops of their heads too. This bathing (*pamalugu*¹) is for the purpose of making the spirits feel at home, so that they will not run away and go back to their own bodies. If the spirit could return to its body, the body would get up and be alive again.

2. STORY OF LUMABAT AND WARI

Tuglay and Tuglibung² had many children. One of them was called Lumabat. There came a time when Lumabat quarrelled with his sister and was very angry with her. He said, "I will go to the sky, and never come back again."

So Lumabat started for the sky-country, and many of his brothers and sisters went with him. A part of their journey lay over the sea, and when they had passed the sea, a rock spoke to them and said, "Where are you going?"

In the beginning, all the rocks and plants and the animals could talk³ with the people.

Then one boy answered the rock, "We are going to the sky-country."

As soon as he had spoken, the boy turned into a rock. But his brothers and sisters went on, leaving the rock behind.

Presently a tree said, "Where are you going?"

"We are going to the sky," replied one of the girls.

Immediately the girl became a tree. Thus, all the way along the journey, if any one answered, he became a tree, or stone, or rock, according to the nature of the object that put the question.

By and by the remainder of the party reached the border of the sky. They had gone to the very end of the earth, as far as the horizon. But here they had to stop, because the horizon kept moving up and down (*supa-supa*). The sky and the earth would part, and then close together again, just like the jaws of an animal in eating. This movement of the horizon began as soon as the people reached there.

There were many young men and women, and they all tried to jump through the place where the sky and the earth parted. But the edges of the horizon are very sharp, like a *kampilan*,⁴ and they came together with a snap whenever anybody tried to jump through; and they cut him into two pieces. Then the parts of his body became stones, or

¹ The same word is used of the ceremonial washing at the festival of G'inum. Ordinary bathing is *padigus*.

² See footnote 3, p. 15, also 3, p. 16.

³ This is also an element in Visayan myth (cf. Maxfield and Millington's collection in this Journal, vol. xx [1907], p. 102). For the Malay tradition, cf. Skeat, *Malay Magic*, p. 205.

⁴ See footnote 1, p. 18.

grains of sand. One after another of the party tried to jump through, for nobody knew the fate of the one who went before him.

Last of all, Lumabat jumped — quick, quicker than the rest; and before the sharp edges snapped shut, he was safe in heaven. As he walked along, he saw many wonderful things. He saw many *kampilans* standing alone, and fighting, and that without any man to hold them. Lumabat passed on by them all. Then he came to the town where the bad dead live. The town is called "Kilut."¹ There, in the flames, he saw many spirits with heavy sins on them. The spirits with little sins were not in the flames; but they lay, their bodies covered with sores, in an acid that cuts like the juice of a lemon. Lumabat went on, past them all.

Finally he reached the house of Diwata,² and went up into the house. There he saw many *diwata*, and they were chewing betel-nut.³ And one *diwata* spit from his mouth the *isse*⁴ that he had finished chewing. When Lumabat saw the *isse* coming from the mouth of the god, it looked to him like a sharp knife. Then Diwata laid hold of Lumabat, and Lumabat thought the god held a sharp knife in his hand. But it was no knife: it was just the *isse*. And Diwata rubbed the *isse* on Lumabat's belly, and with one downward stroke he opened the belly, and took out Lumabat's intestines (*betuka*).

Then Lumabat himself became a god. He was not hungry any more, for now his intestines were gone. Yet if he wanted to eat, he had only to say, "Food, come now!" and at once all the fish were there, ready to be caught. In the sky-country, fish do not have to be caught. And Lumabat became the greatest of all the *diwata*.

Now, when Lumabat left home with his brothers and sisters, one sister and three brothers remained behind. The brother named Wari felt sad because Lumabat had gone away. At last he decided to follow him. He crossed the sea, and reached the border of the sky, which immediately began to make the opening and shutting motions. But Wari was agile, like his brother Lumabat; and he jumped quick, just like Lumabat, and got safe into heaven. Following the same path that his brother had taken, he reached the same house. And again Diwata took the *isse*, and attempted to open Wari's belly; but Wari protested, for he did not like to have his intestines pulled out. Therefore the god was angry at Wari.

¹ A synonyme for Gimokudan ("the city of the dead"). It is not ordinarily associated in the mind of the Bagobo with any idea of retribution. This episode shows traces of Jesuit influence.

² See footnote 1, p. 15.

³ The popular name "betel-nut," has been retained in these stories to designate the fruit of the areca-palm. Strictly speaking, "betel" is the leaf of a climbing plant (*buyo*) that is chewed with the nut.

⁴ The solid part of the betel-nut that remains after the juice has been extracted by long chewing.

Yet Wari staid on in the house for three days. Then he went out on the *atad*¹ that joined the front and back part of the gods' house, whence he could look down on the earth. He saw his home town, and it made him happy to look at his fields of sugarcane and bananas, his groves of betel and cocoanuts. There were his bananas ripe, and all his fruits ready to be plucked. Wari gazed, and then he wanted to get back to earth again, and he began to cry; for he did not like to stay in heaven and have his intestines taken out, and he was homesick for his own town.

Now, the god was angry at Wari because he would not let him open his belly. And the god told Wari to go home, and take his dogs with him. First the god fixed some food for Wari to eat on his journey. Then he took meadow-grass (*karan*), and tied the long blades together, making a line long enough to reach down to earth. He tied Wari and the dogs to one end of the line; but before he lowered the rope, he said to Wari, "Do not eat while you are up in the air, for if you eat, it will set your dogs to quarrelling. If I hear the sound of dogs fighting, I shall let go the rope."

But while Wari hung in the air, he got very hungry, and, although he had been let down only about a third of the distance from heaven to earth, he took some of his food and ate it. Immediately the dogs began to fight. Then Diwata in the sky heard the noise, and he dropped the rope of meadow-grass. Then Wari fell down, down; but he did not strike the ground, for he was caught in the branches of the tree called *lanipo*. It was a tall tree, and Wari could not get down. He began to utter cries; and all night he kept crying, "Aro-o-o-i!" Then he turned into a kulago-bird.² At night, when you hear the call of the kulago-bird, you know that it is the voice of Wari.

The kulago-bird has various sorts of feathers, feathers of all kinds of birds and chickens; it has the hair of all animals and the hair of man. This bird lives in very high trees at night, and you cannot see it. You cannot catch it. Yet the old men know a story about a kulago-bird once having been caught while it was building its nest. But this was after there came to be many people on the earth.

The three dogs went right along back to Wari's house. They found Wari's sister and two brothers at home, and staid there with them. After a while, the woman and her two brothers had many children.

"In the beginning," say the old men, "brother and sister would marry each other, just like pigs. This was a very bad custom."

¹ A sort of bridge or platform connecting the main body of the native house with the shelter that serves as kitchen, when this is separate from the living-room.

² A fabulous bird, probably associated with the screech-owl (*Aluco candidus*) of the Philippines. It is a bird of ill-omen. Compare A. Newton, *Dictionary of Birds*, pp. 679-680 (1893-96).

3. HOW MAN TURNED INTO A MONKEY

Before the world was made, the monkey looked like man, and was called *manobo*,¹ and was actually human. But after the world and people were made, the monkey took its present form.

When people began to live in the world, they had many children. One man was called Lumabat. His father had a number of children, so that Lumabat had many brothers and sisters.

One day a brother of Lumabat was climbing up over the roof, and in his hand he had a long ladle made of cocoanut-shell. He held the ladle behind his back, at the base of his spine, until by and by a tail began to grow. The ladle had turned into a tail, and presently Lumabat's brother became a monkey. After that, a few other people turned into monkeys. But all this came about before Lumabat went to heaven.

4. THE TUGLIBUNG AND THE TUGLAY

Before time began,² an old woman (Tuglibung) and an old man (Tuglay) lived in a town at the centre of the world. There came a season of drought, when their bananas spoiled, and all their plants died from the hot sun. Tuglibung and Tuglay were very hungry, and looked skinny, because they had nothing to eat.

One night as the old man slept, he dreamed that a little boy with white hair came close to him, and said, "Much better it would be, if you would stay here no longer; much better, that you go to the T'oluk Waig³ ('water-sources'), where there is a good place to live."

So the old folks started on their journey to the source of the rivers. On their way, they stopped at one place that seemed good, and staid for about a month; but there was little to eat, and they were always hungry. At last, one day, the man climbed up into a tall tree, whence he could see the whole earth, even to the border of the sky. Far away he could see a little smoke, just like a cigarette. Then he climbed down the tree in a hurry, and told his wife what he had seen.

"I will go and find out where that smoke comes from," he said, "and see if I can get some bananas and things, — all we can eat."

So the man started out and travelled a long way, leaving his wife at home. As he approached the place where he had seen the smoke, he found himself in a vast field full of fruit-trees and sugarcane-plants. The sugarcane grew as big as trees; the bananas were as huge as the trunks of cocoanut-palms; and the papaya-fruit was the size of a great clay jar. He walked on until he reached a very large meadow, full of long wavy grass, where there were many horses and carabao and other animals. Soon after he left the meadow-grass, he could make

¹ General term for "man," "people."

² The *alit* has a stereotyped opening with the phrase *unda'me* (*unda nme*), "no year."

³ The fabulous source of all the mountain-streams.

out, some distance ahead of him, a big house with many smaller houses grouped around it. He was so scared that he could not see the houses very well. He kept his eyes on the ground at his feet.

When he came up to the big house, he saw lying under it piles of human bones. He then knew that the Datu of the Buso¹ lived there. In all the other houses there were *buso* living too. But he went bravely up the steps of the big house, and sat down on the floor. Right away, while he sat there, the children of Buso wanted to eat him. But Tuglay said, "No, no! don't eat me, because I just came to get bananas of many different kinds."

Then the man made a bargain with the Datu of the Buso, and said, "Give me some bananas, and I will pay you two children for them. Come to my house in nine days, and you shall have one boy and one girl for the bananas." But Tuglay had no children.

Then the Buso gave Tuglay a basket of bananas, and let him go away.

Now, while her husband was away, the woman gave birth to twins, — a boy and a girl. And when the man got home he was pleased, and said, "Oh! that's fine! You got some babies while I was away."

But the man felt very sorry to think of giving his children to the Buso, and he went from place to place, hoping to find some friend who would help him. All the time, the days of the *falla* ("time of contract") were slipping by. He could get nobody to help him. Now it lacked only two of the nine days' *falla*. And while the children were asleep, Tuglay said to his wife, "Let us run away, and leave our babies here asleep, because to-morrow the Buso will come."

Then Tuglay and Tuglibung ran away, and left their children. They ran and ran until they reached the T'oluk Waig; but they could not get away from the *falla*. The nine days of *falla* had caught up with them.

At home, the children woke up and found no mother and father there, and they began to cry. They thought they would run after their parents. So they left the house, and forded the river, and began to run.

When the nine days were up, the Buso came to Tuglay's house for his pay. When he found nobody at home, he ran after the children, carrying with him many iron axes and big bolos, and accompanied by a crowd of other *buso*. In all there were three thousand *buso*, — two thousand walking, and one thousand flying. The children had the start; but the three thousand *buso* kept gaining on them, until they were close behind.

¹ The anthropomorphic and zoöomorphic evil personalities, whose number is legion. The traditional concept of Buso among the Bagobo has essentially the same content as that of Asuang with Visayan peoples. Both Buso and Asuang suggest the Rákahasa of Indian myth.

As they ran, the little boy said to his sister, "When we get to that field over there, where there are ripe bananas, you must not speak a word."

But when they reached the banana-tree, the girl-child cried out, "Brother, I want to eat a banana."

Then she ate a banana; but she felt so weak she could run no longer. She just lay down and died. Then the boy-child looked about for a place to put his sister's body. He looked at the fine branched trees, full of fruit, and saw that each single fruit was an *agong*,¹ and the leaves, mother-of-pearl.

To one of the trees, the boy said, "May I put my sister here?" And the tree said that he might do it.

Then the boy laid his sister on a branch of the tree, because the child was dead.

After this, the boy ran back toward the Buso who led the rest, and called out to him, "I'm going to run very fast. Chase me now, and catch me if you can!"

So the boy ran, and the Buso chased him. Hard pressed, the boy sprang toward a big rock, and shouted to it, "O rock, help me! The Buso will catch me."

"Come up!" said the rock, "I'll help you, if I can."

But when the boy climbed up, he found that it was not a rock, but a fine house, that was giving him shelter. In that house lived the Black Lady (*Bia i' metum*),² and she received the boy kindly.

As soon as the Buso came up to the rock, he smiled, and said, "The boy is here all right! I'll break the rock with my axe."

But when he tried to break the rock with axe and *poko*,³ the hard stone resisted; and the Buso's tools were blunted and spoiled.

Meantime, in the Black Lady's house the boy was getting ready for a fight, because the Black Lady said, "Go down now; they want you down there."

Then with sharp sword and long spear, bearing a fine war-shield, and wearing ear-plugs of shining ivory, the boy went down to meet the Buso. When he went down the steps, all the other *buso* had come, and were waiting for him in front of the house. Then they all went to fighting the one boy, and he met them all alone. He fought until every one of the three thousand *buso* fell down dead. At last, one only of the *buso* stood up, and he was the great Datu of Buso. But even he fell down before that mighty boy, for none could conquer the boy. He was *matulus*.⁴ After all was done, the boy married the Black Lady, and lived well in her house.

¹ See footnote 2, p. 19.

² *Bia*, "lady;" *i'* (*to*), "the;" *metum*, "black."

³ A stout work-knife, with broad, one-edged blade, and square tip; used to hew down trees, and cut kindling-wood.

⁴ A term regularly used of the great Malaki, and combining the sense of "all-wise" and "invincible." *Matulus* is often used with a connotation of having magical power.

5. ADVENTURES OF THE TUGLAY¹

It was eight² million (*kati*) years ago, in the days of the Mona,³ that the following events took place.

The Tuglay lived in a fine house the walls of which were all mirrored glass, and the roof was hung with brass chains. One day he went out into the woods to snare jungle-fowl, and he slept in the woods all night. The next day, when he turned to go home, he found himself puzzled as to which trail to take. He tried one path after another, but none seemed to lead to his house. At last he said to himself, "I have lost my way: I shall never be able to get home."

Then he walked on at random until he came to a vast field of rice, where great numbers of men were cutting the *palay*.⁴ But the rice-field belonged to Buso, and the harvesters were all buso-men. When they saw Tuglay at the edge of their field, they were glad, and said to one another, "There's a man! We will carry him home."

Then the *buso* caught Tuglay, and hastened home with him. Now, the great Buso's mansion stretched across the tops of eight million mountains, and very many smaller houses were on the sides of the mountains, all around the great Buso's house; for this was the city of the *buso* where they had taken Tuglay. As he was carried through the groves of cocoanut-palms on Buso's place, all the Cocoanuts called out, "Tuglay, Tuglay, in a little while the Buso will eat you!"

Into the presence of the great chief of all the *buso*, they dragged Tuglay. The Datto Buso was fearful to look at. From his head grew one great horn of pure ivory, and flames of fire were blazing from the horn. The Datto Buso questioned the man.

"First of all, I will ask you where you come from, Tuglay."

"I am come from my house in T'oluk Waig," replied the man.

And the great Buso shouted, "I will cut off your head with my sharp *kris*!"⁵

"But if I choose, I can kill you with your own sword," boldly answered Tuglay.

Then he lay down, and let the Buso try to cut his neck. The Buso swung his sharp sword; but the steel would not cut Tuglay's neck. The Buso did not know that no knife could wound the neck of Tuglay, unless fire were laid upon his throat at the same time. This was eight million years ago that the Buso tried to cut off the head of Tuglay.

Then another day the Tuglay spoke to all the *buso*, "It is now my turn: let me try whether I can cut your necks."

¹ See footnote 3, p. 15, also 3, p. 16.

² The number sacred in ceremonial and song.

³ See footnote 2, p. 16.

⁴ Visayan word for rice growing in the field; Bagobo, *'amsa*.

⁵ The long sword of the Moro, with a wavy, two-edged blade.

After this speech, Tuglay stood up and took from his mouth the chewed betel-nut that is called *isse*, and made a motion as if he would rub the *isse* on the great Buso's throat. When the Buso saw the *isse*, he thought it was a sharp knife, and he was frightened. All the lesser *buso* began to weep, fearing that their chief would be killed; for the *isse* appeared to all of them as a keen-bladed knife. The tears of all the *buso* ran down like blood; they wept streams and streams of tears that all flowed together, forming a deep lake, red in color.

Then Tuglay rubbed the chewed betel on the great Buso's throat. One pass only he made with the *isse*, and the Buso's head was severed from his body. Both head and body of the mighty Buso rolled down into the great lake of tears, and were devoured by the crocodiles.

Now, the Tuglay was dressed like a poor man, — in bark (*bānūr*) garments. But as soon as he had slain the Buso, he struck a blow at his own legs, and the bark trousers fell off. Then he stamped on the ground, and struck his body, and immediately his jacket and kerchief of bark fell off from him. There he stood, no longer the poor Tuglay, but a Malaki T'oluk Waig,² with a gleaming *kampilan* in his hand.

Then he was ready to fight all the other *buso*. First he held the *kampilan* in his left hand, and eight million *buso* fell down dead. Then he held the *kampilan* in his right hand, and eight million more *buso* fell down dead. After that, the Malaki went over to the house of Buso's daughter, who had but one eye, and that in the middle of her forehead. She shrieked with fear when she saw the Malaki coming; and he struck her with his *kampilan*, so that she too, the woman-buso, fell down dead.

After these exploits, the Malaki T'oluk Waig went on his way. He climbed over the mountains of *benati*,³ whose trees men go far to seek, and then he reached the mountains of *barayung* and *balati* wood. From these peaks, exultant over his foes, he gave a good war-cry that re-echoed through the mountains, and went up to the ears of the gods. Panguli'li and Salamia'wan⁴ heard it from their home in the Shrine of the Sky (*Tambara ka Langit*), and they said, "Who chants the song of war (*ig-sungal*)? Without doubt, it is the Malak T'oluk Waig, for none of all the other *malaki* could shout just like that."

¹ The Babogo say, that, before the invention of weaving hemp, all the people clothed themselves in the soft, inflammable layers of the sheath that envelopes the trunk of cocoa-nut-palms.

² The semi-divine being who dwells at the mythical source of the mountain-streams (*malaki*, "good man;" *t'* [to], "the;" *oluk*, "source;" *waig*, "water"). Traditionally there are many of these *malaki*, devotionally there is but one.

³ A very hard, fine-grained wood susceptible of high polish, in color grading, according to age, from yellow to golden tan, and used to make handles for the most valuable swords.

⁴ These gods are of high rank. Salamia'wan occupies the second heaven, and Panguli'li, the ninth.

His duty performed, the Malaki left the ranges of balati and barayung, walked down toward the sea, and wandered along the coast until he neared a great gathering of people who had met for barter. It was market-day, and all sorts of things were brought for trade. Then the Malaki T'oluk Waig struck his legs and his chest, before the people caught sight of him; and immediately he was clothed in his old bark trousers and jacket and kerchief, just like a poor man. Then he approached the crowd, and saw the people sitting on the ground in little groups, talking, and offering their things for sale.

The Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit¹ and all the other *malaki*² from the surrounding country were there. They called out to him, "Where are you going?"

The Tuglay told them that he had got lost, and had been travelling a long distance. As he spoke, he noticed, sitting among a group of young men, the beautiful woman called Moglung.

She motioned to him, and said, "Come, sit down beside me."

And the Tuglay sat down on the ground, near the Moglung. Then the woman gave presents of textiles to the Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit and the other *malaki* in her crowd. But to the Tuglay she gave betel-nut that she had prepared for him.

After that, the Moglung said to all the *malaki*, "This time I am going to leave you, because I want to go home."

And off went the Moglung with the Tuglay, riding on the wind.

After many days, the Moglung and the Tuglay rested on the mountains of barayung, and, later, on the mountains of balakuna-trees. From these heights, they looked out over a vast stretch of open country, where the deep, wavy meadow-grass glistened like gold; and pastured there were herds of cows and carabao and many horses. And beyond rose another range of mountains, on the highest of which stood the Moglung's house. To reach it they had to cross whole forests of cocoanut and betel-nut trees that covered eight million mountains. Around the house were all kinds of useful plants and trees. When they walked under the floor³ of the house, the Moglung said, "My grandmother is looking at me because I have found another grandchild for her."

Then the grandmother (Tuglibung) called to them, saying, "Come up, come up, my grandchildren!"

¹ Malaki who lives at the horizon (*lindig*, "border;" *ramut*, "root;" *ka*, preposition "of;" *langit*, "sky").

² Although the name *malaki* properly is limited to men of high moral character, yet actually the story-teller calls all the young men *malaki* round whom the action centres. Often it means simply an unmarried man.

³ A typical Malay house presents the appearance of a pile-dwelling, the floor being raised several feet above the ground, and tied to the heavy upright timbers which run to the roof and form the framework of the house.

As soon as they entered the house, the Tuglay sat down in a corner of the kitchen, until the grandmother offered him a better place, saying, "Do not stay in the kitchen. Come and sleep on my bed."

The Tuglay rested eight nights in the grandmother's bed. At the end of the eight nights the Moglung said to him, "Please take this betel-nut that I have prepared for you."

At first Tuglay did not want to take it; but the next day, when the Moglung again offered the betel, he accepted it from her and began to chew. After that, the Tuglay took off his trousers of bark and his jacket of bark, and became a Malaki T'oluk Waig. But the Moglung wondered where the Tuglay had gone, and she cried to her grandmother, "Where is the Tuglay?"

But the Malaki stood there, and answered her, "I am the Tuglay."

At first the Moglung was grieved, because the Malaki seemed such a grand man, and she wanted Tuglay back.

But before long the Malaki said to her, "I want you to marry me."

So they were married. Then the Moglung opened her gold box, and took out a fine pair of trousers (*saroa'r*) and a man's jacket (*umpak³ ka mama*), and gave them to the Malaki as a wedding-gift.

When they had been living together for a while, there came a day when the Malaki wanted to go and visit a man who was a great worker in brass, — the Malaki Tuangun;³ and the Moglung gave him directions for the journey, saying, "You will come to a place where a hundred roads meet. Take the road that is marked with the prints of many horses and carabao. Do not stop at the place of the cross-roads, for if you stop, the Bia⁴ who makes men giddy will hurt you."

Then the Malaki went away, and reached the place where a hundred roads crossed, as Moglung had said. But he stopped there to rest and chew betel-nut. Soon he began to feel queer and dizzy, and he fell asleep, not knowing anything. When he woke up, he wandered along up the mountain until he reached a house at the border of a big meadow, and thought he would stop and ask his way. From under the house he called up, "Which is the road to the Malaki Tuangun?"

It was the Bia's voice that answered, "First come up here, and then I'll tell you the road."

So the Malaki jumped up on the steps and went in. But when he was inside of her house, the Bia confessed that she did not know the way to the Malaki Tuangun's house.

"I am the woman," she said, "who made you dizzy, because I wanted to have you for my own."

¹ Short trousers of hemp, usually embroidered and beaded.

² Short jacket of hemp (*ka*, "of;" *mama*, "man," "boy," the specific term for "man").

³ Brass-smith.

⁴ A title of respect, which is best rendered by "lady" or "señora."

"Oh! that's the game," said the Malaki. "But the Moglung is my wife, and she is the best woman in the world."

"Never mind that," smiled the Bia. "Just let me comb your hair."

Then the Bia gave him some betel-nut, and combed his hair until he grew sleepy. But as he was dropping off, he remembered a certain promise he had made his wife, and he said to the Bia, "If the Moglung comes and finds me here, you be sure to waken me."

After eight days had passed from the time her husband left home, the Moglung started out to find him, for he had said, "Eight days from now I will return."

By and by the Moglung came to the Bia's house, and found the Malaki there fast asleep; but the Bia did not waken him. Then the Moglung took from the Malaki's toes his toe-rings (*paniod*¹), and went away, leaving a message with the Bia:—

"Tell the Malaki that I am going back home to find some other *malaki*: tell him that I'll have no more to do with him."

But the Moglung did not go to her own home: she at once started for her brother's house that was up in the sky-country.

Presently the Malaki woke up, and when he looked at his toes, he found that his brass toe-rings were gone.

"The Moglung has been here!" he cried in a frenzy. "Why didn't you waken me, as I told you?" Then he seized his sharp-bladed *kampilan*, and slew the Bia. Maddened by grief and rage, he dashed to the door and made one leap to the ground, screaming, "All the people in the world shall fall by my sword!"

On his war-shield he rode, and flew with the wind until he came to the horizon. Here lived the Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit.² And when the two *malaki* met, they began to fight; and the seven brothers of the Malaki Lindig that live at the edge of the sky, likewise came out to fight. But when the battle had gone on but a little time, all the eight *malaki* of the horizon fell down dead. Then the angry Malaki who had slain the Bia and the eight young men went looking for more people to kill; and when he had shed the blood of many, he became a *buso* with only one eye in his forehead, for the *buso* with one eye are the worst *buso* of all. Everybody that he met he slew.

After some time, he reached the house of the great priest called "Pandita," and the Pandita checked him, saying, "Stop a minute, and let me ask you first what has happened to make you like this."

Then the Buso-man replied sadly, "I used to have a wife named Moglung, who was the best of all the *bia*; but when I went looking for the Malaki Tuangun, that other Bia made me dizzy, and gave

¹ Brass toe-rings, corresponding to the *paninsing* ("finger-rings").

² See footnote 1, p. 29.

me betel, and combed my hair. Then she was my wife for a little while. But I have killed her, and become a *buso*, and I want to kill all the people in the world."

"You had better lie down on my mat here, and go to sleep," advised the Pandita. While the Buso slept, the Pandita rubbed his joints with betel-nut; and when he woke up, he was a *malaki* again.

Then the Pandita talked to him, and said, "Only a few days ago, the Moglung passed here on her way to her brother's home in heaven. She went by a bad road, for she would have to mount the steep rock-terraces. If you follow, you will come first to the Terraces of the Wind (Tarasu'ban ka Kara'mag¹), then you reach the Terraces of Eight-fold Darkness (Walu Lapi Dukilum²), and then the Terraces of the Rain (Tarasuban k'Udan³).

Eagerly the Malaki set out on his journey, with his *kabir*⁴ on his back, and his betel-nut and buyo-leaf⁵ in the *kabir*. He had not travelled far, before he came to a steep ascent of rock-terraces,—the Terraces of the Wind, that had eight million steps. The Malaki knew not how to climb up the rocky structure that rose sheer before him, and so he sat down at the foot of the ascent, and took his *kabir* off his back to get out some betel-nut. After he had begun to chew his betel, he began to think, and he pondered for eight days how he could accomplish his hard journey. On the ninth day he began to jump up the steps of the terraces, one by one. On each step he chewed betel, and then jumped again; and at the close of the ninth day he had reached the top of the eight million steps, and was off, riding on his shield.

Next he reached the sharp-edged rocks called the "Terraces of Needles" (Tarasuban ka Simat), that had also eight million steps. Again he considered for eight days how he could mount them. Then on the ninth day he sprang from terrace to terrace, as before, chewing betel-nut on each terrace, and left the Tarasuban ka Simat, riding on his shield. Then he arrived at the Terraces of Sheet-Lightning (Tarasuban ka Dilam-dilam); and he took his *kabir* off his back, and prepared a betel-nut, chewed it, and meditated for eight days. On the ninth day he jumped from step to step of the eight million terraces, and went riding off on his war-shield. When he reached the Terraces of Forked-Lightning (Tarasuban ka Kirum), he surmounted them on the ninth day, like the others.

¹ Rock-terrace (-*an*, plural ending; *ka*, "of;" *karamag*, "wind") of the Wind.

² Terraces (*wals*, "eight;" *lapi*, "folded;" *dukilum*, "night," "darkness") of Eight-fold Darkness.

³ *Udan* ("rain").

⁴ A large carrying-bag worn by Bagobo men on the back, by means of straps over the shoulders. It is woven of hemp, often heavily beaded, and contains the betel-box, the lime-tube, and a tight case of woven rattan for flint, steel, medicine, and other necessities.

⁵ The leaf of a vine that is chewed with betel-nut.

But now he came to a series of *cuestas* named "Dulama Bolo Kampilan,"¹ because one side of each was an abrupt cliff with the sharp edge of a *kampilan*; and the other side sloped gradually downward, like a blunt-working bolo. How to cross these rocks, of which there were eight million, the Malaki did not know; so he stopped and took off his *kabir*, cut up his betel-nut, and thought for eight days. Then on the ninth day he began to leap over the rocks, and he kept on leaping for eight days, each day jumping over one million of the *cuestas*. On the sixteenth day he was off, riding on his shield. Then he reached the Terraces of the Thunder (Tarasuban ka Kilat), which he mounted, springing from one terrace to the next, as before, after he had meditated for eight days. Leaving these behind him on the ninth day, he travelled on to the Mountains of Bamboo (Pabungan Kawayanan), covered with bamboo whose leaves were all sharp steel. These mountains he could cross without the eight days' thought, because their sides sloped gently. From the uplands he could see a broad sweep of meadow beyond, where the grass glistened like gold. And when he had descended, and walked across the meadow, he had to pass through eight million groves of cocoanut-trees, where the fruit grew at the height of a man's waist, and every cocoanut had the shape of a bell (*korung-korung*). Then he reached a forest of betel-nut, where again the nuts could be plucked without the trouble of climbing, for the clusters grew at the height of a man's waist. Beyond, came the meadows with white grass, and plants whose leaves were all of the rare old embroidered cloth called *tambayang*.² He then found himself at the foot-hills of a range of eight million mountains, rising from the heart of the meadows, and, when he had climbed to their summit, he stood before a fine big house.

From the ground he called out, "If anybody lives in this house, let him come look at me, for I want to find the way to the Shrine in the Sky, or to the Little Heaven, where my Moglung lives."

But nobody answered.

Then the Malaki sprang up the bamboo ladder and looked in at the door, but he saw no one in the house. He was weary, after his journey, and sat down to rest in a chair made of gold that stood there. Soon there came to his ears the sound of men's voices, calling out, "There is the Malaki T'oluk Waig in the house."

The Malaki looked around the room, but there was no man there, only a little baby swinging in its cradle. Outside the house were many *malaki* from the great town of Lunsud, and they came rushing in the

¹ *Dulama* ("soft rock"). This rock formation appears to be a *cuesta* structure.

² An embroidery done by old women in former days, but now almost a lost art. *Tambayang* was used for the uppers of sleeves for *fiesta*, and it formed the scarf worn by mothers to carry the baby. There is a taboo on young women doing this special sort of needlework.

door, each holding a keen blade without handle (*sobung*). They all surrounded the Malaki in the gold chair, ready to fight him. But the Malaki gave them all some betel-nut from his *kabir*, and made the men friendly toward him. Then all pressed around the Malaki to look at his *kabir*, which shone like gold. They had never before seen a man's bag like this one. "It is the *kabir* of the Malaki T'oluk Waig," they said. The Malaki slept that night with the other *malaki* in the house.

When morning came, the day was dark, like night, for the sun did not shine. Then the Malaki took his *kampilan* and stuck it into his belt, and sat down on his shield. There was no light on the next day, nor on the next. For eight days the pitchy darkness lasted; but on the ninth day it lifted. Quick from its cradle jumped the baby, now grown as tall as the bariri-plant; that is, almost knee-high.

"Cowards, all of you!" cried the child to the Malaki Lunsud. "You are no *malaki* at all, since you cannot fight the Malaki T'oluk Waig." Then, turning to the Malaki T'oluk Waig, the little fellow said, "Please teach me how to hold the spear."

When the Malaki had taught the boy how to make the strokes, the two began to fight; for the boy, who was called the Pangalinan,¹ was eager to use his spear against the Malaki. But the Malaki had magical power (*matulus*²), so that when the Pangalinan attacked him with sword or spear, the blades of his weapons dissolved into water. For eight million days the futile battle went on. At last the Pangalinan gave it up, complaining to the Malaki T'oluk Waig, "How can I keep on fighting you, when every time I hit you my knives turn to water?"

Disheartened, the Pangalinan threw away his spear and his sword. But the Malaki would not hurt the Pangalinan when they were fighting; and as soon as the boy had flung his weapons outside the house, the Malaki put his arm around him and drew him close. After that, the two were friends.

One day the Pangalinan thought he would look inside the big gold box that stood in the house. It was his mother's box. The boy went and raised the lid, but as soon as the cover was lifted, his mother came out from the box. After this had happened, the Pangalinan got ready to go and find the Moglung whom the Malaki had been seeking. The boy knew where she lived, for he was the Moglung's little brother (*tub*³). He took the bamboo ladder that formed the steps to the house, and placed it so that it would reach the Shrine in the Sky, whither the Moglung had gone. Up the bamboo rounds he climbed, until he reached the sky and found his sister. He ran to her crying, "Quick! come with me! The great Malaki T'oluk Waig is down there."

¹ The "small boy" of the ancient tales (*ulit*), who in some magical manner becomes great.

² See footnote 4, p. 26.

³ See footnote 2, p. 20.

Then the Moglung came down from heaven with her little brother to their house where the Malaki was waiting for her. The Moglung and the Malaki were very happy to meet again, and they slept together that night.

Next day the Moglung had a talk with the Malaki, and said, "Now I want to live with you; but you remember that other woman, Maguay Bulol, that you used to sleep with. You will want her too, and you had better send for her."

So the Malaki summoned Maguay Bulol, and in a few minutes Maguay Bulol was there. Then the Malaki had two wives, and they all lived in the same house forever.

6. THE TUGLAY AND THE BIA

Long ago, in the days of the Mona, the Tuglay lived on a high mountain. He lived very well, for his cocoanut-trees grew on both sides of the mountain. But he had no hemp-plants, and so he had to make his clothes of the soft dry sheath that covers the trunk of the cocoanut-palm (*būnūt*). This stuff caught fire easily, and many a time his clothes ignited from the flame where his dinner was cooking, and then he would have to make fresh garments from *būnūt*.

One day he looked from his house over the neighboring mountains, and saw the village of Koblun. He thought it looked pretty in the distance. Then he looked in another direction, and saw the town of the Malaki Tuangun, and said, "Ah! that is just as nice looking as the Koblun town. I will go and see the town of the Malaki Tuangun."

Immediately he got ready for the journey. He took his spear (that was only half a spear, because the fire had burned off a part of the handle) and his shield, that was likewise only half a shield. He started out, and walked on and on until he reached the mountains called "Pabungan Mangumbiten."

Now, on another mountain there lived a young man named the Malaki Itanawa, with his little sister. They lived alone together, for they were orphans. The young girl said to her brother, "Let us travel over the mountains to-day."

And the boy answered, "Yes, my sister, we will go."

And the two climbed over the hills, and they reached the Pabungan Mangumbiten soon after the Tuglay. And they were astonished to see the great Tuglay. But when the Tuglay saw the young girl, who was named Bia Itanawa Inelu,¹ he was so bewildered and startled that he turned away his eyes, and could not look at the sister and brother.

Then the girl prepared a betel-nut and offered it to the Tuglay, but he did not like to accept it. But when she had pressed it upon him many times, he took the betel and chewed it.

¹ *Bia*, "lady;" *inelu*, "orphan," — the orphan lady Itanawa.

Then the girl said, "Come with my brother and me to my house, for we have no companion."

But when the girl saw the Tuglay hesitate, she asked him, "Where were you going when we met you?"

The Tuglay answered, "I want to go to the town of the Malaki Tuangun, for to my home has come the word that the Malaki is a mighty man, and his sister a great lady."

Then the girl looked at the Tuglay, and said, "If you want to make ready to go to the Malaki Tuangun's town, you ought to put on your good trousers and a nice jacket."

At that, the Tuglay looked mournful; for he was a poor man, and had no fine clothes. Then, when the girl saw how the case stood, she called for beautiful things, such as a malaki wears, — fine hemp trousers, beaded jacket, good war-shield and brass-bound spear, ear-plugs of pure ivory, and eight necklaces of beads and gold. Straightway at the summons of the Bia, all the fine things appeared; and the Tuglay got ready to go away. He was no longer the poor Tuglay. His name was now the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu. Like two big moons, his ivory ear-plugs shone; when he moved his shield, flames of living fire shot from it; and when he held up his spear, the day would grow dark, because he was a brave man. His new clothes he sent¹ upon the swift wind to the Malaki Tuangun's town.

When the Tuglay started, the Bia gave him her own brass betel-box (*katakia*²) to take with him. It was a *katakia* that made sounds, and was called a "screaming *katakia*."

"May I eat the betel-nut from your box?" asked the man; and she replied, "Yes, but do not throw away the other things in the box."

The Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu walked on until he reached the town of the Malaki Tuangun, and sat down on the ground³ before the house. The Malaki Tuangun was a great brass-smith: he made *katakia* and other objects of brass, and hence was called the Malaki Tuangun Katakia. As soon as he heard the other *malaki* call from outside, "May I come up into your house?" he sent down eight of his slaves to look and see who wanted to visit him.

And the eight slaves brought word to their master that the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu waited to enter.

¹ When a Bagobo makes an expedition over the mountains to attend a *fiesta*, he wears his old clothes, and carries his elaborately ornamented garments in the bag on his back. On nearing the end of the journey, he goes behind a tree, or into the jungle, and puts on his fine clothes.

² A box with three compartments, — for betel-nut, buyo-leaf, and calcined shell, — cast in brass or bell-metal from a wax mould. This type has rectangular surfaces, and is to be distinguished from the *kapulan*, a type marked by its circular, or elliptical, or polygonal top and base.

³ It is the custom of the natives to wait for the host to say, "Come up," before mounting the ladder or notched log leading to the door.

Then the Malaki Tuangun Katakia called to his visitor, "Come up, if you can keep from bringing on a fight, because there are many showers in my town."¹

Then the other *malaki* went up the steps into the house, and the Malaki Tuangun said to him, "You shall have a good place to sit in my house, — a place where nobody ever sat before."

Then the Malaki Tuangun prepared a betel-nut for his guest. But the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu would not take the betel-nut from him. So the Malaki Tuangun called his sister, who was called Bia Tuangun Katakia, and said to her, "You go outside and prepare a betel-nut for the Malaki."

As soon as the Bia had finished preparing the betel, she took the (screaming?) *katakia* from the Malaki, and set it on the floor. Then the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu took the betel-nut from the lady. When he had finished chewing it, he stood up and went to the place where the Bia Tuangun Katakia was sitting, and he lay down beside her, and said, "Come, put away your work, and comb my hair."

"No, I don't like to comb your hair," she replied.

The Malaki was displeased at this retort, so at last the woman agreed to comb his hair, for she did not want to see the Malaki angry. By and by the Malaki felt sleepy while his hair was being combed; and he said to the Bia, "Do not wake me up."

He fell asleep, and did not waken until the next day. Then he married the Bia Tuangun Katakia.

After they had been married for three months, the Bia said to the Malaki, "The best man I know is the Manigthum. He was my first husband."

But the Manigthum had left home, and had gone off to do some big fighting. He killed the Malaki Taglapida Pabungan,² and he killed the Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit.³

After the Manigthum had slain these great men, he came back to the home of his wife. When he came near the house he saw, lying down on the ground under the kinarum-tree,⁴ the things that he had given his wife before he went away, — pendants of pearl, bracelets

¹ The reference here is a little ambiguous. It is suggested that a transposition of clauses may throw light on the meaning. Transposed and expanded, the invitation would read thus: "Come up into the house for shelter, since there are many showers in my town. Come up, provided you can keep from bringing on a fight."

² The good man [of the] Folded Mountains (*taglapida*, "folded;" *pabungan*, "mountains").

³ *Lindig*, "border;" *ramut*, "root;" *ka*, preposition "of;" *langit*, "sky."

⁴ A low-growing tree yielding a black dye, which for a very long time has been used by women to color hemp.

and leglets of brass, gold necklaces (*kamagi*¹), hair-ornaments of dyed goats'-hair and birds'-down, finger-rings, and leg-bands of twisted wire hung with bells. As he looked at the beautiful ornaments all thrown on the ground, he heard the voice of the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Manginsulu calling to him, "Do not come up, because your wife is mine."

Then the two *malaki* went to fighting with sword and spear. After a sharp fight, the Manigthum was killed, and the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu had the Bia for his wife.

7. THE MALAKI'S SISTER AND THE BASOLO

There is a certain mountain that has a sharp, long crest like a *kampilan*. Up on this mountain stretched many fields of hemp, and groves of cocoanut-palms, that belonged to the Malaki and his sister.

Near to these hemp-fields lived the Basolo-man, under a tall barayung-tree. His little house was full of venison and pig-meat and lard, and he kept a dog to hunt pigs and deer. Although his hut looked small and poor, the Basolo possessed treasures of brass and beads and fine textiles. He had a *kabir*,² from which darted forked lightning; and in the bag was a betel-box and a necklace of pure gold.

One day when the Malaki's sister went to look at her hemp, she felt curious to go inside the Basolo's house. The Basolo was lying on the floor, fast asleep, when the woman entered. She looked at the things in the house, and saw hanging on the wall the Basolo's bag with the lightning playing on it. Now the bag was an old one, and had a lot of mud in it; but the woman thought it must be full of gold, because the lightning never ceased to flash from it. So she crept across the floor, and took the bag from off the end of the bamboo slat on which it hung. Still the Basolo slept, and still the lightning continued to play upon the bag. The woman looked inside the bag and saw a fine gold betel-box, and when she lifted the lid, there in the box lay a necklace of pure gold. Swiftly she closed the box, and stealthily drew it out of the bag. Into the folds of her hemp skirt she slipped the precious box with the gold necklace inside, and very quietly ran down the bamboo ladder at the house-door.

When she got home, her brother smiled, and said to her, "What has happened to you, my sister?"

Bright flashes of lightning seemed to be coming from the girl. She looked almost as if she were made of gold, and the lightning could not escape from her. Then she took out the betel-box and the necklace,

¹ A bead necklace, the most highly valued of all Bagobo ornaments. One section is a gold or silver cord, several inches long, made of small over-lapping scales of the precious metal. The necklace is thought to be of Moro manufacture, and is valued by the Bagobo at from one to four *agongs*.

² See footnote 4, p. 32.

and showed them to her brother, saying that she had found them in the Basolo's hut.

The Basolo awoke, and found his brass *katakia* and his fine necklace gone.

"Who has been here?" he cried.

In a frenzy he hunted through his *kabir*, throwing out of it his old work-knife and his rusty spear-head and all the poor things that he kept in his bag. Then he began to moan and weep for his betel-box and gold necklace.

By and by he started out to find his lost things. In the soft soil close to the house, he found the footprints of the woman; and, following the prints, he traced her to the Malaki's house. Right there the footprints ended. The Basolo stood at the foot of the steps, and called, "Who has been in my house?"

Then he ran up the ladder and rushed into the house, screaming to the Malaki's sister, "Give me back my gold necklace! If you don't give it back, I'll marry you."

Quick came the woman's answer, "I don't like you, and I will not marry you."

But her brother was angry because she refused to marry the Basolo.

At last she agreed to the match, and said to the Basolo, "Yes, I will marry you; but I can't let you live in my house. You must stay in your own house over yonder."

So the Basolo and the Malaki's sister agreed to meet and try¹ each other (*alabana*). Then the Basolo went home.

Not long after this, there came a day when many men went out to hunt the wild pig and the deer. And from her house the woman heard the sound of many men gathering in the meadow. There were Malaki T'oluk Waig and other *malaki*, who were there ready for the chase. And the girl thought, "I will go out and see the men."

Immediately she hurried to dress herself carefully. She put on nine waists one over another, and similarly nine skirts (*panapisan*); and then she girded herself with a chain of brass links that went a thousand times round her waist. Over her left shoulder she hung her small beaded basket (*kambol*) that was decorated with row upon row of little tinkling bells, a million in all, and each bell as round as a pea.

But the Basolo knew that the girl was dressing to go out, and he was angry that she should want to go where there were so many men gathered. In order to keep watch on her movements, he climbed up into a hiding-place behind the great leaves of an areca-palm,² and waited. Presently he saw the woman walking to the meadow. And she staid there just one night. But the Malaki was alarmed when he

¹ A trial-marriage before the Bagobo ceremony is not uncommon.

² The tree that bears betel-nuts, and is commonly called "betel-nut tree."

found that his sister had gone out to see the men. And after he had taken off his clothes, he began to put them on again to follow his sister.

Then, when the girl's brother and all the other *malaki* had assembled in the meadow, the Basolo came down from the tree and went home. When he got into his house, he took off his coat, and became a Malaki T'oluk Waig. His body shone like the sun (you could hardly look at him), and all his garments were of gold. He had on nine jackets, one over another, and nine pairs of trousers. Then he called for his horse, whose name was Kambeng Diluk;¹ and Kambeng neighed into the air, and waited, prancing, before the house. Soon the Malaki T'oluk Waig mounted his horse, and sitting on a saddle of mirrored glass, he rode toward the meadow. Then Kambeng Diluk began to run, just like the wind.

When they reached the meadow, there were many people there. The Malaki's wife was sitting on the grass, with men grouped around her, and she was laughing with them. But she did not recognize her husband when he came riding up. After everybody had arrived, they set fire to the long grass, and burned off the meadow, so as to bring the wild pigs and the deer out of ambush. Then many men entered the chase and ran their horses; but none could catch the deer or the wild boar, except only the great Malaki, who had been the Basolo: he alone speared much game.

When the burning of the meadow and the hunt were finished, many men wanted to marry the Malaki T'oluk Waig's wife, and many of them embraced her. But the Malaki T'oluk Waig stood up, fierce with passion. His body was almost like a flame to look at. And he fought the other *malaki*, and killed many, until at last all were dead but one, and that was the woman's brother.

When all was done, the Malaki mounted his horse and rode back to his home. His house was all of gold, and yet it looked just like a mean little hut nestled under the barayung-tree. Then the Malaki picked up his coat and put it on: at once he became a Basolo again. He then went over to the woman's house and waited there for her to come back. By and by she came loitering along, crying all the way, because she was afraid to meet her husband. But the Basolo staid right along in the house, and lived with the woman and her brother. Then, after they had tried each other, they were married with Bagobo ceremony. The Basolo took off his coat, and again became a Malaki T'oluk Waig. They lived well in their house, and they had a big *hacienda* of hemp and cocoanuts and banana-plants.

¹ Possibly a form of *kambin* ("goat"); *diluk* ("little"); i.e., "little goat," a name that would be selected readily by a Bagobo for a fleet horse.

8. THE MONA¹

When the Mona lived on the earth, there was a certain man who said to his wife, "I want to go out and make some traps."

So that day he went out and made about thirty traps, of sticks with nooses attached, to snare jungle-fowl. His work finished, he returned home. Next day he went out to look at his traps, but found that he had caught, not a wild chicken, but a big lizard (*palas*²) with pretty figured patterns on its back. The man said to the lizard, "Halloo!"

Then he released the lizard, and gave him his own carrying-bag and work-knife, and told him to go straight to his house. But the lizard was afraid to go to the man's house, for he suspected that the man wanted to make a meal of him. Instead, he ran up a tree, taking with him the knife and the bag. The tree overhung a clear brook, and the lizard could see his reflection (*alung*³) in the water.

No fowl could the man snare that day, and he went home. As soon as he reached the house, he said to his wife, "Are you all done cleaning that lizard?"

"What lizard are you talking about?" returned the woman. "There's no lizard here."

"I sent one here," insisted the man, "and I'm hungry."

"We have no lizard," repeated his wife.

In a hot temper the man went back to his traps, and there saw the tracks of the lizard, leading, not towards his house, but exactly in the opposite direction. Following the tracks, he reached the brook, and at once caught sight of the lizard's reflection in the water. Immediately the man jumped into the water, grasping for the image of the slippery lizard; but he had to jump out again with empty hands. He tried again. Hour after hour he kept on jumping, until he got so wet and cold that he had to give it up and go home.

"The lizard is right over there in the brook," he told his wife; "but I could not get hold of him."

"I'll go and look at him with you," she said.

So together they reached the brook; and the woman glanced first into the water, and then up into the tree.

"You foolish man," she smiled. "Look in the tree for your lizard. That's just his shadow (*alung*³) in the water."

The man looked up, and saw the lizard in the tree. Then he started to climb up the trunk, but found himself so chilled and stiff from jumping into the water, that he kept slipping down whenever he tried to climb. Then the woman took her turn, and got part way up the

¹ See footnote 2, p. 16.

² One of the *Agomida*.

³ The same word is used for the reflection in the water and for the shadow cast on the ground, since both phenomena are regarded as manifestations of the same spirit (*gimotud*).

tree. The man looked up at his wife, and noticed that she had sores on parts of her body where she could not see them, and he called to her, "Come down! don't climb any higher; you've got sores." So she climbed down.

Then her husband wanted to get some medicine out of his bag to give her for the sores; but the lizard had his bag.

"Throw down my bag and knife to me!" he shouted up to the lizard, "because I must get busy about fixing medicine for my wife."

And the lizard threw down to him his knife and his bag.

As soon as they got home, the man made some medicine for his wife; but the sores did not heal. Then he went to his friend Tuglay and said, "What is the medicine for my wife?"

Tuglay went home with the man; and when they reached the house, he told him what he was about to do. "Look!" said the Tuglay.

Then the man looked, and saw the Tuglay go to his wife and consort with her.

And the husband let him do it, for he said to himself, "That is the medicine for my wife."

When the Tuglay was done with the woman, he said, "Go now to your wife."

Then the man went to her, and said, "This is the best of all."

After that, the man cared for nothing except to be with his wife. He did not even care to eat. He threw out of the house all the food they had, — the rice, the sugarcane, the bananas, and all of their other things. He threw them far away. But after they had taken no food for several days, the man and the woman began to grow thin and weak. Still they did not try to get food, because they wanted only to gratify their passion¹ for each other. At last both of them got very skinny, and finally they died.

III. FOLK-LORE OF THE BUSO

I. HOW TO SEE THE BUSO

The Buso live in the great branching trees and in the graveyard. The night after a person has been buried, the Buso dig up the body with their claws, and drink all the blood, and eat the flesh. The bones they leave, after eating all the flesh off from them. If you should go to the graveyard at night, you would hear a great noise. It is the sound of all the Buso talking together as they sit around on the ground, with their children playing around them. You cannot see the Buso; but if you do get a glimpse of one of them, it is only for a few minutes. He looks like a shadow.

In the beginning, everybody could see the Buso, because then the

¹ The Mona were aged people, without sexual passions; hence this episode presents a situation out of the ordinary.

Buso and the people were friendly together. Nobody died in those days, for the Buso helped the men, and kept them from dying. But many years ago the Buso and man had a quarrel, and after that nobody could see the Buso any more.

Now, there is one way to see Buso; but a man must be very brave to do it. While the coffin for a dead man is being made, if you cut some chips from it and carry them to the place where the tree was felled for the box, and lay the chips on the stump from which the wood was cut, and then go again on the night of the funeral to the same place, you will see Buso. Stand near the stump, and you will see passing before you (1) a swarm of fireflies; (2) the intestines of the dead person; (3) many heads of the dead person; (4) many arms of the dead person; (5) many legs of the dead person; (6) the entire body passing before you; (7) shadows flitting before you; and finally (8) the Buso. But no one yet has been brave enough to try it.

"But one thing I did when my uncle died," said my boy informant. "I chipped a piece of wood from the coffin, and tied it to a long string, like a fly to a fish-hook. This I let down between the slats of the floor, as I stood in the room where the dead body lay, and I held the line dangling. As a fish catches at the bait, so Buso seized that bit of wood, and for about two minutes I could feel him pulling at it from under the house. Then I drew up the string with the wood. Buso was there under the house, and smelt the chip from the coffin."

2. BUSO AND THE WOMAN

In a little house there lived a man and his wife together. One night, after they had been married for a long time, the man told his wife that he would like to go fishing.

"Oh, yes! my husband," said the woman eagerly. "Go, and bring me some nice fish to-morrow, so that we can have a good meal."

The man went out that same night to fish. And his wife was left alone in the house.

In the night, while her husband was away, the Buso came, and tried to pass himself off as her husband, saying, "You see I am back. I got no fish, because I was afraid in the river." Then the Buso-man made a great fire, and sat down by it.

But the woman did not believe that it was her husband. So she hid her comb in a place on the floor, and she said to her comb, "If the Buso calls me, do you answer. Tell him that I have run away because I have great fear of the Buso."

Then, when the Buso called, the Comb answered just as the woman had told it. By and by the Buso went away. In the morning, the man came back from fishing, because daylight had come. And he had a fine catch of fish. Then the woman told him all that had happened,

and the man never again let his wife sleep alone in the house. After that, everything went well; for Buso was afraid of the man, and never again attempted to come there.

3. THE BUSO'S BASKET

Two children went out into the field to tend their rice-plants. They said these words to keep the little birds away from the grain:—

“One, one, maya-bird,¹
Yonder in the north;
Keep off from eating it,
This my rice.”

Just then they heard the sound of a voice, calling from the great pananag-tree,² “Wait a minute, children, until I make a basket for you.”

“What is that?” said the boy to his sister.

“Oh, nothing!” answered the little girl. “It’s the sound of something.”

Then the children called to their father and mother; but only from the pananag-tree the answer came, “Just wait till I finish this basket to hold you in.”

Down, then, from the tree came the great Buso, with a big, deep basket (such as women carry bananas and *camotes*³ in) hanging from his shoulders. The frightened children did not dare to run away; and Buso sat down near by in the little hut where the rice was kept. Soon he said to the children, “Please comb out my nice hair.”

But, when they tried to comb his hair, they found it swarming with big lice and worms.

“Well, let’s go on now,” said the Buso. Then he stuffed the children into his deep burden-basket, and swung the basket upon his back.

On the instant the little girl screamed out, “Wait a minute, Buso! I’ve dropped my comb. Let me down to pick it up.”

So the Buso sat down on the ground, and let the girl climb out of the basket. He sat waiting for her to find her comb; but all the time she was picking up big stones, and putting them into the basket. Her brother got out of the basket too, and then both girl and boy climbed up into a tall betel-nut tree,⁴ leaving Buso with a basket full of stones on his back.

Up to his house in the pananag-tree went Buso with the heavy basket. When his wife saw him, she laughed and shouted very loud.

¹ A small bird that steals grain from the growing corn and rice. A clapper of split bamboo is sometimes made to scare away the maya.

² One of the thick-branching trees haunted by demons.

³ A native sweet-potato. The Bagobo name is *hasila*.

⁴ See footnote 2, p. 39.

She was glad, because she thought there was a man in the basket, all ready to eat. But, when Buso slipped the basket down from his shoulders, there was no human flesh in it, but only big stones.

Then the angry Buso hurried back to look for the two children. At last he caught sight of them far up in the betel-nut tree, and wondered how he could get them. Now, at the foot of the tree there was a growth of the wild plant called "bagkang;" and Buso said words to make the bagkang grow faster and taller:—

"Tubu, tubu, bagkang,
Grow, grow, bagkang,
Baba, baba mamāā'n."¹
Handle, handle, betel-nut.

But the children, in their turn, said:—

"Tubu, tubu, mamāā'n,
Grow, grow, betel-nut,
Baba, baba bagkang."
Handle, handle, bagkang.

By and by, when the bagkang-stems had grown so tall as almost to reach the clusters of betel-nuts at the top of the trunk, the boy and girl said to each other. "Let us pick betel-nuts, and throw them down on the bagkang."

And as soon as they began to pick, the betel-nuts became so big and heavy that the bagkang-plants fell down when the betel-nuts dropped on them.

Then the Buso went away; and the children climbed down in haste, ran home, and told their mother and father how the Buso had tried to carry them off.

4. THE BUSO-CHILD

Datu Ayo was a great man among the Bagobo, well known throughout the mountain-country for his bravery and his riches. He had gathered in his house many products of Bagobo workmanship in textiles and brass and fine weapons. At his death, human sacrifices of slaves were offered up for him. It was not many years ago that he went down to the great city of the dead, and many of his children and grandchildren are living now. His sons like to think about their father's renown; and, as a reminder, the eldest son, Kawayun, always

¹ Buso is saying a charm to make the stem of the bagkang-plant grow tall enough to form a handle for the betel-nut tree, so that the children may be dragged down (*tubu*, "grow;" *baba*, "rattan strap forming the basket-handle;" *mamāā'n*, "betel-nut"). The children, for their part, say other magic words to make the tree grow at an equally rapid rate, so that its branches may swing above the bagkang as a handle for it. The Buso's formula appears to have been the more effective of the two charms in producing a magically rapid growth.

kept in his medicine-case two of the incisor teeth of the great Ayo, until he needed money, and sold the medicine-case with its contents. It had made Kawayun happy to look at his father's teeth.

When Datu Ayo died, his wife was about to become a mother. Now, the Bagobo women know that, when they become pregnant, they must be very careful to protect themselves from the evil Buso. On going to bed at night, an expectant mother places near her the woman's knife (*gulat*), the *kampilan*,¹ and all the other knives, to frighten Buso away. Failing this, the Buso will come to the woman while she sleeps, and change her baby into a Buso-child. One night, the wife of Datu Ayo lay down to sleep without putting any knives near her; and that very night the Buso came, and he transformed her child into a Buso-child. She did not know when he came, nor did she even think that a Buso had been near her, until her baby was born.

Everybody around the woman at the birth saw that something was the matter with the child. It was little and frail, and as weak as threads of cotton. Its body was flat, and its legs and arms were helpless and flabby. Then all the men said, "That is a Buso-child."

As the little boy grew old enough to creep, he moved just like a fish, with a sort of wriggling motion. He could not stand on his feet, for his legs were too weak to support his body; and he could not sit down, but only lie flat. He could never be dressed in *umpak*² and *sarao'r*,³ and his body remained small and puny.

Now the boy is more than fourteen years old, but he cannot walk a step. He understands very well what is said to him, and he can talk, though not distinctly. When he hears it said that somebody is dead, he breaks into laughter, and keeps on laughing. This trait alone would stamp him as a Buso-child.

5. THE BUSO-MONKEY

One day a man went out, carrying seventeen arrows, to hunt monkeys; but he found none. Next day he went again, and, as he walked along on the slope of the mountain called Malagū'san, he heard the sound of the chattering of monkeys in the trees. Looking up, he saw the great monkey sitting on an alumā'yag-tree. He took a shot at the monkey, but his arrow missed aim; and the next time he had no better luck. Twice eight he tried it; but he never hit the mark. The monkey seemed to lead a charmed life. Finally he took his seventeenth and last arrow, and brought down his game; the monkey fell down dead. But a voice came from the monkey's body that said, "You must carry me."

¹ See footnote 1, p. 18.

² See footnote 2, p. 30.

³ See footnote 1, p. 30.

So the man picked up the monkey, and started to go back home; but on the way the monkey said, "You are to make a fire, and eat me up right here."

Then the man laid the monkey on the ground. Again came the voice, "You will find a bamboo to put me in; by and by you shall eat me."

Off went the man to find the bamboo called *laya*, letting the monkey lie on the ground, where he had dropped it.

He walked on until he reached a forest of bamboo. There, swinging on a branch of the *laya*, was a karirik-bird. And the bird chirped to the man, "Where are you going?"

The man answered, "I am looking for bamboo to put the monkey in."

But the karirik-bird exclaimed, "Run away, quick! for by and by the monkey will become a *buso*. I will wait here, and be cutting the *laya*; then, when the monkey calls you, I will answer him."

In the mean time the monkey had become a great *buso*. He had only one eye, and that stood right in the middle of his forehead, looking just like the big bowl called *langungan* (the very bad *buso* have only one eye; some have only one leg).

After the *Buso*-monkey had waited many hours for the man to come back, he started out to look for him. When he reached the forest of *laya*, he called to the man, "Where are you?"

Then the karirik-bird answered from the tree, "Here I am, right here, cutting the bamboo."

But the man had run away, because the bird had sent him off, and made him run very fast.

As soon as the bird had answered the *Buso*, it flew off to another bamboo-tree, and there the *Buso* spied it, and knew that he had been fooled; and he said, "It's a man I want; you're just a bird. I don't care for you."

Directly then the *Buso* began to smell around the ground where the man had started to run up the mountain-side, and, as quick as he caught the scent, he trailed the man. He ran and ran, and all the time the man was running too; but soon the *Buso* began to gain on him. After a while, when the *Buso* had come close upon him, the man tried to look for some covert. He reached a big rock, and cried out, "O rock! will you give me shelter when the *Buso* tries to eat me?"

"No," replied the rock; "for, if I should help you, the *Buso* would break me off and throw me away."

Then the man ran on; and the *Buso* came nearer and nearer, searching behind every rock as he rushed along, and spying up into every tree, to see if, perchance, the man were concealed there.

At last the man came to the lemon-tree called *kabayawa*, that has

long, sharp thorns on its branches. And the man cried out to the lemon-tree, "Could you protect me, if I were to hide among your leaves and flowers?"

Instantly the lemon-tree answered, "Come right up, if you want to."

Then the man climbed the tree, and concealed himself in the branches, among the flowers. Very soon the Buso came under the lemon-tree, and shouted to it, "I smell a man here. You are hiding him."

The Kabayawa said, "Sure enough, here's a man! You just climb up and get him."

Then the Buso began to scramble up the tree; but as he climbed, the thorns stuck their sharp points into him. The higher he climbed, the longer and sharper grew the thorns of the tree, piercing and tearing, until they killed the Buso.

It is because the monkey sometimes turns into a Buso that many Bagobo refuse to eat monkey. But some of the mountain Bagobo eat monkey to keep off sores.

6. HOW THE MOON TRICKS THE BUSO¹

The Moon is a great liar. One night long ago, the Buso looked over the earth and could not discover any people, because everybody was asleep. Then Buso went to the Moon, and asked her where all the people were to be found.

"Oh, you will not find a living person on the earth!" replied the Moon. "Everybody in the world is dead."

"Good!" thought Buso. "To-morrow I shall have a fine meal of them."

Buso never eats living flesh, only dead bodies.

Next morning, Buso started for the graveyard; but on the way he met the Sun, and stopped to speak to him.

"How about the men on earth?" he questioned.

"They're all right," said the Sun. "All the people are working and playing and cooking rice."

The Buso was furious to find himself tricked. That night he went again to the Moon and asked for the men, and, as before, the Moon assured him that everybody was dead. But the next morning the Sun showed him all the people going about their work as usual. Thus the Buso has been fooled over and over again. The Moon tells him every night the same story.

7. THE BUSO AND THE CAT

The cat is the best animal. She keeps us from the Buso. One night the Buso came into the house, and said to the cat, "I should like to eat your mistress."

¹ See footnote, p. 25.

"I will let you do it," replied the cat; "but first you must count all the hairs of my coat."

So the Buso began to count. But while he was counting, the cat kept wriggling her tail, and sticking up her back. That made her fur stand up on end, so that the Buso kept losing count, and never knew where he left off. And while the Buso was still trying to count the cat's hairs, daylight came.

This is one reason why we must not kill the cat. If a Bagobo should kill a cat, it would make him very sick. He would get skinny, and die. Some Bagobo have been known to kill the cat; but they always got sick afterwards.

8. HOW A DOG SCARED THE BUSO

The Tigbanua' are the worst of all the Buso; they want to be eating human flesh all the time. They live in great forests, — in the pananag-tree, in the magbo-tree, in the baliti-tree, and in the liwaan-tree.

One day a man went out to hunt, and he took his dog with him. On his way to the woods, he speared a very little pig. By the time he reached the great forest, night had come. He made a little shelter, and kindled a fire. Then he cleaned the pig and cut it into pieces, and tied three sticks of wood together, and placed them on two upright pieces of wood stuck in the ground. On this *paga* he laid the pig-meat to broil over the flames.

By and by he got very sleepy, and thought he would go under the shelter and take a nap. But just then he heard voices up in the big trees. He listened, and heard the Tigbanua' talking to one another.

The Tigbanua' that lives in the liwaan-tree called out to the Tigbanua' that lives in the pananag-tree, "The mighty chief of all the Tigbanua', who lives in the sigmit-tree, gives this command to his people: 'Don't make fun of the man, because he has been here many times before.'"

And right there, under the trees, the man, standing by his dog, was listening to the talk of the Buso. The dog was sleeping near the fire, and he was as big as the calf of a carabao. Very quietly his master spread his own sleeping-tunic (*kisi*) over the dog, and crept away, leaving him asleep in the warm place. The man hid in the shelter, and waited.

Presently many of the Tigbanua' began coming down from the trees, for some of them did not give obedience (*paminug*) to their Datu. They gathered around the fire, and sat down. By and by, as they sat near the fire, the penis (*ta-po*) of every one of the Tigbanua' began to grow bigger and bigger (*lanag-lanag*). All at once, the Tigbanua' caught sight of the tunic spread out, and showing the form of a huge head and body under it. They all thought it was the man; and they rushed

up to it, and hugged it. But the dog woke up, jumped out from under the tunic, and bit the Tigbanua'. Then they all ran. One of them climbed up the tree to his own house, the dog holding on to his leg, and biting him all the time. But when they were halfway up the tree, the dog fell down and got hurt. And the Tigbanua' called down to the dog, "Swell up, swell up!" ("*Pigsa, pigsa!*")

All the other Tigbanua' were afraid of the big dog, and ran away. So the man slept well all night, because the Buso could not hurt him now.

9. STORY OF DULING AND THE TAGAMALING

Before the world was made, there were Tagamaling. The Tagamaling is the best Buso, because he does not want to hurt man all of the time. Tagamaling is actually Buso only a part of the time; that is, the month when he eats people. One month he eats human flesh, and then he is Buso; the next month he eats no human flesh, and then he is a god. So he alternates, month by month. The month he is Buso, he wants to eat man during the dark of the moon; that is, between the phases that the moon is full in the east and new in the west.

The other class of Buso, however, wants human flesh all of the time. They are the Tigbanua', the chief of whom is Datu of all the Buso. A Tigbanua' lives in his own house, and goes out only to eat the bodies of the dead.

The Tagamaling makes his house in trees that have hard wood, and low, broad-spreading branches. His house is almost like gold, and is called "Palimbing," but it is made so that you cannot see it; and, when you pass by, you think, "Oh! what a fine tree with big branches," not dreaming that it is the house of a Tagamaling. Sometimes, when you walk in the forest, you think you see one of their houses; but when you come near to the place, there is nothing. Yet you can smell the good things to eat in the house.

Once a young man named Duling, and his younger brother, went out into the woods to trap wild chickens. Duling had on his back a basket holding a decoy cock, together with the snares of running-nooses and all the parts of the trap. While they were looking for a good spot to drive in the stakes for the snare, they heard the voice of Tagamaling in the trees, saying, "Duling, Duling, come in! My mother is making a little *fiesta* here."

The boys looked up, and could see the house gleaming there in the branches, and there were two Tagamaling-women calling to them. In response to the call, Duling's younger brother went up quickly into the house; but Duling waited on the ground below. He wanted the Tagamaling-girls to come down to him, for he was enamoured (*kala-tugan*) of them. Then one girl ran down to urge Duling to come up

into the tree. And as soon as she came close to him, he caught her to his breast, and hugged her and caressed her.

[In a moment, Duling realized that the girl was gone, and that he was holding in his arms a nanga-bush, full of thorns.] He had thought to catch the girl, but, instead, sharp thorns had pricked him full of sores. Then from above he heard the woman's voice, tauntingly sweet, "Don't feel bad, Duling; for right here is your younger brother."

Yet the young man, gazing here and there, saw around him only tall trees, and could not catch a glimpse of the girl who mocked him.

Immediately, Duling, as he stood there, was turned into a rock.

But the little brother married the Tagamaling-girl.

There is a place high up in the mountains of Mindanao, about eight hours' ride west of Santa Cruz, where you may see the rock, and you will know at once that it is a human figure. There is Duling, with the trap and the decoy cock on his shoulder. You may see the cock's feathers too.

10. THE S'IRING

The S'iring¹ is the ugly man that has long nails and curly hair. He lives in the forest trees. If a boy goes into the forest without a companion, the S'iring tries to carry him off. When you meet a S'iring, he will look like your father, or mother, or some friend; and he will hide his long nails behind his back, so that you cannot see them. It is the S'iring who makes the echo (*ā'u'd*). When you talk in a loud voice, the S'iring will answer you in a faint voice, because he wants to get you and carry you away.

There was once a boy who went without a companion into the forest, and he met a man who looked just like his own father, but it was a S'iring; and the S'iring made him believe that he was his father. The S'iring said to the boy, "Come, you must go with me. We will shoot some wild birds with our bow and arrows."

And the boy, not doubting that he heard his father's voice, followed the S'iring into the deep forest. After a while, the boy lost his memory, and forgot the way to his own house. The S'iring took him up on a high mountain, and gave him food; but the poor boy had now lost his mind, and he thought the food was a milleped one fathom long, or it seemed to him the long, slim worm called *liwafi*.

So the days went on, the boy eating little, and growing thinner and weaker all the time. When he met any men in the forest, he grew frightened, and would run away. When he had been a long time in the forest, the S'iring called to him and said, "We will move on now."

So they started off again. When they reached the high bank of a

¹ The S'iring are said to appear in the likeness of some near relative of the wanderer in the forest (*s-*, prefix widely used by mountain Bagobo before an initial vowel of a proper name; *iring*, "like" or "similar to").

deep and swift-flowing river, the S'iring scratched the boy with his long nails. Straightway the boy felt so tired that he could no longer stand on his legs, and then he dropped down into the ravine. He fell on the hard rocks, so that his bones were broken, and his skull split open.

All this time, the mother at home was mourning for her son, and crying all day long. But soon she arranged a little shrine (*tambara*¹) under the great tree, and, having placed there a white bowl with a few betel-nuts and some buyo-leaf as an offering for her son, she crouched on the ground and prayed for his life to the god in the sky.

Now, when the S'iring heard her prayer, he took some betel-nuts, and went to the place where the boy's body lay. On the parts where the bones were broken, he spit betel-nut, and did the same to the boy's head. Immediately the boy came to life, and felt well again. Then the S'iring took him up, and carried him to the shrine where the mother was praying; but she could not see the S'iring nor her boy. She went home crying.

That night, as the woman slept, she dreamed that a boy came close to her, and spoke about her son. "To-morrow morning," he said, "you must pick red peppers, and get a lemon,² and carry them to the shrine, and burn them in the fire."

Next morning, the woman hastened to gather the peppers, and get a lemon, and with happy face she ran to the shrine under the big tree. There she made a fire, and burned the lemon and the red peppers, as the dream had told her. And, as soon as she had done this, her son appeared from under the great tree. Then his mother caught him in her arms, and held him close, and cried for joy.

When you lose your things, you may be sure that the S'iring has hidden them. What you have to do is to burn some red peppers with beeswax (*ladu ka petiukan*³), and observe carefully the direction in which the smoke goes. The way the smoke goes points out where your things are hidden, because the S'iring is afraid of the wax of bees. He is afraid, too, of red peppers and of lemons.

II. HOW IRO MET THE S'IRING

Not long ago, a young man named Iro went out, about two o'clock in the afternoon, to get some tobacco from one of the neighbors. Not

¹ The family altar seen in many Bagobo houses. It consists of two alim rods of bamboo (attached to the wall, and standing upright), split at the upper ends so as to support each a bowl of white crockery, in which offerings of betel-nut, brass bracelets, and other objects, are placed. Similar shrines are sometimes put up under trees or by a mountain-stream.

² Red peppers and a piece or two of lemon laid under the house are effective in keeping Buso away from that vicinity; and the use of the same charm here against the S'iring suggests that the S'iring may not be separated by a very sharp line from the Buso who crowd the forests.

³ *Tadu* ("wax"), *ka* (preposition "of"), *petiukan* ("bees").

far from his house, he saw his friend Atun coming along; and Atun said to him, "I've got some tobacco hidden away in a place in the woods. Let us go and get it."

So they went along together. When they reached the forest, Atun disappeared, and Iro could not see which way he had gone. Then he concluded that it was not Atun, but a S'iring, whom he had met. He started for home, and reached there about eight o'clock in the evening. To his astonishment, he saw Atun sitting there in the house. Confused and wondering, he asked Atun, "Did you carry me away?"

But his friend Atun laughed, and said, "Where should I carry you? I have not been anywhere."

Then Iro was convinced that a S'iring had tried to lure him into the forest.

When you have a companion, the S'iring cannot hurt you.

IV. ANIMAL STORIES: METAMORPHOSIS, EXPLANATORY TALES, ETC.

I. THE KINGFISHER AND THE MALAKI

There came a day when the kingfisher (*kobug*¹) had nothing to drink, and was thirsty for water. Then she walked along the bed of the brook, searching for a drink; but the waters of the brook were all dried up.

Now, on that very day, the Maganud went up the mountain to get some *agsam*² to make leglets for himself. And when he came near to where the bulla grows, he stopped to urinate, and the urine sprinkled one of the great bulla-leaves. Then he went on up the mountain. Just then, the kingfisher came along, still looking for a mountain-stream. Quickly she caught sight of the leaf of the bulla-tree all sprinkled with water; but the man had gone away. Then the kingfisher gladly drank a few drops of the water, and washed her feathers. But no sooner had she quenched her thirst, and taken a bath, than her head began to pain her. Then she went home to her little house in the ground.

Now, every day the kingfisher laid one egg, and that day she laid her egg as usual. But when the egg hatched out, it was no feathered nestling, but a baby-boy, that broke the shell.

"Oh!" cried the frightened bird. "What will become of me?" Then she ran off a little way from her nest, and started to fly away.

¹ This bird, often called a "hornbill" by foreigners in the Philippines, is probably the balcyon kingfisher (*Cerys everythra*) of the islands. The ground hornbill is confined to Africa; and the tree hornbill of the Philippines does not make its nest at the foot of trees, as in this story.

² A mountain-plant whose stem has a thin, glossy, black sheath, that is stripped off and used in twisting the decorative leglet called *sikus*.

But the little boy cried out, "Mother, mother, don't be afraid of me!"

So the kingfisher came back to her baby. And the child grew bigger every day.

After a while, the boy was old enough to walk and play around. Then one day he went alone to the house of the Maganud, and climbed up the steps and looked in at the door. The Maganud was sitting there on the floor of his house; and the little boy ran up to him and hugged him, and cried for joy. But the Maganud was startled and dismayed; for he was a chaste *malaki*,¹ and had no children. Yet this boy called him "father," and begged for ripe bananas in a very familiar manner. After they had talked for a little while, the Maganud went with the child to the home of the kingfisher.

The kingfisher had made her nest at the foot of a great hollow tree. She had dug out a hole, about four feet deep, in the soft ground, and fixed a roof by heaping over the hole the powdered rotten bark of the old tree. The roof stood up just a few inches above the ground; and when the Maganud saw it, he thought it was a mere little heap of earth. Immediately, however, as he looked at the lowly nest, it became a fine house with walls of gold, and pillars of ivory. The eaves were all hung with little bells (*korung-korung* ²); and the whole house was radiantly bright, for over it forked lighting played continually.

The kingfisher took off her feather coat, and became a lovely woman, and then she and the Malaki were married. They had bananas and cocoanut-groves, and all things, and they became rich people.

2. THE WOMAN AND THE SQUIRREL

One day a woman went out to find water. She had no water to drink, because all the streams were dried up. As she went along, she saw some water in a leaf. She drank it, and washed her body. As soon as she had drunk the water, her head began to hurt. Then she went home, spread out a mat, lay down on it, and went to sleep. She slept for nine days. When she woke up, she took a comb and combed her hair. As she combed it, a squirrel-baby came out from her hair. After the baby had been in the house one week, it began to grow and jump about. It staid up under the roof of the house.

One day the Squirrel said to his mother, "O mother! I want you to go to the house of the Datu who is called 'sultan,' and take these nine *kamagi* ³ and these nine finger-rings to pay for the sultan's daughter, because I want to marry her."

¹ In a strict sense, the term *malaki* is never applied to a man, unless he is young, unmarried, and perfectly chaste. But this technical use is not always preserved.

² Small bells cast from a hand-made wax mould, and extensively used for decorating baskets, bags, belts, etc.

³ See footnote 1, p. 38.

Then the mother went to the sultan's house and remained there an hour. The sultan said, "What do you want?"

The woman answered, "Nothing. I came for betel-nuts." Then the woman went back home.

The Squirrel met her, and said, "Where are my nine necklaces?"

"Here they are," said the woman.

But the Squirrel was angry at his mother, and bit her with his little teeth.

Again he said to his mother, "You go there and take the nine necklaces."

So the woman started off again. When she reached the sultan's house, she said to him, "I am come with these nine necklaces and these nine finger-rings that my son sends to you."

"Yes," said the sultan; "but I want my house to become gold, and I want all my plants to become gold, and everything I have to turn into gold."

But the woman left the presents to pay for the sultan's daughter. The sultan told her that he wanted his house to be turned into gold that very night. Then the woman went back and told all this to her son.

The Squirrel said, "That is good, my mother."

Now, when night came, the Squirrel went to the sultan's house, and stood in the middle of the path, and called to his brother, the Mouse, "My brother, come out! I want to see you."

Then the great Mouse came out. All the hairs of his coat were of gold, and his eyes were of glass.

The Mouse said, "What do you want of me, my brother Squirrel?"

"I called you," answered the Squirrel, "for your gold coat. I want some of that to turn the sultan's house into gold."

Then the Squirrel bit the skin of the Mouse, and took off some of the gold, and left him. Then he began to turn the sultan's things into gold. First of all, he rubbed the gold on the betel-nut trees of the sultan; next, he rubbed all the other trees and all the plants; third, he rubbed the house and all the things in it. Then the sultan's town you could see as in a bright day. You would think there was no night there — always day.

All this time, the sultan was asleep. When he woke up, he was so frightened to see all his things, and his house, of gold, that he died in about two hours.

Then the Squirrel and the daughter of the sultan were married. The Squirrel staid in her father's home for one month, and then they went to live in the house of the Squirrel's mother. And they took from the sultan's place, a deer, a fish, and all kinds of food. After the sultan's daughter had lived with the Squirrel for one year, he took off his coat and became a Malaki T'oluk Waig.¹

¹ See footnote 2, p. 28.

3. THE CAT

Very long ago the cocoanut used to be the head of the cat. That is why the cat loves cocoanut so much. When the Bagobo are eating cocoanut, they let the cat jump up and have some too, because her head once turned into a cocoanut. When the cat hears the Bagobo scraping cocoanut in the kitchen, she runs quickly to get some to eat.

We cut off some of the fur from the tip of the cat's tail, and put the hairs under one of the big stones (*sigung*) where the fire burns. This is why the cat loves the house where she lives.

When the cat dies, her *gimokud takawanani*¹ goes down to Gimo-kudan, where the spirits of dead people go.

4. WHY THE BAGOBO LIKES THE CAT

An old man was fishing in the brook; but the water kept getting muddy, and he did not know what was the matter. Then he went away, and he walked and walked. After he had gone some distance, he saw in the mud a big lion² that eats people. The Lion had been sleeping in the mud. He said to the man, "If you'll pull me out of the mud and ride me to my town, I will give you many things."

Then the man drew the Lion from the mud.

The Lion stood still a while, and then said, "Now you must ride on me."

So the man mounted the Lion, and rode until they came to a large meadow, when the Lion said, "Now I am going to eat you."

The man replied, "But first let us go and ask the Carabao."

The Lion consented, and they went on until they reached the Carabao.

"This Lion wants to eat me," complained the man.

"Yes, indeed! eat him, Lion," answered the Carabao, "for the men are all the time riding on my back, and whipping me."

There were many Carabaos in the field, and they all agreed to this.

Then the man said to the Lion, "You may eat me; but we will first go and tell the Cows."

Soon they reached the Cows' home, and the man told them that the Lion wanted to eat him.

At once the Cows exclaimed, "Yes, eat him, Lion, because all day long the people drive us away from their fields."

"All right!" assented the man; "but first let us speak to the Dogs."

When they came to the Dogs' home, the man cried, "The Lion is going to eat me."

¹ The good soul that goes to the city of the dead, and continues to live much as on earth. The *gimokud lebang*, or bad soul, becomes a Buso after death.

² The "lion" is borrowed from some foreign source, since in the Philippines there are no large carnivorous mammals.

The Dogs said to the Lion, "Devour this man; for every day, when men are eating, they beat us away from the food."

At last the man said, "Sure enough, you will eat me up, Lion; but let us just go to the Cat."

When they reached the Cat's home, they found her sitting at the door, keeping her nice house. It had groves of cocoanut-palms around it. The Cat lived all alone.

The man said to her, "This Lion wants to eat me."

"Yes, Lion," the Cat replied; "but first you make a deep hole in the ground. We will race each other into the hole. If you jump in first, then I shall lose and you will win."

And the Lion ran, and jumped into the hole. Then the Cat covered him with earth and stones until he was dead. But before he died, the Lion called to the Cat, "Whenever I see your excrement (*tai*), I shall eat it." That is why the Cat hides her excrement, because she is afraid the Lion will come.

Now, the Lion is the dog of the Buso.

5. HOW THE LIZARDS GOT THEIR MARKINGS

One day the Chameleon (*palas*¹) and the Monitor-lizard (*ibid*²) were out in a deep forest together. They thought they would try scratching each other's backs to make pretty figures on them.

First the Chameleon said to the Monitor-lizard, "You must scratch a nice pattern on my back."

So the Monitor went to work, and the Chameleon had a fine scratching. Monitor made a nice, even pattern on his back.

Then Monitor asked Chameleon for a scratching. But no sooner had Chameleon begun to work on Monitor's back than there came the sound of a dog barking. A man was hunting in the forest with his dog. The sharp barks came nearer and nearer to the two lizards; and the Chameleon got such a scare, that his fingers shook, and the pretty design he was making went all askew. Then he stopped short and ran away, leaving the Monitor with a very shabby marking on his back.

This is the reason that the monitor-lizard is not so pretty as the chameleon.

¹ The so-called "chameleon" of the Malay Peninsula and the Malay Islands is *Calotes*, one of the *Agamids* (cf. H. Gadow, *Amphibia and Reptiles*, pp. 517-518).

² A semi-aquatic lizard of the Philippines that lays edible eggs, and otherwise answers to the description of the *Varanus*, or *Monitor*.

6. THE MONKEY AND THE TORTOISE¹

One day, when a Tortoise was crawling slowly along by a stream, he saw a baby-monkey drinking water. Presently the Monkey ran up to the Tortoise, and said, "Let's go and find something to eat."

Not far from the stream there was a large field full of banana-trees. They looked up, and saw clusters of ripe fruit.

"That's fine!" said the Monkey, "for I'm hungry and you're hungry too. You climb first, Tortoise."

Then the Tortoise crawled slowly up the trunk; but he had got up only a little distance when the Monkey chattered these words, "*Roro s'pünno, roro s'pünno!*" ("Slide down, slide down, Tortoise!")

At once the Tortoise slipped and fell down. Then he started again to climb the tree; and again the Monkey said, "*Roro s'pünno!*" and again the Tortoise slipped and fell down. He tried over and over again; but every time he failed, for the Monkey always said, "*Roro s'pünno!*" and made him fall. At last he got tired and gave it up, saying to the Monkey, "Now you try it."

"It's too bad!" said the Monkey, "when we're both so hungry." Then the Monkey made just three jumps, and reached the ripe fruit. "Wait till I taste and see if they're sweet," he cried to the Tortoise, while he began to eat bananas as fast as he could.

"Give me some," begged the Tortoise.

"All right!" shouted the Monkey; "but I forgot to notice whether it was sweet." And he kept on eating, until more than half of the fruit was gone.

"Drop down just one to me!" pleaded the Tortoise.

"Yes, in a minute," mumbled the Monkey.

At last, when but three bananas were left on the tree, the Monkey called, "Look up! shut your eyes" (*Langag-ka! pudung-nu yan mata-nu*²).

The Tortoise did so. The Monkey then told him to open his mouth, and he obeyed. Then the Monkey said, "I'll peel this one piece of banana for you" (*Luitan-ko 'ni sēbad abok saging*⁴).

Now, the Monkey was sitting on a banana-leaf, directly over the Tortoise; but, instead of banana, he dropped his excrement into the Tortoise's mouth. The Tortoise screamed with rage; but the Monkey

¹ This story, in an abbreviated form, was found by Clara Kern Bayliss at Laguna (cf. this Journal, vol. xxi, p. 46 (1908)).

² *Roro*, "slide;" *s* prefix (euphonic or formal, used by mountain Bagobo before vowels and many consonant sounds, as the labial *p* here); *pünno*, "tortoise."

³ *Langag*, "look;" *-ka* (suffix, second person nominative), "you;" *pudung*, "shut;" *-nu* (pronominal suffix), "your;" *yan* (demonstrative pronoun), "that," "those;" *mata*, "eyes."

⁴ *Luit* (transitive verb and noun), "peel," "shell;" *-ko* (suffix, first person pronominal), "I;" *'ni* (abbreviated from *ini*), "this," "here," in sense of "at hand;" *sēbad*, "one;" *abok*, "piece;" *saging*, "banana."

jumped up and down, laughing at him. Then he went on eating the remainder of the bananas.

The Tortoise then set himself to work at making a little hut of bamboo-posts, with a roof and walls of leaves. The upper ends of the bamboo he sharpened, and let them project through the roof; but the sharp points were concealed by the leaves. It was like a trap for pigs (*sankil*).

When the Monkey came down from the banana-tree, the Tortoise said, "You climb this other tall tree, and look around at the sky. If the sky is dark, you must call to me; for the rain will soon come. Then you jump down on the roof of our little house here. Never mind if it breaks in, for we can soon build a stronger one."

The Monkey accordingly climbed the tree, and looked at the sky. "It is all very dark!" he exclaimed.

"Jump quick, then!" cried the Tortoise.

So the Monkey jumped; but he got killed from the sharp bamboo-points on which he landed.

Then the Tortoise made a fire, and roasted the Monkey. He cut off the Monkey's ears, and they turned into buyo-leaves.¹ He cut out the heart, and it turned into betel-nut. He took out the brain, and it became lime (*apog*²). He made the tail into *pungaman*.³ The stomach he made into a basket. He put into the basket the betel and the lime and the *pungaman* and the buyo, and crawled away.

Soon he heard the noise of many animals gathered together. He found the monkeys and the deer and the pigs and the wild birds having a big rice-planting. All the animals were rejoiced to see the Tortoise coming with a basket, for they all wanted to chew betel. The monkeys ran up, chattering, and tried to snatch the betel-nuts; but the Tortoise held them back, saying, "Wait a minute! By and by I will give you some."

Then the monkeys sat around, waiting, while the Tortoise prepared the betel-nut. He cut the nuts and the *pungaman* into many small pieces, and the buyo-leaf too, and gave them to the monkeys and the other animals. Everybody began to chew; and the Tortoise went away to a distance about the length of one field (*sebad kinamat*), where he could get out of sight, under shelter of some trees. Then he called to the monkeys, "All of you are eating monkey, just like your own body: you are chewing up one of your own family."

At that, all the monkeys were angry, and ran screaming to catch the Tortoise. But the Tortoise had hid under the felled trunk of an

¹ See footnote 5, p. 32.

² A white powder (calcined shell) that is sprinkled on the betel-nut. It is made by burning certain shells to ashes, and mixing with water.

³ The stem of a mountain-plant that is chewed in lack of betel-nut. It blackens the teeth, like betel.

old *palma brava* tree. As each monkey passed close by the trunk where the Tortoise lay concealed, the Tortoise said, "Drag your membrum! here's a felled tree" (*Sūpa tapo! basiō'*).¹

Thus every monkey passed by clear of the trunk, until the last one came by; and he was both blind and deaf. When he followed the rest, he could not hear the Tortoise call out, "*Sūpa tapo! basiō'*;" and his membrum struck against the fallen trunk. He stopped, and became aware of the Tortoise underneath. Then he screamed to the rest; and all the monkeys came running back, and surrounded the Tortoise, threatening him.

"What do you want?" inquired the Tortoise.

"You shall die," cried the monkeys. "Tell us what will kill you. We will chop you to pieces with the axe."

"Oh, no! that won't hurt me in the least," replied the Tortoise. "You can see the marks on my shell, where my father used to cut my body: but that didn't kill me."

"We will put you in the fire, then, and burn you to death," chorussed the monkeys. "Will that do?"

"Fire does not hurt me," returned the Tortoise. "Look at my body! See how brown it is where my father used to stick me into the fire."

"What, then, is best to kill you?" urged the monkeys.

"The way to kill me," replied the Tortoise, "is to take the punch used for brass, *bulit*,² and run³ it into my rectum. Then throw me into the big pond, and drown me."

Then the monkeys did as they were told, and threw him into the pond. But the Tortoise began to swim about in the water.

Exultantly he called to the monkeys, "This is my own home: you see I don't drown." And the lake was so deep that the monkeys could not get him.

Then the monkeys hurried to and fro, summoning all the animals in the world to drink the water in the lake. They all came, — deer, pigs, jungle-fowl, monkeys, and all the rest, — and began to drink. They covered their *pagindis*⁴ with leaves, so that the water could not run out of their bodies. After a time, they had drunk so much that the lake became shallow, and one could see the Tortoise's back.

But the red-billed bakaka-bird that lived in a tree by the water was watching; and as quick as the back of the Tortoise came into sight, the bird flew down and picked off the leaves from the *pagindis*

¹ *Basiō'*, term used of any old *palma brava* tree that has been broken down or felled, and lies on the ground (*sūpa*, "drag," "lower;" *tapo*, "penis").

² A short, pointed iron tool; used to punch ornamental designs in brass ornaments, especially bracelets and leglets.

³ In a slightly different version, the tortoise tells the monkeys to bore into his ear with the *tuk*, a brass wire that forms a part of the hinge of a betel-box.

⁴ The distal opening of the urethra.

of the deer. Then the water ran out from their bodies until the lake rose again, and covered the Tortoise. Satisfied, the bird flew back into the tree. But the deer got fresh leaves to cover their *pagindis*, and began to drink again. Then the bird flew to the monkeys, and began to take the leaves from their *pagindis*; but one monkey saw him doing it, and slapped him. This made the bird fall down, and then all the monkeys left the Tortoise in the lake, and ran to revenge themselves on the bird.

They snatched him up, pulled out every one of his feathers with their fingers, and laid him naked upon the stump of a tree. All the animals went home, leaving the bird on the stump.

Two days later, one Monkey came to look at the Bakaka. Little feathers were beginning to grow out; but the Monkey thought the bird was dead.

"Maggots are breeding in it," said the Monkey.

Three more days passed, and then the Monkey came again. The Bakaka's feathers had grown out long by that time; and the Monkey said, "It was all rotten, and the pigs ate it."

But the bird had flown away. He flew to the north until he reached a meadow with a big *tual*-tree in the middle. The tree was loaded with ripe fruit.¹ Perched on one of the branches, the bird ate all he wanted, and when done he took six of the fruit of the *tual*, and made a necklace for himself. With this hung round his neck, he flew to the house where the old Monkey lived, and sat on the roof. He dropped one *tual* through the roof, and it fell down on the floor, where all the little monkey-children ran for it, dancing and screaming.

"Don't make such a noise!" chided the old Monkey, "and do not take the *tual*, for the Bakaka will be angry, and he is a great bird."

But the bird flew down into the house, and gave one *tual* to the old Monkey.

"That is good," said the old Monkey, tasting it. "Tell me where you got it." But the bird would not tell. Then the old monkey stood up, and kissed him, and begged to be taken to the *tual*-tree.

At last the Bakaka said to all the monkeys, "Three days from now you may all go to the *tual*-tree. I want you *all* to go, the blind monkey too. Go to the meadow where the grass grows high, and there, in the centre of the meadow, is the *tual*-tree. If you see the sky and the air black, do not speak a word; for if you speak, you will get sick."

At the set time, all the monkeys started for the meadow, except one female monkey that was expecting a baby. The deer and all the other animals went along, except a few of the females who could not go. They all reached the meadow-grass; and the monkeys climbed up the *tual*-tree that stood in the centre of the field, until all the branches were

¹ A small edible fruit with an acid pulp and red-and-white skin.

full of monkeys. The birds and the jungle-fowl flew up in the tree; but the deer and the other animals waited down on the ground.

Then the sky grew black, for the Bakaka and the Tortoise were going around the meadow with lighted sticks of *balekayo*,¹ and setting fire to the grass. The air was full of smoke, and the little monkeys were crying; but the old Monkey bit them, and said, "Keep still, for the Bakaka told us not to speak."

But the meadow-grass was all ablaze, and the flames crept nearer and nearer to the tual-tree. Then all the monkeys saw the fire, and cried, "Oh! what will become of us?"

Some of the birds and most of the chickens flew away; but some died in the flames. A few of the pigs ran away, but most of them died. The other animals were burned to death. Not a single monkey escaped, save only the female monkey who staid at home. When her baby was born, it was a boy-monkey. The mother made it her husband, and from this pair came many monkeys.

It was the same with the deer. All were burned, except one doe who staid at home. When her little fawn was born, it was a male. She made it her husband, and from this one pair came many deer.

7. THE CROW AND THE GOLDEN TREES

The liver of the crow is "medicine" for many pains and for sickness. On this account the Bagobo kills the crow so that he may get his liver for "medicine." The liver is good to eat, either cooked or raw. If you see a crow dead, you can get its liver and eat some of it, and it will be "medicine" for your body.

The crow never makes its nest in low-growing trees, but only in tall, big trees. Far from here, the old men say, in the land where the sun rises, there are no more living trees; for the scorching heat of the sun has killed them all, and dried up the leaves. There they stand, with naked branches, all bare of leaves. Only two trees there have not died from the heat. The trunks of these trees are of gold, and all their leaves of silver. But if any bird lights on one of these trees, it falls down dead. The ground under the two trees is covered with the bones of little birds and big birds that have died from perching on the trees with the golden trunks and the silver leaves. These two trees are full of a resin that makes all the birds die. Only the crow can sit on the branches, and not die. Hence the crow alone, of all the birds, remains alive in the land of the sunrise.

No man can get the resin from these trees. But very long ago, in the days of the Mona, there came a Malaki T'oluk Waig to the trees. He had a war-shield that shone brightly, for it had a flame of fire

¹ A light-weight bamboo with slender, thorny branches, very inflammable, and used where a rapid-burning and intense fire is needed (*bale* ["house"], *kayo* ["wood"]). This wood is extensively used in building the lighter parts of the framework of a house.

always burning in it. And this Malaki came to the golden trees and took the precious resin from their trunks.

V. AN ATA STORY¹

ALĒLŪ'K AND ALĒBŪ'TUD²

AlĒlŪ'k and AlĒbŪ'tud lived together in their own house. They had no neighbors. One day AlĒlŪ'k said to his wife, "I must go and hunt some pigs."

Then he started out to hunt, taking with him his three dogs. He did not find any wild pigs; but before long he sighted a big deer with many-branched antlers. The dogs gave chase and seized the deer, and held it until the man came up and killed it with the sharp iron spike that tipped his long staff (*tidalan*³). Then the man tied to the deer's antlers a strong piece of rattan, and dragged it home.

When he reached his house, his wife met him joyfully; and they were both very happy, because they had now plenty of meat. They brought wood and kindled a fire, and fixed over the fire a frame of wood tied to upright posts stuck into the ground. On the frame they laid the body of the deer to singe off the hair over the flames. And when the hair was all burned off, and the skin clean, AlĒlŪ'k began to cut off pieces of venison, and AlĒbŪ'tud got ready the big clay pot, and poured into it water to boil the meat. But there was only a little water in the house, so AlĒbŪ'tud took her bucket (*sekkadu*⁴), and hurried down to the river. When she reached there, she stood with her bare feet in the stream, and dipped the bucket into the stream, and took it out full of water. But, just as she turned to climb up the river-bank, an enormous fish jumped out of the river, seized her, dragged her down, and devoured her.

At home, AlĒlŪ'k was watching for his wife to come back bringing the water. Day after day he waited for her, and all day long he was crying from sorrow.

The man (AlĒlŪ'k) symbolizes a big black ant that makes its nest in a hollow tree. The woman (AlĒbŪ'tud) is a little worm that lives in the *palma brava* tree. The fish is another man who carried off AlĒlŪ'k's wife.

NEW YORK.

¹ This story came to the Bagobo from a young man of the Ata tribe, whose habitat is the mountainous country in the interior, to the northwest of the Gulf of Davao.

² "AlĒlŪ'k" and "AlĒbŪ'tud" are Ata names, for which the Bagobo forms are respectively Bungen and Batol.

³ The long handle or rod of a spear, tipped with a sharp-pointed iron cone; equally useful for killing animals, and, driven into the ground, for supporting the spear when at rest. The same name (*tidalan*) is applied to the shaft of a spear lacking the blade, and carried by old people like a mountain-staff.

⁴ A vessel formed of a single internode of bamboo, in which water is brought from the river, and kept in the house.

EUROPEAN FOLK-TALES COLLECTED AMONG THE
MENOMINEE INDIANS

BY ALANSON SKINNER

I. AIINI

AIINI lived in the wilderness, and set out to find some Indians. These Indians knew he was coming, and tried their best to prevent it by their magic. Aiini learned of this; but he paid no attention, and set off with his bow and arrows. As he journeyed along, he shot some partridges and plucked out their tail and wing feathers, and carried the feathers with him.

When he approached a house where he knew that he was not wanted, he got his feathers ready, and, when the dogs came out to bark at him, he threw away the feathers, which became partridges; and the dogs pursued them while he slipped off behind the lodge.

The inhabitants of the house heard the noise, and sprang up, crying, "Maybe Aiini is coming." But just then the birds flew up. "Oh! the dogs are after some partridges," they cried. "Let us go and shoot them, they are sitting on the trees."

So Aiini escaped while they were hunting the birds, and continued on his journey. After a time he came upon two mice sitting at the door of their den; but Aiini knew that these were really two old women who had knives in their elbows, ready to kill any stranger who passed by. Aiini knew the old hags were on the watch, so he took his bow, and poked at the door of their lodge. There were little bells hanging on it, and they rang when he shook them. The old women thought it was Aiini himself going in, so they stabbed at the noise with their elbows, and struck each other. One of them cried out in a loud voice, "Oh, you have killed me!" and the other shouted the same words: so they both died from their wounds.

Aiini then proceeded, and as he travelled he came to the shore of the ocean, which he followed. After a while he came to a wigwam and went in. He saw an old man lying there, and on the opposite side of the lodge a woman was sitting. Aiini took his place beside her. The woman asked him where he was going, and he replied that he had come from his home in the forest, and was travelling to see the world. Then Aiini asked if he might stay in the lodge for a while.

"Why, I think it would not be safe for you," she replied. "My father is a very bad fellow, he would soon kill you."

"Pshaw!" said Aiini. "I can take care of myself."

While they were talking, the old man rose, and sat up on the ground

near the fire; in the mean while he looked around and saw Aiini. The woman then prepared supper, and all three ate together. Aiini decided to remain there in spite of the woman's warning; and after a few days, when the old man found out that his unwelcome guest was lingering, he said to his daughter, "Ask Aiini if he will go with me to a certain island to gather sea-gulls' eggs."

"Oh, yes! I'll go with him," responded Aiini to the woman's question. So they started out together.

"We'll have to drag my canoe some distance," said the old man. "It's way up on the dry land."

"Oh, it won't take long," said Aiini, "to get it to the water." So they went after the boat, and brought it to the ocean. The old man told Aiini to sit in one end while he sat in the other, and they started.

"*Nitos majia*" ("my boat go")! said the old fellow; and the canoe started off by itself. Whenever it slowed down, he repeated these words, and it was not long before they reached the island, where there were numerous sea-gulls.

There was a fine sand-bar there, so the old man told Aiini to follow the shore while he took the opposite direction, and they would meet on the other side of the island: so off they set. But the old man hung back and watched Aiini; and, as soon as he was out of sight, the old fellow got into his canoe, and cried, "*Nitos majial*"

Just then Aiini became suspicious, and sauntered back in time to see the old man marooning him. He whooped as loudly as he could, and called, "What are you leaving me for?" But the old chap paid no attention, he only called to the sea-gulls, "You used to ask me to give you an Indian to eat."

So the gulls gathered around Aiini, and were about to devour him, when he addressed them, saying, "Why do you wish to eat me? I thought you granted your power to me? You promised to help me when I was in trouble."

So he talked to them until they recognized him; and they cried, "Oh! this is Aiini to whom we granted our power."

"Take me across this ocean!" cried Aiini.

"How can we do it?" they asked. "You're too big!"

"I can make myself small," vowed Aiini.

Then one of the largest of the gulls made reply. "All right! If you can make yourself small, we will carry you."

So Aiini made himself small. And he got on the largest sea-gull and started to fly back, while several other gulls accompanied the large gull, in case it tired out. When they were halfway over, they could see the old man in his canoe below them.

"Void your excrement upon him!" ordered Aiini. And the gulls did so, hitting him on his breast as he lay in his boat.

"So that's the way they treat me after I have given them something to eat!" he cried, disgusted.

The gulls carried Aiini safely to the shore, and he went back to the lodge. When he arrived, the woman asked him what had happened to the old man; and Aiini replied that he was on his way. When the old man returned and found Aiini there before him, he was ashamed.

After a few days, he asked his daughter again if the lad would go out to the island with him; and she said to the young man, who was now her husband, "The old man wants to go and catch some young crows on another island. They're big enough for us to eat. Will you go with him?"

"Oh, n'hau" ("yes, I'll go")! cried Aiini.

So they started out. They got into the enchanted canoe, and the old man cried, "*Nitos majia*" ("my canoe go")! and off they went. At last they arrived at the island.

"You go around the shore that way, my son-in-law," said the old man, "and I'll go in the opposite direction." Aiini thought he would serve the old man in the same way that he had been treated: so he hung back, and, when the old man was gone, he ran to the canoe, and cried, "*Nitos majia!*" and off he went.

The old man heard and rushed back, wailing, "*Nitcimân! pon, pon, pon*" ("my canoe! wait, wait, wait")! The canoe stopped dead.

"*Nitos majia!*" cried Aiini, and started off again.

So he managed to keep on going, a little at a time, until at last he got out of sight, despite the old man. Then Aiini called to the crows, "Here! come and eat this old Indian that I've brought you!"

At last Aiini got home, and dragged the canoe high on the shore. His wife asked him, "Where is my father?"

"I guess he must have started before I did," replied Aiini.

When, however, the old man failed to return, Aiini said to his wife, "Let's move away." So they withdrew to a nook in the forest.¹

In the course of time, they acquired cattle and a little farm. Ainii was a skilful card-player. One day he said to his wife, "I'm going out for a walk, just for pleasure. You stay at home and keep house." "*N'hau!*" said she: so Aiini went away. As he walked along, he met a man.

¹ The elements of the evil father-in-law and the visit to the gull island for eggs, the magic canoe, and the escape, are found among the eastern Cree (Alanson Skinner, "Notes on the Eastern Cree and Northern Saulteaux," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ix, Part 1 [1911], p. 90) and the northern Saulteaux (*ibid.*, p. 170). The "awl elbow witches" occur among the eastern Cree in another tale (*ibid.*, p. 94). The story is no doubt one of the best known of Algonkin tales. In the Menominee version here presented, the Indian part of the story ends at this point, and to it has been welded a typically European story, probably derived through the French *voyageurs*.

"Where are you going?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, just taking a walk," replied Aiini.

They stood talking a while, and at last they fell to gambling. They made many bets, all of which were won by Aiini, until at last the stranger, having lost all his goods, bet his pouch.

"What is your pocketbook good for?" asked Aiini.

The other fellow shook it four times by way of answer, and it was full of money. "If I hit it five times, there would never be anything in it," he explained. So Aiini accepted the bet. The stranger hit the purse five times, and lost it. Aiini won it, and they parted.

Soon Aiini met another stranger. "Where are you going?" he inquired of Aiini.

"Oh, I am travelling around the country, gambling," answered the hero.

So they sat down and gambled, and Aiini won everything the stranger had, except an object wrapped up in a tablecloth, and this he offered to bet. Aiini wanted to know what it was, and the man told him that it was a tablecloth. Aiini asked to see it, and the stranger undid it for him to look at.

"Whatever you want to eat will always appear on this tablecloth," he said.

"Let's eat, then," suggested Aiini.

"*N'haul*!" cried the stranger; and they desired food to appear on the cloth. It did so, and they feasted.

When they had eaten, the stranger offered to bet it; and Aiini won it too. They parted, and Aiini carried the cloth with him. Whenever he was hungry, he took out his cloth, spread it, and had whatever he desired for dinner. As he travelled along, he met a man carrying a fiddle. He told the newcomer that he was travelling around, card-playing, and they sat down to gamble. The stranger lost all his money to Aiini, and finally offered to bet his fiddle. Aiini asked him what it was.

"I'll show you," said the stranger, commencing to play. "If there are any people here, they'll have to dance, and they can't stop until I quit playing."

Aiini accepted the bet, and won the violin also; and then he set off on his travels again. At last he came to a great body of water. He walked along the shore, and as he trudged on, he saw a man playing on the surface of the water. After he had watched for some time, he appeared in full view. As soon as the man saw Aiini, he came ashore.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm just taking a walk for pleasure. What are you doing there?"

"Oh, I was just having a little fun by myself."

"Oh! Can you play cards?"

"Oh, yes! I can. Let's play." So they did. They played for money; Aiini won.

"I'll bet you my magic moccasins."

"What are they good for?"

"You saw what they can do. The one who wears them can play right on the surface of the water."

Aiini won the moccasins too.

Aiini set off again along the shore. As he travelled along, all at once he came to a lodge. He peeped in, and there sat an old lady. "*Nima noko*" ("well, grandmother"), "is this where you keep yourself?"

"Eh, yes!" said the old lady.

"I want to ask you a question. Is there any one around here who can play cards?"

"Yes; I don't know any one near by, but a long ways off." She walked out and looked over the lake. "I'll tell you where the good player is," and she pointed over across the water. "It's impossible for you to get over there and play him."

"Oh, I can get there, if I only know the right direction."

The old lady pointed out the place very accurately. Aiini put on his magic moccasins and started over. The old lady told him that the man lived in a little village. He finally arrived and went right to the centre of the village. Several men were standing loafing, and they saw him approaching over the water.

"Oh! there comes some one who is somebody; guess we'd better notify our chief."

So one man ran to tell him all about Aiini. The chief came out and looked too.

"Don't say anything!" ordered the chief, and went back to his lodge. Aiini landed, and took off his shoes. He walked up to the bystanders, who greeted him, asking, "Who are you? what do you want?"

"I'm just going around for pleasure."

They kept on inquiring, and at last he told them that he was searching for a good card-player, and said he had been directed there to find one.

"Why, yes! there is one here." They pointed out his very lodge. One of them went to fetch him. The gambler sent for Aiini, and Aiini went to him.

"What do you want here?"

"I want to find some one who can really play cards." They commenced to play; and Aiini lost all his money, but did not bet his things. He stopped playing that time. Whenever this gambler won from any one, he had him thrown into prison. Aiini was taken there at

once. There were a lot of men and women already confined there. Aiini was never hungry, for he had his sacred tablecloth. He would invite all his fellow-prisoners to eat with him.

A couple of days later, he said to the others, "We are so lonesome in here! Let's have some fun!"

"What can we do?"

"I'll show you!" He took out his violin, and tuned it up. When he began to play, all the captives began to dance. Nobody could help it, the music was so lovely. Of course he would let them rest from time to time. Some people outside could hear the fiddling. They gathered in a crowd to watch the fun. The chief got various messengers to go in and try to stop Aiini; but, when they got into the prison, each had to dance. At last he sent a couple of his daughters, and they commenced to dance too. Then he sent his wife to stop it. She went, and danced too. When the gambler chief heard this, he got angry and ran in. The minute he got through the door, he had to dance too. He shouted to Aiini to stop fiddling.

"No, I won't stop!"

He was bound to make them all keep on dancing. "The only thing I will quit for, will be all the money you have."

The chief made no reply, but kept on dancing. Every little while he would tell Aiini to stop. "Not unless I get all your money," was his reply.

The daughters became so played out, they begged their father to have mercy upon them. At last the gambler became so exhausted, that he agreed to Aiini's terms. So he stopped. The dancers were puffing like roosters that had been fighting. Aiini put up the fiddle and went for the money, which the gambler gave up to him. But Aiini gave a little back to them. "You needn't starve entirely; keep this to live on," he said.

He put on his shoes and went back where he came from. When he got home, he found the same old lady that had directed him.

"O grandma! I found that gambler," he said.

Then he went home to his wife, carrying all his spoils. He told her all about his good time.

"I did not have much bad luck, except at first," said he.

Some time afterwards he set out on his travels again. This time he went in a different direction. He soon met a man who wore a red cap.

"Where are you going?" said the stranger to Aiini.

"Oh! I am going around, trying to play cards."

"Why, so am I!"

They then started in to play. Aiini won.

"You've got all my money, now I'll bet my life for one year; I'll work for you during that time."

They played, and Aiini won. Aiini took him home and set him to work. At the end of a year he went to Aiini. He was angry because he had had to work a year for nothing.

"We'll play cards again," he said.

He bet himself again for one year, and was beaten again. He had to work again. At the end of the year they played again for the same stakes. This time Aiini lost, and he had to work as the slave of the other for a year: so he asked permission to tell his wife what to do during his absence. The man with the red cap went home, after telling Aiini to come next day and work. Aiini did so as soon as possible. The man with the red cap did not tell Aiini where to go when he told him to come, and Aiini did not know where to go. He went as far as he saw the man go. As he followed, he came to a great lake. Near the beach was a bark lodge. He went over and looked in. There sat an old woman.

"*Maa, noko*, I have something to ask you. Do you know where the man with a red cap lives?"

The old lady stepped outside, and, looking over the water, she pointed to a spot on the other side.

"That's where he lives," said she.

Aiini told the old dame how the man had worked for him two years, and that now he must work one in return, since he was beaten.

"You can never get over there!" said the old lady. "I'll tell you what we can do. I've got a little canoe. I'll ferry you over to the island, then I'll come back and you can stay there. To-morrow morning four girls, daughters of Red-Cap, will come there and swim, and you can see them."¹

They got into the canoe. "*Nitos majia*" ("my canoe go")! said she; and off they went, and soon reached the island.

"The four girls are coming to-morrow morning. You hide on the beach, cover yourself with sand. There are three of them who are dark, and one of them who is light. In this way they are like doves. Watch the white one, but be careful not to let them see you; if they do, they won't land. Also watch closely where they put their clothes."

Aiini did as he was told, and, as soon as the girls were in swimming (they were soon way out on a shallow sand-bar), he ran out and stole the white girl's clothes. When they were done, the white dove could not find her clothes.

"Where are my clothes? I put them there!" she cried; but she could not find them, and so she had to stay naked. When the others had dressed, they flew away, leaving their unfortunate sister behind, weeping.

¹ Compare the following part of the story with the Shuswap tale, "The Gambler's Son and Red-Cap" (James Teit, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. II, p. 727).

When Aiini saw the girl was alone, he came out. She asked, "Did you take my clothes?"

"No, I don't know anything about them!"

The girl cried so much, that Aiini said, "If I get your clothes, will you take me over to the man with the red cap?"

"Oh, yes! That's my father."

He gave her the clothes, and she dressed up and became a dove.

"Make yourself as small as you can, so that I can carry you."

He did so, asking, "Am I small enough?"

"Yes! Get on my back." She flew home with him, and took him to a place just a little way from her father's house. When she alighted, she advised Aiini:

"My father will ask you to clean up the house. I will bring you your meals, and I'll help you all I can, because you gave me back my clothes."

So he went to Red-Cap's house to see him. The girls lived in a different house by themselves. Aiini reported; and his master said, "Well, you got here?"

"Yes; but I hardly succeeded, as you didn't show me the way."

"I've often heard that you were powerful, so I thought you would know what to do."

He showed Aiini a place to sweep, and told him what he desired him to do next day. He handed him a shovel.

"There's a barn near here with a lot of cattle. It has not been cleaned for fifteen years; but you are to clean it."

Red-Cap took Aiini over to the barn, and, when they got there, the manure was about four feet deep. Aiini took off his coat and got to work. By noon he had only a little bit done. White-Dove brought him his dinner.

"How much have you accomplished?" He showed her.

Aiini ate his dinner with the girl sitting beside him. All at once the girl asked him if she couldn't louse him. She put his head on her knees and began to look for her game. He soon fell asleep, and slept for quite a while, and when she woke him up, he was astonished. He began to think about his work. They both went to the barn; but when they got there, it was perfectly clean.

"Well, that's as much as I can do for you," she said.

Aiini was grateful to the White-Dove. And she said to him, "That is your reward for finding my clothes; I'll always help you. My father will set you to another task to-morrow. I am going to leave you now, and will not come home till evening."

That night they went to bed. The next day, Aiini was told to dig a well. Red-Cap showed him where to begin, and gave him a shovel. Aiini commenced to dig; but he did not have very much done at noon,

when White-Dove brought him his dinner. After they had eaten, White-Dove said, "How much have you done?"

"Oh, not much!"

"Sit down and let me louse you."

Aiini did so, and soon fell asleep. When he awoke, he remembered his work.

"Go and look at it," said the girl.

The well was already dug. She told him to stay till evening, and then went home. He came in at dark, and told Red-Cap the well was done. Red-Cap was pleased, and they went to bed.

The next day he was taken by Red-Cap, who gave him an axe, and he was led to a great farm of a hundred acres, and was told to clear it and fence it. It took him all the morning to chop down one tree and cut it up. The girl brought his dinner as usual, and after it he told her how much he had cleared. She loused him, and he soon went to sleep, and slept until she woke him and told him to attend to his work. When he looked around, the farm was cleared and a fence made. She told him to stay there till evening. In the evening, Aiini went home, and when he got there, the boss asked him how much he had done that day.

"Oh, I'm through!" replied Aiini.

They went and looked at the farm. Red-Cap was surprised, and then they retired. Next day, Red-Cap told Aiini to catch a horse for him, and he gave him a halter. Aiini could not catch him. He ran like a deer, and Aiini grew discouraged. At noon the girl came with his dinner.

"How are you succeeding?" she asked.

"I can never catch him!" he replied.

She loused him to sleep, and when he woke, he went to catch the horse, but found him caught and tied, ready for him.

The girl advised, "You are through now: otherwise, you would have had to work one year. It's all on my account that your time has been shortened. My father will give you one more task to-morrow. He is going to take you to his trunk and open it. He'll take out and offer you four knives. Be sure to choose the white-handled one, that means me. The other three are my sisters." So he did. Red-Cap took him to the trunk, and offered him his choice of the four knives. He chose the white-handled one. The girl had promised Aiini to take him home, so she did, across the ocean.

"I guess you can get home from here," she said.

2. FOX AND WOLF

Very long ago there were two men living together, and making maple-sugar. They made one *mokok* ("bark box") of sugar, and then they

cached it away, burying it, and said to each other, "We will let it remain here until we are very hungry."

The younger man was a Fox, and he was a good hunter. Every time he went out, he brought home chickens or small wild game. The other man was a greedy Wolf, and he never killed anything, or brought anything home: so Fox thought he would play a trick on his chum for being lazy.

"You ought to go over to that house," said Fox to Wolf. "Maybe they will give you something to eat. When I went over there, they gave me a chicken."

So Wolf went over as he was told. When he got to the house, he did not hide himself, but went in open sight. The owner of the house saw the Wolf coming up, so he set his dogs on him to drive him away; and Wolf escaped only by running into the river.

"So it is this one that takes off our chickens!" said the man.

When Wolf arrived at his home, he told his younger brother, Fox, "Why, I hardly escaped from that man!"

"Why!" said Fox to him. "They did not recognize you; that's why." But Wolf made no answer.

While they were in the house together, Fox went outside, and cried, "*He!*" to deceive Wolf.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Wolf.

"Oh! they have come after me to give a name to a child."

"Then you'd better go over. Maybe they will give you something to eat."

Instead of going, however, Fox went to their cache of maple-sugar, and ate some of it. When he returned, Wolf asked him, "What did you name the baby?"

"*Mokimon*," replied Fox; and this word means to "reveal" or "dig out" something you have hidden.

At another time, while they were sitting together, Fox said, "*He!*" and "Oh, yes!"

"What's that?" inquired Wolf.

"Oh! I am called to give a name to a newborn baby."

"Well, then, go. Maybe they will give you something to eat."

So Fox went and returned.

"What's the name of the child?" asked Wolf.

This time, Fox answered, "*Wapiton*," and this word means "to commence to eat."

At another time, Fox cried out, "*He!*" and "All right!" as though some one had called to him, "I'll come."

"What's that?" asked Wolf.

"They want me to go over and name their child."

"Well, then, go," says Wolf. "You always get something to eat every time they want you."

So Fox went, and soon returned. Wolf asked him again, "What name did you give it?"

"*Hapata kilon*," answered Fox; that is to say, "half eaten."

Then another time Fox cried "*Hel*" as if in answer to some one speaking to him, and then, as though some one called from the distance, "*Haul*!"

Wolf, as he did not quite hear, asked Fox what the matter was.

"Oh, nothing!" replied Fox, "only they want me to come over and name their child."

"Well, then, you'd better go. Maybe you'll get a chance to eat; maybe you'll fetch me something too."

So Fox started out, and soon returned home.

"Well, what name did you give this time?" asked Wolf.

"*Noskwaton*," said Fox; and this means "all licked up."

Then Wolf caught on. "Maybe you are eating our stored maple-sugar!" he cried. But Fox sat still and laughed at him.

Then Wolf went over and looked at their cache. Sure enough, he found the empty box with its contents all gone, and pretty well licked up. Meantime Fox skipped out, and soon found a large tree by the river, leaning out over the water. He climbed into its branches and hid there. Presently the angry Wolf returned home, and, not finding Fox, tracked him to the tree. Wolf climbed part way to Fox without seeing him, as he was on the branches. Then Wolf was afraid, and while he was hesitating, he happened to look at the water, and there he saw the reflection of Fox laughing at him on the surface. The Wolf, in a fury, plunged into the bottom of the stream, but of course failed to catch Fox. He tried four times, and after the fourth attempt he was tired, and quit jumping in for a while. While he was resting, he looked up and saw Fox laughing at him. Then Wolf said to Fox, "Let's go home and make up;" for he thought in his heart that anyway Fox was feeding him all the time.

By and by it became winter. Fox frequently went out, and returned with abundance of fish.

"How do you manage to get so many?" asked Wolf.

"You'd better go out and try for yourself," said Fox. "The way I do, when I am fishing, is to cut a hole in the ice. I put my tail in, instead of a line, and I remain there until I feel bites. I move ahead a little to let the fish string on my tail; but I stay a long time, until I get a great many fish on my tail. When it feels pretty heavy, I jerk it out, and catch all I want."

Fox was in hopes that he could get Wolf frozen to death in the ice, and so avoid the necessity of feeding him any longer. So he took Wolf out, and cut five holes in the ice, — one for his tail, and one for each paw, — telling him he could catch more fish that way. Wolf

staid there to fish all night. Every once in a while he would move his feet or tail a little, and they felt so heavy, he was sure he was getting a tremendous load; and he staid a little longer. In the mean time he was freezing fast in the ice. When he found out the predicament he was in, he jerked backwards and forwards again and again, until all the hair wore off his tail, and there he was. He thought he had let too many fish on his tail and feet to haul them out, and he worked hard to free himself. At last he wore his tail out at the surface of the ice, and pulled off his claws and the bottoms of his feet. Fox told him he had caught too many fish, and that they had bitten his tail and feet; and Wolf believed it.

Another time, Fox found a wasp's nest in a tree: so he went home and told Wolf that there was honey in it, and persuaded him to try and jump up and get it, on the plea that Wolf could jump higher than he could. As soon as Wolf set out to try, Fox ran away, and Wolf was nearly stung to death. Fox fled over a wagon-road to conceal his tracks, and as he travelled, he met a negro with a team, hauling a load of bread. Fox, cunning as he was, lay down on the side of the road and pretended that he was dead. The negro saw him lying there, and picked him up and put him in his wagon behind his load. Fox very presently came to, and, waiting for his chance, he would throw off a loaf of bread every now and then, till he had gotten rid of a good many. Then he jumped off, and carried the loaves to a secret place, where he built him a shelter, and prepared to live for a time.

In the mean time, Wolf came along, half starved, and crippled from his meddling with a live wasp's nest and from his fishing experience.

Fox fed him on his arrival, and said, "You ought to do the way I did. It's easy to get bread. I got mine by playing dead on the road. To-morrow the negro will pass by with another load; and you can watch for him and do as I did, and steal his bread."

Next morning, Wolf started out to watch the road, and pretty soon he saw the negro coming with a big load of bread: so he lay down beside the road, where the darky could see him, and played dead. The darky did see him, sure enough; and he stopped his team, and got off and got a big stick, and knocked Wolf over the head, and killed him dead for sure.

"I will not get fooled this time!" he said, "for yesterday I lost too many loaves of bread for putting a dead Fox in my wagon without examining him."

So he did take the Wolf home dead. That ended him, and since then Fox has eaten alone.

3. KITCIPAKAHAKONON NIPONATIK (THE ONE WHO ALWAYS GETS THE KEYS)

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a king by himself. He had a son whom he told to go about, sailing on the great water, peddling things. One day the son arrived at a place where there was an Indian village made up of long bark lodges and wigwams. All day long he watched in the place, but saw no one till at night the ghosts of the poor Indians arrived, and entered the lodges. They drummed and danced all night. They were so poor and miserable that the peddler gave all his goods to them. Then he returned to his home, where his father, the king, was expecting him.

When the ship came in sight, it rode high out of the water; and the king said, when he saw it, "He must surely have sold everything, and he must be bringing something back in return." But when the ship landed, there was nothing on board. But the king did not rebuke his son, when he told him that he had seen the poor Indians, and had given all that he had to them.

A second time the son loaded his ship and sailed out to a different place, and there he saw more Indians, to whom he gave all his things, instead of selling them. This occurred three times. Then his father grew angry, and ordered two soldiers, servants of his, to whip his son to death. They obeyed him, and left the young man lying on the ground, apparently dead. As the king's son lay there, he heard visitors during the night. The steps seemed to approach him, and he came to life, only to face a stranger, who raised him up, saying, "I pity you out of my mercy;" and this stranger was a Horse, who told him to get on his back, and carried him away to the land of another king.

When they arrived near the other king's home, the Horse told his rider, "Now go over yonder to that king, and tell him that you want to hire out as a cook." With these words, the Horse gave the king's son a bundle in which there was a little piece of magic paper.

"Now, if this king hires you as a cook," he said, "whenever you cook for him, put this little piece of paper into the food, to make it wonderful, and it will taste so good that he will be pleased. And, if ever you get into any trouble, just come right here to this place, and you will see me. I will always be here waiting for you."

Then the young man went to the king, and the king hired him; but the former cook, whom the king had discharged, was serving as watchman or door-tender, and he was very jealous of the new cook.

Now, it happened that this king had a strong desire to own a pair of wild ponies which lived near him. They looked just alike, and he had hired many persons to catch them for him; but they had always failed, for the ponies were savage, and would try to bite and kick

any one who approached them. Their roaming place was a certain small bit of forest and plain, where they might always be seen feeding. Now, it happened that the door-keeper thought of this, so he went to the king, and told him that the new cook said he could go and catch the wild ponies. It was a lie; but the king believed him.

"*Peast*" ("keep still")! whispered the king. "I'll ask the cook if he said that he could catch the wild ponies, and if he can, I will pay him dearly. I will give him my royal coat, if he brings them to me."

But when he sent for the new cook and asked him, the man replied, "Who could catch them? It is impossible."

"If you refuse me," roared the king, "I'll have you hung up to die in the morning."

The new cook cried in secret, and he bethought himself of his friend the Horse, and went to find him. When the Horse saw him crying, he asked him, "Why do you weep?" And when the cook told him, the Horse replied, "I have told you before that I would aid you whenever you were in trouble. I will give you something to rub on your hands, and you can go and easily catch those two ponies, and bring them to the village."

Then the young man went and told the king to get up early in the morning and get him the ropes to tie up the horses, for he would bring them back. The next morning he started away early, and soon found the wild ponies with their heads up high; and they looked very shy at him when they saw him approaching. But he rubbed on his hands what the Horse had given him, and showed it to the ponies, and they both came up to him and licked his fingers as though they were tame. Then he caught them, and took them to the border of the village.

At the edge of the town lived a rich man who had often desired to own the wild ponies, and the cook traded them off to him for two horses that looked exactly like them. Then he brought the tame horses back at night. When he arrived, he went to the king. "The horses are here," he said. "You can tell your servant, the watchman, to take care of them." The king whispered very softly, "I'll have him do so at once." Then he gave his cook his royal coat.

In the mean time the watchman wondered how he could make more trouble for the new cook, in order to have him killed: so he planned to tell the king to give another order.

The king had long known that in the middle ocean there was a dwelling-place of a great queen, and no one could ever get to her. So the watchman approached the king, and told him secretly that the new cook could go and bring the queen to his home. The home of this queen was beautiful and large; but no one could ever approach it to look at it. It was made of gold that shone, and eyes had not the power to behold it.

The king knew this, but he believed his watchman: so he sent for the new cook, and asked him if he said that he could fetch the beautiful queen. "Who could ever do that? It is impossible!" said the cook. "If you refuse me," said the king, "to-morrow morning I will have a rope put around your neck, and you will be hung up by it."

Then the cook went out and lay down, and wept for fear; but presently he recollected what the wonderful Horse had told him. So he went to their rendezvous. "What is the matter with you?" asked the Horse. "Why are you crying? You know that I have told you to come here and tell me your sorrows, and that I would help you out of the hardest of them. You may go back and tell the king to hurry up, and prepare and load a big ship with a cargo of goods and two barrels of whiskey. Then set sail to the queen's great home. On your way, not far from here, you will see Indians playing lacrosse along the bank. Among them there are two giants. Take them along with you to move your boat with one of your men."

Then the cook set sail. And when he found the giants, he gave to each a barrel of whiskey to drink, and they rowed for him; and the cook with one of his own men sat like passengers enjoying the ride, while the giants sped the boat forward. "If I manage to get the queen aboard," said the cook, "you giants will then sail up and turn the boat around, to confuse her, and row to the shore." Then he said to the other man, "You will hurry up and lock her doors with your keys, so she can't run back."

When the boat arrived, the queen opened her door and looked out, and she saw the cook was a beautiful, handsome man. "Come in and see my house," invited the queen, pleased at the sight. So the cook went in, and saw great treasures of all description in abundance.

"Come back to my ship and see my goods, and if you don't care to buy of me (as I see you have more than I), I would like to have you visit me anyway," said the cook to the queen.

"Well," said the queen, "I am not in need of anything, as I have all that is necessary."

"Come anyway," urged the cook. "I have come and seen your things, and you ought to make a return visit, as I have some silk ribbon hose that are very nice."

As the queen did not have any of them, she said, "I will go back and look at them." So she locked her door, but left the kitchen-door open, and went into the boat. Then the cook pretended to look for the silk stockings, but could not find them right away. After a while, however, he produced them, and the queen bought them. After she bought them, she wanted to go back to her home; but, when she would have left the boat, she found that they were already out of sight of her home, in the middle of the ocean.

When she saw this, she threw her keys into the water. The giants headed shoreward, and landed near where the king lived; and then the cook went out to tell his master. "I have brought the queen to you, now marry her." The king went to the boat, but he could not get the queen to leave it: so he returned to his home. Then the cook went, and he easily brought the woman as far as the kitchen.

The queen refused to marry the king, and he, in desperation, tried to make himself beautiful. He washed his face and his head so much, that soon all his hair came out and left him bald, and in the mean time he gave the cook his overcoat as a reward. The watchman, who happened to be near the queen, heard her say that she wished her house was near by: so he ran and told the king all that the queen had said, and he added, that she had said that, if she could only have her house, she would marry the king.

The next day the king told the cook to go and get the queen's beautiful house, and bring it there. "Who could do that?" said the cook. "It is impossible!"—"Well, if you don't do it, you will hang for it," said the king. The cook was sad, and lay down and wept. Then he thought of his Horse that had given his assistance. Then he got up, and went to the place where the Horse told him to¹ [go. The cook, following the advice of the Horse, secured the removal of the house. But the king, far from being satisfied, allowed the watchman to persuade him to send the cook after a bunch of keys that were at the bottom of the ocean. The cook demurred; but the king cried, "If you fail,] I will have a rope put on your neck, and you will hang up." And the cook went away, and lay down and wept, and forgot everything that the Horse had told him for a time, and then he remembered: so he went to the place where his protector was.

This time the Horse told him to sail out into the middle ocean until he came to a place where he could see a school of minnows, like shiners, jumping out of the deep water. The Horse told him to throw a little piece of paper to the fishes. When the cook did this, the minnows were heard to say to each other, "Hurrah! The first one who fetches up the keys will be the king of all fishes." And while the cook's boat was waiting, the keys flew up out of the water into the bow of the boat, and hung there, jingling, where they were thrown by the silver-bass.

Then the cook turned around and sailed back homeward. He threw the keys to the king, telling him, "Now marry the queen, but first have your dear servant the watchman scour the rust off the keys." Then the king ordered the watchman to clean the keys, so that they would shine; and the watchman worked on them one whole day.

¹ Here a page of manuscript is missing, the substance of which is contained in the following bracketed matter.

When they were finished, he took them to the queen, and when he came back, he made up another lie, saying, "If you will have your good servant sit on a keg of powder, and dissolve some of the powder in the water, and daub it all over his body, you can blow him up without injury."

Then the king called the cook, and said to him, "To-morrow I will have you blown up with gunpowder, and then the queen will surely marry me." The cook was frightened, and he ran weeping to the Horse; and the Horse gave him part of his power, which was the sweat of his body, wrapped up in a piece of paper. He told the cook to dissolve this in the evening, and to bathe himself in it just before he went to bed, and he would become handsome. When he had washed himself, he appeared before the king, who got ready to blow him up, which he did; and as the smoke eddied away, the cook was still alive and very handsome. In the mean time the queen was looking on from her mansion, and wondering what was being done, when she saw the volumes of smoke rise up.

When the king saw that his servant, the cook, was so handsome, he said to him, "To-morrow morning you will have to blow me up with gunpowder, since you are so pretty." Then the king washed himself that night, and told the cook to hurry up and blow him up the following morning. Then the king went through the same performance, and was blown to atoms, and nothing was seen of him; and the queen came running down with a hatchet, and killed the watchman who caused all the trouble through his lies. Then she returned to her home, and the cook went back to visit his friend the Horse. The Horse told him, "I have done enough; I will part from you. And now you may marry that goddess queen-woman, and remain with her forever."

This is the end.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,
NEW YORK.

EUROPEAN FOLK-TALES AMONG THE PENOBSCOT

BY FRANK G. SPECK

I. THE DISOBEDIENT BOY WHO BECAME A PRINCE

HERE camps my story. A young man lived with his parents in a camp in the woods. Near by there was a mountain which his father told the boy never to cross, because trouble would come to him if he did. But one day when the boy was hunting, thinking it no harm, he went across the mountain. Looking around, he saw a new country. Just then a caribou appeared in front of him, and as he was about to shoot it, the Caribou said, "If you shoot me, you will some day kill your father." But the boy shot. When he had cleaned the meat, he heard the sound of chopping in the distance, and, thinking people were there, went down and found a lot of white men cutting down trees. When he talked with them, he learned that they had come from the king's country, and had a ship in the harbor, on which they were loading wood. The boy asked if he could go with them, and they gave him a job. When the boat was loaded, they sailed across the sea and landed in the king's country. Now the boy had only a little money, and so started out to get work. He worked a long while for a man, and at the end of his time the man gave him a penny, and the boy started travelling. Before he had gone far, he met a very old man sitting by the roadside, who begged help of him as he came along. So the boy divided his penny with the old man. "Now," said the old man, "you have been good to me, you are a good boy, and I will help you. Here are two sticks which will do whatever you tell them to do any time. Take care of them." With this the old man gave him a pair of sticks carved like a man and a woman.

When night came on, the boy stopped at a farmhouse; but, before going to sleep, he made the sticks dance for amusement, and later put them by his bed and told them to keep watch. During the night the farmer and his wife came to rob the boy, and the sticks jumped up and began pounding the farmer and his wife. They did not stop until the farmer promised to give the boy his old white horse. In the morning the boy took the horse and rode on his way. This was a magic horse, and every time he defecated he dropped gold-pieces. The boy got lots of gold, and travelled on.

Pretty soon he met another poor old man who begged help from him, and the boy gave him nearly all that he had. Soon bad luck came to him. His horse was stolen. As he went along after this, he had almost nothing, when an old man, like the first one, stopped him and said,

"You have been so good to me twice, that this time I will give you this little wagon. Every time you wish anything, get into this wagon, ride around in it, and your wish will be filled. Now, good-by."

Soon the boy got to London in his wonderful wagon, and was riding up and down the streets like some wonderful prince, everybody looking at him. It was only a small wagon, hardly large enough for his foot; but he went very fast. As he rode past the king's palace, the king's daughter heard the talk on the street, and looked out of her window to see what was coming by. Now, the boy, when he saw the beautiful girl, pointed his finger at her as he went by in his wagon. It was not long before the princess became pregnant and gave birth to a boy. The king was very angry; but he did not know how to find the child's father, until he was told that the child was born with a gold apple in its hand. A wise man told the king to call together all the men, and the one to whom the child handed the apple would be its father. The king called all the men of his kingdom to the palace, and all the suitors of the princess were wishing that the baby would hand them the apple; but each one passed by without anything happening, until the boy's turn came and the baby handed him the apple. The king was very angry to have to let his daughter marry an unknown man. So he declared, that, before the marriage could take place, all the suitors would have to go out in the world and get gold. The one who came home a year from that day, with the most gold, was to have the princess.

Now the young man did not know what to do, so, with his little wagon, he strolled down by the water to think. On the shore he saw the hulk of an old boat. Then an idea came to him. He got a friend, and made an arrangement with him to sail to the gold-country and get a load of gold. The friend did not believe he could make the old boat good; but the young man got into his little wagon, rode up and down, and wished the boat a big vessel, and so it was. Together they set sail, and began sailing to the gold-country. Before long a great storm came up, and water came into the boat. They expected to sink, and the boy's friend sat down crying. "Never mind," said the young man, "we will get through all right." And he began riding up and down the deck, wishing for a crew, until he had enough to handle the boat and ride out the storm. For a year they were gone, and he wished the boat full of gold to the gunwales. Upon the day set for the return, the other suitors came home, with different amounts of gold, and anchored in the harbor. The king was very glad to see that the Indian boy had not yet come, and hoped that he was lost. But at the last minute the boy and his boat, the largest of all and filled to the top with gold, came along. Now the king was angry, and began to plan how he could kill the boy before the marriage.

Then an invitation came from the boy for the king to come aboard and see the gold. The king took some soldiers with him and went, hoping to get a chance to kill him. But the boy was wise, and planned with his own men so that the king should stumble and fall when he tried to get aboard the stairway to the ship. When the king started to come up, they tripped him, and as he was about to fall into the water and drown, the boy dragged him out. Now, the king was glad to have his life saved. That day, when all the suitors showed their gold, the boy had more than all put together, and so was married to the princess and lived in the castle with his wife and son. So he became a prince, but he used to love to go away for weeks at a time, hunting in his old way. One time, while away hunting, his mother and father arrived from across the sea to visit him. They had heard of his great success. They arrived while he was gone, and the king put them to sleep in the prince's bed-room. The young prince came home one night suddenly, and went to his bed-room. He heard some people talking in his bed, and listened. He thought there was some man sleeping with his wife, and he drew his sword and cut at the man in the bed. Then he discovered that it was his own father he had killed, as the Caribou had said. Here it ends.

2. THE OLD DRUNKARD WHO BECAME THE KING'S GENERAL

There was once an old Indian who spent most of his time drinking. One day when he awoke from a drunken night's sleep, he found himself lying in his vomit, and swarms of flies crawling over him. When he got up to go about his business, he encountered a friend, who saw the flies covering his bare back. His friend slapped his back, smearing the dead flies in blotches. As the old man went along, he was proud of the spots on his back when people would turn about to stare at him as he passed by. Pretty soon he began telling people that the spots on his back stood for the number of enemies he had killed, he was so brave a man.¹ So he got the name of being a terrible warrior as he went on. By and by he came to the king's (*Kindjames*²) country, where a great war was being fought between the king's soldiers and the enemies, who were trying to take the land. When the king heard that such a great man was in his country, he sent for him. Now, the old man became very much frightened when he found that the king thought he was so brave. So when the king told him that he admired such a brave man, who had killed so many enemies, the old man was afraid, and tried to deny his fame. But the king would not hear of his backing down. "I am sure you are brave, because you are so modest," said

¹ The Penobscots used to paint emblems representing exploits upon their backs.

² *Kindjames* ("King James"), the term for "king," derived from King James I of England, 1566-1625.

he, "and I want you to lead my soldiers." So the king had the old man put upon a big white horse, and sent some soldiers with him to show him where the fighting was going on. The old man tried to back out, but they would not listen to him. So he had to start off to the fighting. As they came nearer, the noise could be heard, — all kinds of noises of fighting; and the old man got more and more frightened. Pretty soon the big white horse took fright and began tearing toward the battle. He was a great war-horse. The poor old man clung for his life. Now as they swept along, they dashed right through a burying-ground with the big wooden crosses, like trees, among the graves. As the big horse dashed beneath the arms of one of these crosses, the old man grabbed at it to get off the horse. But the old cross was rotten underneath, and it broke off at the ground when he grabbed it; and there he was tearing toward the battle on the big horse, carrying the big cross in his arms. As he came near, the king's army was being driven back; and the soldiers cheered him, and opened a way for him to pass through toward the enemy. He was nearly dead with fright. But when the enemy saw the big white horse and the man with the cross coming against them, they fell upon their knees and gave up. So the king's soldiers won the battle, and the old man was made the king's great general for his bravery.¹

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

¹ Compare E. Cosquin, "Le Tailleur et le Géant" (*Romania*, vol. v, 1876, p. 350, and notes); a version from Chile in *Biblioteca de Tradiciones populares de España*, vol. I, 1884, p. 121.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

THE Twenty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Jan. 1, 1913, at 10 A.M., in the Chemical Laboratory of the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, O., where the Society met in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The meeting was called to order by the Secretary, Dr. Charles Peabody.

Communications were presented as follows:

Miss ELEANOR HAGUE, "Notes on Ballad-Collecting."

Dr. GEORGE A. DORSEY, "Notes on Types of Conflicts in the Orient."

Professor GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT, "Mongolian Notes;" "Presentation of Heffer's Animal Forms in Stone from Texas."

PHILLIPS BARRY, "The Father and Son Combat in British Balladry" (read by the Secretary).

MOCK JOYA, "The Japanese New Year" (read by title).

The following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT, Professor John A. Lomax, University of Texas, Austin.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Professor G. L. Kittredge, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, Professor J. Walter Fewkes, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, Dr. Charles Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.

TREASURER, Mr. Eliot W. Remick, 300 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR, Professor Franz Boas, Columbia University, New York.

EDITOR of "Current Anthropological Literature" (for the Society), Dr. R. H. Lowie, American useum of Natural History, New York.

COUNCILLORS. For three years: Phillips Barry, J. B. Fletcher, A. F. Chamberlain. For two years: R. H. Lowie, E. K. Putnam, A. M. Tozzer. For one year: P. E. Goddard, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, S. A. Barrett. Past Presidents: Roland B. Dixon, J. R. Swanton, H. M. Belden. Presidents of local branches: F. W. Putnam, W. F. Harris, A. C. L. Brown, Miss Mary A. Owen, Joseph Jacobs, Robert A. Law.

On motion of Dr. Lowie, Resolutions were adopted on the death of Andrew Lang, expressing appreciation and sympathy. It was voted that the time and place of the next Annual Meeting be left to the decision of the Council to be held in the spring of 1913, the place to be determined after consultation with the Council of the American Anthropological Association.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The membership of the Society and the subscribing libraries present the following statistics:

	1911	1912
Honorary members.....	14	14
Life members.....	9	10
Annual members.....	357	340
Subscribing libraries.....	142	149

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

TREASURER'S REPORT¹

RECEIPTS

Balance from last statement.....	\$824.78
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1913.....	3.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1912.....	735.45
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1911.....	78.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1910.....	9.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1909.....	3.00
Receipts from life-membership dues.....	50.00
Subscriptions to the Publication Fund for the year 1912.....	164.50
Subscriptions to the Publication Fund for the year 1913.....	7.00
Sales of Memoirs through Houghton, Mifflin Company.....	142.69
Sales of Memoirs through Secretary.....	12.00
Sales of Journal ² through agencies.....	629.13
Dr. Felix Grendon, Brooklyn, N. Y., reprints.....	12.33
Interest, Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass.....	23.61
	<u>\$2694.49</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa., for manufacturing Journal of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 92-95.....	\$1192.48
American Anthropological Association, cost of composition of "Current Anthropological Literature".....	386.21
Storage of catalogue, "Tenth Memoir," for one year.....	12.60
Refund to Marietta College Library.....	.60
Refund to Miss Grace E. Barnard, dues for the year 1911.....	3.00
H. M. Hight, Boston, Mass., for printing envelopes.....	2.25
Treasurer's postage.....	10.72
Rebate to Cambridge Branch (M. L. Fernald, Treasurer, Cambridge, Mass.)...	17.50
Rebate to Boston Branch (S. B. Dean, Treasurer, Boston, Mass.).....	50.00
Rebate to Missouri Branch (Miss Idress Head, Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo.)	4.00
Rebate to Illinois Branch (H. S. V. Jones, Treasurer, Urbana, Ill.).....	4.50
Rebate to New York Branch (Stansbury Hagar, Treasurer, New York, N. Y.)..	2.00
Rebate to Texas Branch (Miss Ethel Hibbs, Treasurer, Galveston, Tex.).....	6.50
Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass., for collecting checks.....	5.30
	<u>\$1697.66</u>
Balance to new account.....	996.83
	<u>\$2694.49</u>

ELIOT W. REMICK, *Treasurer*.

Audited: CHARLES PEABODY,
ALFRED M. TOZZER.

¹ This covers the period from Dec. 21, 1911, to Dec. 27, 1912.

² Our current receipts for the year 1912 from the Journal of American Folk-Lore were \$1400.52, while the current expenses for the cost of manufacturing the Journal for the same time amounted to \$1685.06.

REPORT OF EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

In accordance with a vote passed at the Annual Meeting, 1911, of the American Folk-Lore Society, the bibliographical and review part of the Journal has been combined with the corresponding part of the "American Anthropologist," and is furnished to members in the form of a separate publication. Accordingly, a considerable number of pages of the Journal hitherto devoted to bibliographical matter have been made free for contributions; and the total number of pages of the Journal for the past year has been reduced correspondingly, so that, instead of 460 pages, the Journal embraces during the present year 384 pages, — the same size which it used to have in former years, with the difference, however, that the whole contents are devoted to contributions. This represents a gain of 48 pages for contributions.

It has been the constant endeavor of the Editor to make the Journal as strictly as possible a folk-lore journal, and to discourage the contribution of more general anthropological matter, which finds its place more properly in the pages of the "American Anthropologist." He believes this continued policy finds expression in the character of the Journal. It should be our endeavor to cultivate the folk-lore of all the various peoples inhabiting the American Continent, — Indians, English, French, Spanish, and other European nationalities, and Negroes. Thanks to the valuable assistance of Professor Kittredge, the department of English folk-lore, particularly in reference to folk-poetry, has shown remarkable development during the last few years. To a certain extent we have also been able to stimulate investigation on Negro folk-lore, although much more should be done on this line. For the past three years the Editor has endeavored particularly to develop a department of Spanish folk-lore, and much material is now coming in relating to this important subject.

Unfortunately, the printing of the index for the first twenty volumes of the Journal has not been taken up yet, owing to lack of funds. The Editor believes that the index will be of great help in making the Journal available to students, and that every effort should be made to provide the means necessary for its publication.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor*.

REPORT OF EDITORS OF "CURRENT ANTHROPOLOGICAL LITERATURE"

From the time of its foundation, at last year's Annual Meeting, there have appeared two numbers of "Current Anthropological Literature," representing a total of 176 pages. The third issue is in galley proof, and the sheets will soon be returned to the printers for make-up.

According to agreement between the two editors appointed at the Washington meeting, "Periodical Literature" remained under the

supervision of Professor Chamberlain; while the section on reviews, and the general management of the new Journal, were intrusted to Dr. Lowie. The managing Editor wishes to express his appreciation of the help repeatedly and ungrudgingly given by Mr. F. W. Hodge, whose long experience in editorial matters enabled him to give advice on many practical difficulties that stood in the way of the success of the new publication.

Acknowledgment is also due to the writers of reviews, and especially to those who have generously sent in voluntary contributions on works that had not been received by the Editors, but were too important to be ignored in a review publication.

Unfortunately the managing Editor has not yet succeeded in bringing to terms reviewers who accept works for review, and then do not furnish the promised notice, sometimes for years. The Editor has followed Dr. Swanton's advice, and kept a check-list of works sent in. He feels very keenly his responsibilities to the publishers and authors who furnish books for review, and has in some instances written three times to the would-be reviewers. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be any remedy beyond that of furnishing double reviews of the same work, — one to be written by the editors or some one directly under their control, and giving a superficial notice that shall satisfy the publisher; and a second, thorough-going account, to be penned, if possible, by a specialist in the field dealt with. The Editors invite discussion and advice on this important question and on the suggestion just made.

So far as the scientific conduct of "Current Anthropological Literature" is concerned, the aim of the Editors has been to secure fair and at the same time fearless expressions of opinion on new works, from the modern scientific point of view. This is especially desirable in a relatively new science like anthropology, where the principles of scientific method have not yet permeated all collaborators, and need to be constantly emphasized. Not only is this essential for the professional students, but also for that large body of outsiders who often make noteworthy contributions, but are hampered by the popular fallacies of what might be called "folk-anthropology." To expose this seems one of the worthiest aims of "Current Anthropological Literature." A specific recommendation which the managing Editor would like to make is, that properly qualified students should furnish reviews, not merely of individual books, but of the progress made in certain large fields during a fixed period, say the last two or three years. Such *résumés* are common in the German psychological journals. The articles contributed to the "American Anthropologist" by Professor MacCurdy, and dealing with progress in European archæology, indicate the type of contribution here suggested. Corresponding summaries of what has been achieved in physical anthro-

pology, in the wider problems of linguistics, as well as in the study of social organization and of the several large ethnographic areas, would do much to break down the bulkheads that confine the individual worker under the present pressure of specialist work.

Finally, a few words should be devoted to the financial side of our publication. From an unofficial statement by the Treasurer of the American Anthropological Association, it would appear that the cost of issuing "Current Anthropological Literature" as a joint publication of the Association and the American Folk-Lore Society, is considerably greater than the cost of publishing separately the review and periodical literature section of the "American Anthropologist" and "The Journal of American Folk-Lore." The reason for this difference, however, is not at all clear. Taking the issues of the Anthropologist for the last three years preceding the foundation of "Current Anthropological Literature," we find an average yearly output of 765 pages, of which about 164 pages were devoted to book-reviews, lists of new publications, and periodical literature. During the same years, the average output of "The Journal of American Folk-Lore" was 470 pages; but, as periodical literature was omitted in 1909, we can consider only the output for 1910 and 1911, which averaged 479 pages, and 126 pages for review matter. This, however, is the same material that is published in the "American Anthropologist." The total amount of this matter in both journals was thus 164 pages, which was printed in the two journals. The total number of pages in the two numbers of "Current Anthropological Literature" is 176, on which basis the annual size would be 352 pages. The difference is thus merely 188 pages annually; and it should be noted, that, had the publication of reviews remained under the old system, a considerable increase of the space to be devoted to reviews would have been imperative. To make up for this difference, "The Journal of American Folk-Lore" has decreased its size by 76 pages. For the Folk-Lore Society the publication of "Current Anthropological Literature" results, therefore, in 112 pages more published matter annually, of which 48 pages are available for contributions, 64 for bibliography and reviews.

ROBERT H. LOWIE
ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN } *Editors.*

A special meeting was called on Thursday morning, Jan. 2, 1913, in the Case School of Applied Science, at 11 A.M. At this meeting, the presidential address—"Stories of an African Prince," by John A. Lomax—was read by the Secretary.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

LOCAL MEETING

KENTUCKY BRANCH

THE Kentucky Folk-Lore Society was organized the 3d of December, 1912, at a meeting of the Kentucky College Association in Lexington. Because of the congestion of events at this meeting, the organization of the Society was necessarily hurried. We were able, however, to make a beginning with thirty-five members, and also to advertise the Society somewhat among those whose names, for one reason or another, were not obtained for membership. Officers were elected as follows: *President*, Professor H. G. Shearin of Transylvania University; *Vice-Presidents*, Professor T. T. Jones of Kentucky State University, Professor R. S. Cottrill of Kentucky Wesleyan College, Professor C. B. Robertson of Berea College; *Secretary*, Professor D. L. Thomas of Central University; *Treasurer*, Professor E. B. Fowler of Georgetown College. Since the date of organization, circulars explanatory of the proposed work of the Society and soliciting new eligible members, have been sent to four hundred or more people in Kentucky, — teachers, ministers, lawyers, editors, and others. The list of charter members is held open until the 15th of April, 1913. The officers will have a meeting this month to determine on a time of an annual meeting and to discuss plans for stimulating work. Kentucky is rich in folk-lore material. Some work has been done of late in the folk-lore of this State, as is shown by the recently published results of investigations by Dr. H. G. Shearin of Transylvania University, and by Professor E. C. Perrow of the University of Louisville, but much remains to be done. Professor Perrow and Dr. Shearin have been very successful in collecting folk-songs, some of them old-country ballads. Since the recent organization of the Kentucky Folk-Lore Society, fresh impulse has been given to such work; and a number of people are now seeking one or another kind of folk-lore material in this State. It is hoped that some of their results may be published in The Journal of American Folk-Lore.

D. L. THOMAS, *Secretary*.

CENTRAL UNIVERSITY,
APRIL 2, 1913.

NOTES AND QUERIES

OJIBWA TALES FROM SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—The following tales were recorded as nearly as possible in the way in which they were told to me by members of the Johnston family of the Ojibwa.

1. *The Pine (Old Zhing-wauk)*.—A long time ago all the tribes went South ("Southing," as they call it) to have a council about giving up medicine-making. Word was sent to all to come, and all the "prophets" came. Some of the Indians thought medicine-making was wrong, and did not want it, but others did. It was their way of revenging themselves; and if any one was suspected of being able to do it, he was feared by all. If the parents of a young man asked the parents of a young girl for her in marriage, they did not dare refuse, for fear he would do some mischief to them. So a great many times a girl had to marry a man she did not want to marry, which was wrong. But it was their way: they knew no better.

At this council they were to destroy all poisonous, bad medicines, and keep good ones. A big fire was burning all the time, and the people threw the medicines into it. Some had big medicines round their necks, and some had small ones. They were all sorts of things, — feathers, bones, hair, and such things.

Those that did this had to go and bathe in the river every day; even little babies tied in cradles were bathed. No one was compelled to do it; but it was like baptism, — a change, — and all joined a band of those who did it.

One old man (Zhing-wauk) and his wife lived down near here when we were children. We were afraid of him, and I guess he was bad. He was lame, and his wife was blind; and I used to see them in their bark canoe, he guiding, and she paddling. The way he became lame was by making bad medicine, and it was this way: —

He wanted to do mischief to some one; so he put on the skin of a bear and went to the lodge where a number of people were, among them the person he wanted to have revenge on. These people who can "do" medicine can put everybody to sleep.

There was one who was not asleep in the lodge, and he saw the door open, and a bear come in, belching fire. He knew he was up to some mischief, and was very brave and seized the bear. Zhing-wauk begged to be let go, but this brave man would not let him. So they struggled, and finally got out of the lodge and fought outside.

The old fellow got away after a while, and was lame ever after. He became worse as time went on, had to use a cane, and then could not get along at all. He died, and was buried over on West Neebish, near the river Mush-ko-ga-zah-gung.

Once some French women (part Indian) came down berrying, and camped on the west shore. They did not know he was buried there. They went to sleep, and in the middle of the night were wakened by an awful noise. There are no wild animals to make a noise around there, and they were dreadfully frightened. So they just pulled up stakes and went away.

When the old woman heard of it, she said, "Why, that was my old man! It was to be expected that he would be walking around his grave."

She lived to be a hundred, I guess, and was taken care of by a half-breed woman. She was as jolly as could be, always cheerful and laughing, and yet all was dark to her, she could see nothing! Finally she died, but I do not think they took the trouble to bring her down and bury her near her old man. — Told by *Omiskobuhgoqua* (*Red-Leaf-Woman*).

2. *The White Swan*. — An Indian boy used to live on this island, and set his traps down on the farther shore, and paddle in his canoe past this very place every morning, on his way to look at his traps.

One day he was passing, and saw a beautiful young white girl standing in the rushes near a canoe. He wondered who she was, and heard she was the daughter of an Englishman who lived near there. Soon he began to see her every day, and they became acquainted. He passed so often, that they knew each other quite well soon, and fell in love. He called her "The White Swan" because she was so perfect. After a while they were planning to get married.

One day he went down the river, and looked for her where her canoe was fastened. She was not there, and he went on and visited his traps. While he was leaning over one of them, he heard a "Whoosh!" in the air above him, and he looked up and saw a white swan. It flew eastward, and he watched it.

When he came to his English girl's canoe, she was not there, and he felt very bad. Then he went to see the chief, and asked him what the white swan meant. You know the chiefs can tell what any unusual thing means, like a dream or strange happenings. So the old chief said, "You will never see your English girl again. She has gone away."

The young man found it was true. Her parents had been afraid she would think too much of the young Indian. Such a marriage would never do. So they had taken her back to England, and he never saw her again. He is living now, — a very old man, alone and sorrowful. — Told by *Mukuh-da Ga-kak* (*Black Hawk*).

3. *A Journey to the Land of the Soul*. — My gran'father live op on the big lake an' no one near. So when he got three chil'ren, he make op his min' that he have to go trading to Montreal. So my gran'mother, she pack op an' they go.

Long time it take — no big steamers then, no railroads, no — they go with canoe. Well, they live there, an' bomby come the small-pox. The chil'ren they have it, an' the mother she have it, an' she very sick. So pretty soon she die. They think she die.

Well, they fix her, dress her an' all, an' goin' to have the fun'ral nex' day. But my gran'father he feel so bad — so bad — he go look at her, an' he pass his han' over her, an' he fin' a warm place jus' over her heart. All the res' of her so col', col', jus' a corpse. An' he say, "She sha'n't be buried! She's not dead! Get the doctor!" Jus' so he said, "Get the doctor!"

So they got the doctor, an' he feel of her, an' he fin' the warm spot, an' he don' know. So they rub her an' rub her, an' try to put things in her mouth, but they can't open it. Well, this keep on for days an' weeks, an' so on. All the time they work over her, but can't wake her; she was jus' a corpse, only the warm place over her heart. They do all kinds of things, doctors an' everybody; an' my gran'father he say she was 'live.

But she didn't know they was after her. She didn't know anything that went on, jus' like a corpse. Bomby the warm spot grow a little larger an' a little larger, and spread all over her breas', very slow. So they work over her all the time. She was sick in the fall, an' she lie like that till spring.

One day she open her eyes an' see my gran'father, an' she say, "Give me some soup!" jus' like that. So they make some broth an' give her, an' she ate it an' began to grow better.

Well, the ol' man, he ask her an' ask her to tell where she had been, but she wouldn't tell. Long time she wouldn't tell, but bomby she tell my mother. Like this:—

I was walking down a road an' I saw a woman an' a little dog. She say to me, "Come 'long!" an' I didn't want to, but she get behin' me an' push me, an' I have to go. Well, we walk 'long an' walk 'long, an' bomby we saw something! When we come near, it was two chil'ren,—a little boy, an' baby in a cradle, strapped on a board, Indian fashion. The little boy was running 'long, an' the cradle was going 'long, jumping,—firs' one end, then the other end, like leaping. I wanted to stop an' speak to the little boy; but the woman she say, "Go on, go on!" So I had to go on.

Bomby I hear a noise like rapids, an' pretty soon we come to a great river with rapids, an' I wonder if we had to cross it. The woman say, "Come this way!" an' I saw a big tree fallen down, crossing the rapids, the roots up in the air, an' all. So we crossed over, an' I look back to see the chil'ren; but they were nowhere, an' there was a great snake with horns, like the Indians say is in the waters. That was what I thought was a tree.

Well, I wonder where the chil'ren were; but this woman she say, "Go on, go on!" an' I had to go on. Bomby I saw something in the distance: I don't know what it is, but it was big, big; an' when we come nearer, it was two great oxen. They stan' on the side of the road,—one on this side, one on that side,—so, an' they blow fire 'cross the road all the time. I was 'fraid to go pas'; but the woman she push me, an' say, "Go on! They won't touch us!" So we went pas' an' didn't burn. Well, I was pretty tired, an' so the woman she say, "We'll rest a while." So we sat down by the road an' rest. Then she say, "Come, we mus' go!" So we went on.

Then I saw something big by the road; an' when we come up, it was two tall men with axes raised over their heads, like they would strike us. But the woman say, "Come on! They won't hurt us, come on!" So we went on, an' bomby I hear dogs barking an' howling,—a lot of dogs,—but I can see nothing. An' I say, "What is that?" An' the woman she say, "That is the Village of Dogs. Come on, they won't hurt you."

So we went on; an' when we come to it, I hear dogs barking an' fighting an' howling all up an' down a long ways, but I see nothing an' we pass through the village. The little dog with us, he was scared an' run between us an' keep out of sight. Well, we pass through the village an' get 'way on the other side, an' never see nothing.

We went 'long an' went 'long, till bomby I heard singing an' the drum, an' saw a big light. Pretty soon we come to where we could see, an' it was a fire an' a whole pile of people dancing an' pushing each other, an' somebody beat the drum an' they sing. We try to get close 'nough to see who they are; but they wouldn't let us, jus' dance an' fly 'way, an' bomby they was over there.

I was pretty hungry, an' the woman say, "Come to your gran'mother's lodge! She will give us something." So we went to a lodge an' raise the curtain, an' there was an ol' woman sitting with her back to the door. We sat down at the other side the lodge, an' she not look 'roun' at all.

Bomby I say, "Grandmother, give me something to eat!" Then she take two wooden dishes like the Indians use, an' put in front of her on the ground, an' pull some bags from a pile of 'em, an' begin to unroll 'em. She took something out of one an' begin to cut it op, an' it look like dried meat. She fill one dish with the meat, an' take what look like tallow from one bag an' cut it op in the other dish. I saw her, an' thought, "Now I will have a good meal."

When the dishes were full, the ol' woman push them behin' her towards us, but didn't look 'round. I took a piece of the dried meat an' put it up to my mouth, when I saw it was jus' a piece of hemlock-bark. But the woman was eating it, an' I jus' put it down, an' the little dog ate it. Then I took a piece of tallow, an' it was bark too. So I put it down for the dog, an' he ate it. So we kep' on till the food was all gone, an' we put the dishes down by the ol' woman. She picked 'em up an' threw them into the corner, an' got up an' went out the lodge.

We went out too. When we got out, she was not there, she was gone. There were more fires an' people dancing, an' we went over to one of 'em an' try to see if we know anybody, but they wouldn't let us come near. They jus' sort of flew 'way an' was over there.

I went near, an' there was a woman with a cradle on her back, an' I know her. She was a woman I know, an' she saw me an' slip the strap that hol' the cradle on her head, down over her eyes, so I couldn't see her. Then she pull the cradle off an' throw it at me, an' say, "Take your baby!" jus' like that, an' I throw it back at her, an' say, "'Tain't my baby! Take it!" Then she dance, an' the res' all dance. When I come near, these people say in Indian, "'Tis a body not dead! It smell!"

Well, we went 'long, an' I look 'roun', an' the fires an' the people all gone. Then the woman an' the dog were gone, an' I was alone, — all alone. The road we had followed was there, an' I stan' an' look 'roun'.

Then I hear the ol' man's voice an' my chil'ren's. 'Twas the firs' time I had thought of them at all. My husban' he say, "Keep quiet, chil'ren! your mother's dead." Then I start to go to them, an' it was all thick, — thick before me, like hazel-bushes, an' I can't get through! So I try, an' I jus' stumble an' fall down. Then I can't move, an' jus' lie there.

Pretty soon I hear something coming, an' a man come on a horse an' stop. He say, "Why you lie there? Get op an' dress yourself an' come to church! It is Easter Sunday." He throw a bundle on me, an' I jus' lay there — I couldn't speak. So he rode on, an' bomby an ol' woman come an' say, "What is this? Why don't you get op?" She was a woman I used to know. I couldn't do anything, an' she went on.

Then I could see a little star shining, an' every day it got a little bigger an' a little bigger, an' I seem to see something awful ugly, some people. I couldn't speak. I could hear, all the rubbing I couldn't feel, no — couldn't tas'e the med'cines the doctors gave me.

When I was well 'nough to be propped up in the bed, a little girl was sitting by me. I said, "Call the ol' man!" So she call him, an' I said,

"Go get me one of those!" He said, "Why those are crows! what you want with a crow?" I said, "Never mind. Get your gun an' get me one!" So he did, an' I tol' my daughter to take clear water an' put the crow to boil. So she fix it, an' it was boiling. Bomby I tol' the little girl get a cup an' dip out some broth, an' bring to me. I drank it an' pretty soon I tol' her bring me 'nother cup of broth, an' I drank that. An' then I got my tas'e back 'gain.

Well, when I woke op, kind of, this was spring, an' I had been 'way, over there, since fall. I didn't know they was after me or anything they had done. After that I got better an' better, an' I got well. — Told by *Monahdis* (*The-Homely-One*), an old woman.

4. *Moses Greenbird's Dream*. — I remember old Moses Greenbird (Ozhawashkoobenaince), who used to tell me about his dreams. The young men would fast, and then dreams would come, and the animal or person they saw was the one to help them all their lives. So Moses Greenbird dreamed about a white horse. He was brought up in the Mission, and joined the army when the white folks had war. When he was ready to enlist, he went to his grandfather, and said, "I'm going to war."

"No, don't go! You will never come back."

But he went, and said he must have a white horse. They were so glad to have an Indian soldier, they let him have the horse; and he went all through the war, and was not hurt.

Way back in the ol' days there was an awful bad Indian, the worst Indian that ever lived. If any one made him mad, he might as well give up, he was a goner. Well, this Indian would build a little lodge, — take four poles an' put 'em together, an' put others roun' to make the lodge, then he'd put a canvas roun' it. They'd have sails, you know, something like that.

Well, he'd go in there an' stay a while, an' bomby those who helped him would come, — spirits or something. When he was young man, he dreamed, you know, an' those he dreamed 'bout always helped him in his medicine. When people were sick, they'd send for him, an' he'd visit them an' sometimes he'd cure them.

No one could conquer him. They'd tie him op, all roun', every which way, with cord, an' he'd get loose. John Washkie told me this.

Once somebody make a bet. Some white folks an' French people an' others, they make a big bet. Some say he couldn't get loose when they tie him, an' some say he could. So they tol' him. He had come down from the big lake, an' was camped at the head, you know. When they tell him, he laugh, an' say, "All right!" Like that, "All right!"

So they tell him to build his lodge an' they'd tie him. He built it, put canvas roun' it, an' fasten one, two horse-bells up at the top. The poles don't come together at the top, you know, jus' a hole.

Well, one night they all come op. They never do their jugglings in day-time, always in the evening, at night. Well, a pile o' folks come an' stan' roun' to see! They put a log under his knees an' tie an' tie, so his legs are bent roun' it; then they put a big stone on top his knees an' tie him to that, so he's like a ball. Then one o' them bring a net an' double it, an' they roll him op in it an' tie an' tie.

Well, bomby he's all tied so he's jus' like a ball, an' they roll him into his

little lodge an' shut the place an' leave him. Then some Indians sit down right 'roun' an' smoke their pipes. They have to smoke whilst this is going on.

Well, these fellows, they smoke, an' the res' stan' roun' an' wait. Then he begin to sing — I don' know how long, but he sing. Pretty soon the bells ring, an' that's the spirits or whoever 'tis helps him, going into the lodge at the top. Bomby the net an' the log an' the rope an' the stone, they all shove out under from the lodge! Not a knot ontied, — all put out together!

Well, John Washkie, he say to me, "What you think of that?" I say, "The Devil helped him!" jus' like that.

I believe in spirits — yes, but I think we shouldn't bother with them — no! Our spirits live where God wants them to, an' our bodies — they go to nothing. But we haven't any business with people's spirits, we must let them 'lone, yes. — Told by *Monahdis' Daughter*.

JULIA KNIGHT.

OMAHA, NEB.

COUNCIL MEETING OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — A meeting of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held, in conjunction with the Council of the American Anthropological Association, on March 29, 1913, at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, 11 A.M. Present: Professor Alexander F. Chamberlain, *Chairman*, Professor Franz Boas, Dr. P. L. Goddard, Dr. R. H. Lowie, Dr. C. Peabody, Professor A. M. Tozzer, Dr. Clark Wissler.

A motion of Dr. Charles Peabody, amended by Dr. Wissler, was carried, to the effect that the next regular meeting be held in New York, Dec. 29-31, 1913, in conjunction with the American Anthropological Association.

It was voted by the Council of the Folk-Lore Society to continue with the American Anthropological Association the publication of "Current Anthropological Literature" until eight numbers should have been issued, and to express to the Association the opinion that the Folk-Lore Society could hardly promise to continue the agreement after that time.

Dr. Peabody was appointed a committee of one with power to act in the matter of passing on the suggestion of accepting the terms offered by Messrs. G. E. Stechert and Co. of New York for taking over the sale of the Journals and Memoirs and of attending to subscriptions other than those of members of the Society.

The organization of a Kentucky Branch was announced.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXVI.—APRIL-JUNE, 1913—No. C

NEW-MEXICAN SPANISH FOLK-LORE

BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

IV. PROVERBS¹

THE material here published is Part VII of my New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore collection.² I have not made a special study of the material for reasons already stated in my previous articles on New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore, published in this Journal. Furthermore, the New-Mexican Spanish proverbs—which for the most part are traditional, and are found in the peninsular and other European collections from the seventeenth century (“Vocabulario de refranes y frases proverbiales,” by el maestro Gonzalo de Correas³) to the modern publications of Fernán Caballero, Rodríguez Marín, Foulché-Delbosc, Haller, etc.—are only a small part of a greater field, *El Refranero español*, which some one will undoubtedly take up in the future as a field of special study. The study of the *Refranero*, although not so important as that of the glorious *Romancero* from the æsthetic view-point, is of vast moment to folk-lore studies, since in no other branch of folk-lore is the mind of the people more open to interpretation. In New Mexico, the proverbs (called *dichos* or *refranes*, never *proverbios*) constitute a kind of life philosophy, which, with the authority of tradition and experience, is ever present in the minds of the people. A proverb is considered the final word on any subject, on any occasion, and in any emergency. That a few, however, are beginning to scoff at them, is evident from such proverbs as No. 115, where the first part, *No hay dolor que dure cien años*, seems to be the old proverb, and in ridicule, *ni enfermo que lo aguante* seems to have been added. The same is true of No. 436, and others.

¹ See vol. xxiii, pp. 395 *et seq.*; vol. xxiv, pp. 397 *et seq.*

² A brief outline of my entire collection, with references to the amount and character of the material, is given in the *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association*, vols. lxiii-lxv (1911).

³ Academy edition, Madrid, 1906.

All the proverbs in my collection were gathered in Albuquerque and Santa Fé, from less than a half-dozen persons. I believe that with care and patience one could gather several thousands in New Mexico.

Since the proverbs are of special interest to the student of folk-lore and literature rather than to the philologist, I have transcribed them in the Spanish orthography. A few are given also according to the New-Mexican pronunciation. All questions touching the New-Mexican Spanish dialect are treated in detail in my "Studies in New-Mexican Spanish," published in the "Revue de Dialectologie Romane:"¹ so I shall not discuss such matters here.

The questions of metre, assonance, rhyme, and strophe form in the proverbs, I hope to take up with the study of the same questions in the riddles, which may follow this publication.

(I) IN ASSONANCE OR RHYME

1. Al que da y quita — le sale una corcovita, y viene el diablo y se la corta con su navajita.
2. Al que no está hecho á bragas las costuras le hacen llagas.
3. Á la cuesta arriba, al gusto del caballo; á la cuesta abajo, al gusto del amo.
4. Antes de que te cases — mira lo que haces.
5. Anda de flor en flor — hasta que cae en un cadajón.²
6. Al que madruga — Dios le ayuda.
7. Amor viejo — ni te olvido ni te dejo.
8. Amor, dinero y cuidado — nunca disimulado.
9. Abajo de la barba cana — sale la mujer honrada.
10. Abajo de la barba moza — sale la mujer gustosa.
11. Al mentiroso — conviene ser memorioso.
12. Á la tierra que fueres — haz lo que vieres.
13. Al villano — no hay que darle la mano.
14. Barriga de pobre — primero reviente que sobre.
15. Bienes mal alqueridos — á nadien han enriquecido.

1. Al que da y quita le salí una corcovita, y viene 'l diablú y se la corta con su navajita. 2. Al que no st'echú á bragas las costuras lî hasen yagas. 3. Á la cuest'arriba, al gusto del cabayo; á la cuest'abajo, al gusto del amo. 4. Antes e que te cases mira lo qui hases. 5. Anda de flor en flor hasta que cai en un cadajón. 6. Al que madruga Dios lî ayuda. 7. Amor viejo ni tî olvido ni te dejo. 8. Amor dineru y cuidau nunca desimulai. 9. Abaju e la barba cana sale la mujer honrada. 10. Abaju el a barba mosa sale la mujer gustosa. 11. Al mentiroso combiene ser memorioso. 12. Á la tierra que jueres has lo que vieres. 13. Al viano nû hay que dale la mano. 14. Barriga de pobre primero reviente que sobre. 15. Bienes mal alqueridos á nayen han enriquesido. 16. Bien está sam Pedru en Roma,

¹ Part I, 1909; Part II, 1911, 1912.

² Cagajón.

16. Bien está san Pedro en Roma — aunque no coma.
17. Buscando trabajo — y rogando á Dios no hallarlo.
18. Clemente — al ruido de la gente.
19. Caras vemos — corazones no sabemos.
20. Calabaza fría — pedo todo el día.
21. Calabaza caliente — pedo de repente.
22. Cada mestrito — tiene su librito.
23. Campanita de güeso — yo no entro en eso.
24. Caballo chiquito — siempre potrillito.
25. Cada capillita — tiene su funcioncita.
26. Cada oveja — con su pareja.
27. Comiendo yo y mi macho — aunque reviente mi muchacho.
28. Cuando el arriero vende la mula — matadura segura.
29. Con le que no cuesta — se hace fiesta.
30. Cuando veas la barba de tu vecino secar — echa la tuya á remojar.
31. Cuando la puerca lavó — el cielo se le ñubló.
32. Cobra buena fama y échate á dormir; cobra mala fama y échate á huir.
33. Dando gracias por agravios — negocian los hombres sabios.
34. Da más el duro — que el desnudo.
35. De carrero — bajó á perrero.
36. De lo dicho á lo hecho — largo trecho.
37. Día ñubloso — poco lloioso.
38. De los dedos á los codos — como todos.
39. Dinero de sacristán — cantando viene y cantando se va.
40. De los arrojós — nacen los piojos.
41. El que no aventura — no hace fortuna.
42. El que se ríe por poco — tiene trazas de loco.
43. El que espera — desespera.
44. El que escucha — mierda embucha.
45. El hombre propone — Dios dispone.
46. El que sale á bailar — pierde su lugar.
47. El que huye va á su casa — y cuenta lo que pasa.
48. El que quiere á la col — quiere á las hojas de alrededor.
49. El que quiera tener fortuna y fama — que no le pegue el sol en la cama.

onque no coma. 17. Buscando trabajo y rogandū á Dios nū hayalo. 18. Clemente, al ruidū e la gente. 19. Caras vemos, corasones no sabemos. 20. Calabasa fría, pedo todo 'l día. 21. Calabasa caliente, pedo redepenete. 22. Cada mestrito tiene su librito. 23. Campanit'e güeso, yo nū entŗū en eso. 24. Cabayo chiquito, siempre potriito. 25. Cada capiita tiene su funsionsita. 26. Cad'oveja co su pareja. 27. Comiendo yū y mi macho, onque reviente mi muchacho. 28. Cuando 'l arriero vende la mula, matadura segura. 29. Con lo que no cuesta sī hase fiesta. 30. Cuando veas la barb'e tu vesino secar, echa la tuya remojar. 31. Cuando la puerca lavó, el sielo se le ñubló. 32. Cobra güena fama y échatī á dormir; cobra mala fama y échatī á juir. 33. Dando grasias por agravios negosian los hombre sabios. 34. Da maj el duro qu'el desnudo. 35. De carrero bajū á perrero. 36. De lo dichū á lū hecho largo trecho. 37. Día ñubloso poco yovioso. 38. De lo sedos á loj codos como todos. 39. Dinery e sacristán cantando vien' y cantando se va.

50. El que se moja — no moja — ni come maíz de la troja.
51. El que tiene hijo varón — que no de voces ni pregón.
52. El que nació para guaje — hasta jumate no para.
53. El que da lo que ha menester — el diablo se ríe de él.
54. El muerto al pozo — y el vivo al negocio.
55. El que á las ocho no se va ¿á las nueve que espera? Que lo agarren de la mano y lo echen afuera.
56. El que regala bien vende — y el que lo recibe lo entiende.
57. El que le dan no descoge — por mal que le vaya que no se noje.
58. El marido y el diablo — no tienen cuando.
59. Eres como tió patrón — te ofrecen carifio y quieres colchón.
60. Eres como Juan Gómez — tú lo das y tú te lo comes.
61. En casa llena — pronto se guisa la cena.
62. Es como la liendre — al que se le cae se le prende.
63. Es impertinente la celosa — se le hace que no más ella es cosa.
64. El que tiene — mantiene.
65. En la casa del rey — sólo él.
66. El que da de lo que tiene — no desea de lo que ve.
67. El chisme agrada — el chismero enfada.
68. El que no tiene dinero — que ponga su culo de candelero.
69. El que de santo resbala — hasta el infierno no para.
70. Enamorau de breca — con la bolsa seca.
71. El que mucho habla — pronto calla.
72. El que tira con la meca¹ — agarra con la derecha.
73. El que da pan al perro ajeno — pierde el pan y pierde el perro.
74. El que enviuda y se vuelve á casar — algo le debe al diablo y se lo quiere pagar.
75. El que de mañana se levanta — su trabajo adelanta.
76. Estiran más tetas — que carretas.
77. El que es celoso — le cuerna el oso: y el que no es — le cuernan tres.
78. El que peca y se enmienda — á Dios se encomienda.
79. Es tan bueno — que pa nada es bueno.
80. El que á tu casa no va — de la suya te echará.
81. El dinero del mezquino — dos veces anda el camino.
82. El hombre casado — al cuidado.
83. El que por su mano se lastima — que no gima.
84. El que tiene tienda — que atienda — ó si no que la venda.
85. El martes — ni te cases ni te embarques.
86. El hijo ajeno — arde como brasa en el seno.
87. El poeta nace — y al sabio lo hacen.
88. El cuento es cumplir — y mentir.
89. El que enviuda y se casa — de loco pasa.
90. El que le roba á otro ladrón — tiene cien años de perdón — y otros tantos de condenación.
91. En el medio de la casa — se quebró una taza: cada vagamundo para su casa.²
92. Favor referido — ni de Dios ni del diablo es agradecido.

¹ Izquierda.² On leaving a house.

93. Haz bien — y no acates á quién.
94. Huélote á deseo — huélote á poleo: huélote cada rato — huélote á chivato.
95. Hace más el que quiere — que el que tiene.
96. Hombre cagado — ni valiente ni enamorado.
97. Hacen más unos callados — que otros gritando.
98. Indio, pájaro ó conejo — no consientas en tu casa, aunque te mueras de viejo.
99. Lo que es del César — vuelve al César.
100. La que da el pico — da el nico.
101. Los enamoraus — piensan que todos tienen los ojos tapaus.
102. La mona aunque se vista de seda — mona queda.
103. La que luce entre las ollas — no luce entre las señoras.
104. Lo que otro suda — poco dura.
105. Las viejas de día son gatas — y de noche beatas.
106. Los hermanos y los gatos — todos son ingratos.
107. La experiencia — es madre de la ciencia.
108. La que tiene casa — en su casa.
109. Los duelos — con pan son buenos.
110. La suerte de la fea — la bonita la desea.
111. Manija tu boca — según tu bolsa.
112. Muerte, no vengas — que achaque no tengas.
113. No hay atajo — sin trabajo.
114. No hay dolor que llegue al alma — que en tres días no se acabe.
115. No hay dolor que dure cien años — ni enfermo que lo aguante.
116. No tiene rey ni roque — ni quien lo atoque.
117. Natural y figura — hasta la sepultura.
118. No se hace blanca la que es trigueña — aunque la laven con agua del' alta peña.
119. No se siente que el niño enferma — sino las mañas que le quedan.
120. No prometas ni á los santos, votos, ni á los niños bollos.
121. Ni al baboso — mucho caso; ni á la basura — mucha altura.
122. No sirvas á quién sirvió — ni pidas á quien pidió.
123. Ojo de güey al poniente — suelta tu yunta y vente.
124. Onde hay cuecho — hay derecho.
125. Poco á poco — hila la vieja el copo.
126. Pan ajeno — hace al hijo bueno.
127. Piensa el ladrón — que todos son de su condición.
128. Primero es la obligación — que la devoción.
129. Pa viejo retobau — muchacho mal criaú.
130. Primero sopitas de miel — y luego sopitas de jiel.
131. Por dinero — baila el perro.
132. Pájaro que vuela — á la cazuela.
133. Querer — es poder.
134. Querer — es corresponder.
135. Querer y aborrecer — no puede á un tiempo ser.
136. Quien pan no vea — pan no desea.
137. Que nadie diga, 'Zape' — hasta que no se escape.
138. Recaudo hace cocina — no Catalina.
139. Rey muerto — rey repuesto.

140. Si quieres pasar mal día — deja tu casa y vente á la mía.
141. Si tienes hambre — alza la pata y lambe.
142. Si no sabes nadar — no entres al agua.
143. Si tienes coraje — anda al trabajo que se te abaje.
144. Señas en el cielo — guerras en el suelo.
145. Saber — es poder.
146. Son como los gatos — siempre caen parados.
147. Sin sufrimiento — no hay merecimiento.
148. Si quieres ser bien servido — sírvete á ti mismo.
149. Tanto peca el que mata la vaca — como el que agarra la pata.
150. Te casates — te cagates.
151. Tú para nada y yo para menos, marido mío, que nos perdemos.
152. Tanto nadar — y en la orilla ahogar.
153. Tanto va el cántaro al agua — hasta que se cae.
154. Tu casita — tu holgancita.
155. Uno en el saco — y otro en el sobaco.
156. Unos son los de la fama — y otros cargan la lana.
157. Vale más rodear — que rodar.
158. Vale más saber — que tener.
159. Viejo amador — invierno con flor.
160. Vale más un paso pa adelante — que dos pa atrás.
161. Vale más una onza de amistad — que una libra de hostilidad.
162. Vale más un mal arreglo — que un buen pleito.
163. Vanidá y pobreza — todo es de una pieza.
164. Yo como me las dan las tomo — si son peras me las como — si son piedras las amontono.
165. Ya la rata está enterrada — con la colita parada.¹
166. Ya sirvió María — fuera María.
167. Zamora — no se ganó en una hora.²

(II) NOT IN ASSONANCE OR RHYME

168. Á palabras necias, oídos sordos.
169. Á cada uno su gusto le engorda.
170. Á la cuesta abajo las piedras ruedan.
171. Amaneció con las muelas al revés.
172. Amaneció con su luna.
173. Así le paga el diablo al que bien le sirve.
174. Al enfermo, lo que pida.
175. Achaque busca la muerte para llevarse al difunto.
176. ¿ Á quién le dan pan, que no coma?
177. Al palo se le busca la hebra y á los pendejos el hilo.
178. Al que se hace de miel se lo comen las moscas.
179. Á la bondad le dicen salvajada.
180. Al que le ven la orilla le sacan la hebra.
181. Agua corrida no admite porquería.
182. Al caballo y al amigo no hay que apurarles.

¹ When a piece of work is done.

² Var. No se ganó Zamora — en una hora.

183. Antes de entrar á las espinas ponte los guaraches.¹
184. Al que Dios se la tiene san Pedro se la bendiga.
185. Á la muela muela, el tiempo gana.
186. Al que tiene manada le dan potrillito.
187. Al que nada pide nada le dan.
188. Á caballo regalado no hay que mirarle el diente.
189. Á los padres, órles su misa y dejarlos.
190. Al hijo bueno Dios lo bendice.
191. Al tiempo de tener, hasta las viejas madrugan.
192. Barriga llena, corazón contento.
193. Bocado que repuna hace mal.
194. Baratito y bien vendido.
195. Buen abogado, mal vecino.
196. Buenas cuentas, buenos amigos.
197. Bien haiga del que á los suyos se parece.
198. Bien sabe el diablo á quien se le aparece.
199. Cada cabeza es un mundo.
200. Cuando uno menos piensa, salta la liebre.
201. Caras vemos, pero corazones no.²
202. Cada uno siente su mal.
203. Cada uno lleva su cruz.
204. Con la vara que mides serás medido.
205. Como vida dure, tiempo sobra.
206. Cada uno sabe donde le pica el zapato.
207. Como su cara sus hechos.
208. Como eres tuerta de un ojo, te me has hecho pajarera.
209. Cuando la cabra tiene leche desde lejos se le ve.
210. Catrincito y con la tripa clara.
211. Contentito y ardiendo.
212. Ciego que guía á otro ciego, ambos caen en el hoyo.
213. Con deseos no se hacen templos.
214. Cuenta y razón conserva amistad.
215. Con paciencia se gana el cielo.
216. Cuando veas la barba de tu vecino pelar, echa la tuya en remojo.³
217. Cada araña en su tela y yo en mi palomar.
218. Cada loco con su tema y yo con mi terquedad.
219. Como vida dure tiempo siempre hay.⁴
220. Como es la vida así es la muerte.
221. Cuando el diablo reza engañar quiere.
222. Con la muerte no hay mafia.
223. Con la muerte no se juega.
224. Cayó como piedra en pozo.
225. Cuando el gato no está en casa los ratones se pasean.
226. Cada uno busca la suya.
227. Cada uno busca su conveniencia.
228. Cada uno para sí.

¹ Mexican *guarachas* ("sandals").

² See No. 30.

³ See No. 19.

⁴ See No. 205.

229. Con Dios no hay venganza.
230. Cada uno busca á los suyos.
231. Cuando la perdiz llora, llover quiere; pero la mejor seña es cuando llueve.
232. Cada quien es rey en su casa.¹
233. Con los habladores poco y bueno, malo, nada.
234. Cada quien según sus circunstancias.
235. Cuando se nojan las comadres se dicen las verdades.
236. Cuidate y Dios te cuidará.
237. Dime con quien andas y yo te diré quien eres.
238. Dios nos libre de piojo resucitau.
239. Dios nos libre de los lisiados de la mano de Dios.
240. Dios nos libre del agua mansa.
241. Dos alesnas no se pican.
242. Déjalo pa cuando quieras.
243. De tal palo tal astilla.
244. Dios no castiga con palos ni azotes.
245. Dios no castiga con palos ni azotes, sino que severitamente.
246. De la mano de Dios se vive, no de la mano del hombre.
247. Dios olvida, pero no para siempre.
248. De ardor son los pedos, no porque están aventaus.
249. De noche todos los gatos son pardos.
250. De esa toz murió mi gato y mi perro se está muriendo.²
251. Discípulo pasa á mestro.
252. Del cielo á la tierra no hay nada oculto.
253. De los enemigos, el menos.
254. De los males, el menos.
255. Dondequiera se cuecen habas.
256. De la suerte — y de la muerte nadien se escapa.
257. Donde (onde) hablan letras callan barbas.
258. Dios dice, cuidate, que yo te cuidaré.³
259. De grano en grano llena la gallina el buche.
260. Debajo de hilachas hay animalitos.
261. Dígotelo á ti, mi hija, y entiéndelo tú, mi nuera.
262. Después de la cantada algo viene á suceder.
263. Después de la lluvia, el sol.
264. Después de la media noche anda el diablo suelto.
265. El que al cielo escupe, en la cara le cae.
266. El que con lobos anda á aullar se enseña.
267. El que no arriesga no tiene.
268. El que no se muere se vuelve á ver.
269. El que se ríe al último se ríe más bonito.
270. El que anda recio presto para.
271. El que busca el peligro cae en él.
272. El que nace pa pobre nunca será rico.
273. El que adelante no mira, atrás se queda.
274. El que da un paso da dos.

¹ Also in assonance: Cada quien — en su casa es rey.

² To the one who coughs.

³ See No. 236.

275. El que tiene boca á Roma va.
276. El que quiere comer que trabaje.
277. El que no quiere por bien quedará por mal.
278. El que no es pastor no deshuela bien la cabecita.
279. El que no da de enamorau menos da de arrepentido.
280. El que por su gusto muere, hasta la muerte le sabe.
281. El que á hierro mata á fuerza muere.
282. El que de mañana se moja lugar tiene de secarse.
283. El que diga que en su generación — no hay puta ni ladrón — que alce el dedo.
284. El que á la iglesia sirve de la iglesia come.
285. El que ha de ser barrigón aunque lo fajen chiquito.
286. El que nada arriesga nada pierde.
287. El que no quiere empolvarse que no entre al era.
288. El que calla otorga.
289. El que porfía mata venau.
290. El que hambre tiene en comer piensa.
291. El que le aprieta el cincho se ladea.
292. El que tiene dinero tiñe y da color.
293. El que busca halla.
294. El que siembra en tierra ajena ni la semilla levanta.
295. El que no trabaja no come.
296. El que por su gusto es güey hasta la coyunda lambe.
297. El que es buen muchacho es buen viejo.
298. El que por otro pide por sí aboga.
299. El que le pica la liendre que se la saque.
300. El que inocente peca, inocente se lo lleva el diablo.
301. El que no le guste que se haga á un lau.
302. El que no le guste el fuste que se suba y monte á raiz.
303. El que no quiera quemarse que no entre á las brasas.
304. El que no arriesga no pasa el mar.
305. El que nada no se ahoga.
306. El que ha de morir oscuras aunque su padre sea velero.
307. El que huye del gasto huye del provecho.
308. El que te hace un bien se irá — ó se morirá.
309. El que no tiene vicios no es hombre.
310. El que es corto no entra al cielo y el que es largo se atraviesa.
311. El que persevera alcanza.
312. El que nada tiene nada da.
313. El que ha de ser real sencillo más que ande entre los doblones.
314. El que de ajeno se viste en la calle lo desnudan.
315. El que más alto se sube más alto porrazo lleva.
316. El que mucho abraza poco aprieta.
317. El que anda entre todas con la suya se encuentra.
318. El que está matau se pandea.
319. El que hace lo que puede no está obligado á más.
320. El que no quepa que se salga.
321. El llanto, sobre el difunto.
322. El que nació para güey de arriba le cain las llaves.
323. El que está hecho al mal el bien le ofende.

324. El que merece mereciendo se queda.
325. El que tiene celos no duerme.
326. El que le venga el zapato que se lo ponga.
327. El que con niños duerme sucio amanece ó al menos todo miau.
328. El que manda no ruega ni pide favores.
329. El güey suelto bien se lambe.
330. El codicioso — y el tramposo presto se conchaban.
331. El dinero ajeno no hace ruido pero no deja dormir.
332. Esperan el bien de Dios envuelto en una tortilla.
333. El ojo del amo engorda al caballo.
334. En boca cerrada no entra mosca.
335. En lo más seguro hay riesgo.
336. Es como el perro del hortelano, ni ladra ni deja ladrar.
337. Este mundo no está roto pero tiene sus cañaditas.
338. Está hecho un veinticuatro (bien vestido).
339. Está hecho un Gerineldo.¹
340. Está más pelau que un huevo.
341. Está más pelau que el culo del coyote.
342. En este mundo todo se sabe.
343. En la tierra de los ciegos el tuerto es rey.
344. El que no se quiera mojar que no entre al agua.
345. En agua revuelta ganancia de pescadores.
346. El carbón que ha sido brasa con poco fuego se enciende.
347. El rey con ser rey ha menester de sus vasallos.
348. Estira la pierna hasta onde alcance la sábana.
349. Este mundo es una bola.
350. Este mundo es un enredo.
351. El amor se va onde quiere no onde su dueño lo envía.
352. El oro entre la basura luce.
353. Es hijo de bendición.
354. Entre menos burros más ololotes.
355. El mucho hablar descompone.
356. El gato escaldado del agua fría huye.
357. El interés rompe al salto.
358. Es como la carabina de Ambrosio, en el mejor tiempo falta.
359. El hombre pobre á la diligencia.
360. El muerto y el arrimado á los tres días apestan.
361. El comprador debe de tener cuatro ojos, que al vendedor dos le sobran.
362. Está muy viejo Pedro pa cabrero.
363. Están de uña y carne (muy amigos).
364. Es la misma gata nomás que se revolcó.
365. Es de dos caras.
366. Está bueno pa enviarlo por la muerte.
367. En las bodas de Caná² los que llegaron al último tomaron el primer lugar.
368. El cuento es comer y andar parado.

¹ An echo of the legend of "Emma and Eginhard." The Gerineldo legend appears in the Spanish ballads of all Spanish countries. For New Mexico I have four versions (see *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association*, vol. xliii [1911]).

² Canaán.

369. El más amigo es traidor y el más verdadero mente.
370. El estiércol por debajo cunde.
371. En ese carcaje hay flechas.
372. En la tardanza está el peligro.
373. Está más hinchau que una verdolaga en güerta de indio.
374. Entre gustos se rompen genios y en géneros cualidades.
375. Entre medio de dos piedras no hay carne dura.
376. Es más largo el tiempo que la vida.
377. El celoso y la celosa hasta con su sombra se espantan.
378. Este mundo es un enredo y el que lo desenrede es la raiz.
379. Fué por lana y lo tresquilaron.
380. Gallo viejo mejor caldo.
381. Gato enguantau no casa ratones.
382. Hace carabana con sombrero ajeno.
383. Hay pícaros de fortuna y hombres de bien desgraciados.
384. Hacerle bien al traidor es lo mismo que ofenderle.
385. Hay muchos que sin pensarlo están pagando las que deben.
386. Hasta para ir al cielo se necesita abogado.
387. Hay día y hay noche.
388. Hay cosas buenas que parecen malas y hay cosas malas que parecen buenas.
389. Habiendo su 'venga á nos,' que se haga tu voluntá.
390. Hijo eres y padre serás.
391. Hay veces que onde parece que hay jamón no hay ni estaca.
392. La subida más alta es la más dolorosa.
393. Lo que el corazón piensa la boca lo dice.
394. La ausencia causa olvido.
395. La esperanza nunca se pierde.
396. La esperanza es lo último que se pierde.
397. La esperanza no engorda pero mantiene.
398. La m — entre más le escarban más jiede.
399. Los niños y los tontos dicen la verdad.
400. Los golpes quitan lo tonto.
401. Los hijos nunca se olvidan.
402. Los hijos siempre son ingratos.
403. Lo que volando viene volando se va.
404. La verdá es como el maiz, solita sale.
405. Le dan el pie y se toma la mano.
406. Le ofrecen cariño y quiere colchón.¹
407. Le busca un pie al gato y le halla cuatro.
408. Lo barato cuesta caro.
409. Las enfermedades entran por libras y salen por onzas.
410. La pobreza y la tontera no tienen cura.
411. Lo hizo como quien le hace la barba á un indio.
412. Las piedras rodando se encuentran.
413. La cabra le tira al monte.
414. La necesidad tiene cara de hereje.
415. La caridad bien ordenada comienza por sí mismo.
416. Lo que cantando viene cantando se va.

¹ See No. 59.

417. La más vil oveja caga la mejor majada.
418. Lo que remedio no tiene remediarlo es imposible.
419. Los días son de Dios.
420. Los hijos todos se quieren iguales, unos por buenos y otros por malos.
421. La sangre sin fuego hierve.
422. La que es buena hija es buena madre.
423. Lo que sus ojos ven sus uñas águilas son.
424. Lo valiente no quita lo cortés.
425. La mucha conversación es causa de menosprecio.
426. La muerte es como los ladrones, solita viene y sin que nadie la espere.
427. Mujer casada, mujer ajena.
428. Mi hijo no nació para burro de carga.
429. Más vale un pájaro en la mano que cien volando.
430. Muchos en el estribo se suelen quedar á pie.
431. Muchos son los llamaus y pocos los escogidos.
432. Mucho ruido y pocas nueces.
433. Nomás el que carga el costal sabe lo que lleva dentro.
434. No se hace de cabra oveja.
435. No hay mal que dure cien años.¹
436. No falta un roto para un descosido, ni aguja con que coserlo.
437. No hay amor como el primero.
438. No es bueno holgarse del mal ajeno.
439. No se gana la carrera al partir.
440. No hay amor como el de la madre.
441. No tiene ni en que caerse muerto.
442. No es el hábito el que hace al monje.
443. No fíes de hombre que ata calzones.
444. Nadie sabe pa quien trabaja.
445. No es el león como lo pintan.
446. No es cantar en el llano como arrimarse á la vigüela.
447. Nadien es profeta en su tierra.
448. No dejes camino por vereda.²
449. No preguntes lo que no te importa.²
450. No te partas con la primer nueva.²
451. Nomás la lengua mata.
452. No se les cuece un huevo en la boca.
453. No se la quita por no volvérsela á poner. (El borracho).
454. No hay quien no tenga pero.
455. No todo es vida y dulzura.
456. No todos los que chiflan son arrieros.
457. No todo lo que relumbra es oro.
458. Noagas mal que bien esperes.
459. No le sirve ni á Dios ni al diablo.
460. No hay cuña más mala que la del propio palo.
461. No más ven caballo gordo y se les ofrece viaje.
462. No hay mal que por bien no venga.
463. No culpes al indio sino al que lo hace su compadre.

¹ See No. 115.

² These three proverbs appear in tale No. 4. "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Tales," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 409.

464. No todos los dedos de la mano son iguales.
465. No se ha muerto Dios de viejo.
466. No se tapa el sol con la mano.
467. Nadien le sirve á Dios y al diablo.
468. No se sienten mucho los pesares cuando hay dinero.
469. No dejes lo seguro por lo dudoso.
470. No hay más amigo que un peso ni más pariente que un rial.
471. No se les cuece ni lo que se comen.¹
472. No es el ciego el que debe juzgar de colores.
473. No mates la gallina que pone huevos de oro.
474. No destiendas² el pie más que lo que debas alcanzar.
475. No tiene pelo en la lengua.
476. No tengas muchos hierros porque te queman.
477. No tengas nada por seguro hasta no tenerlo en la mano.
478. No vendas la gamusa antes de matar el venau.
479. No esperes á que te venga de lo alto.
480. No engañes á quien de tí fía.
481. No hay á quien no se le llegue.
482. Ni Cristo pasó de la cruz ni yo paso de aquí.
483. No hay pior sordo que el que no quiere oír.
484. Oyen cantar el gallo y no saben por onde.
485. Ondequiera está Dios.
486. Onde no te llaman no te quieren.
487. Oye sólo lo que le tiene cuenta.
488. Ora son los trabajos después las penas.
489. Ojos que no ven, corazón que no siente.
490. Oprobiaron á Dios y no me han de oprobiar á mí.
491. Perro que ladra no muerde.
492. Piedra movediza no cría mojo.
493. Para Dios no hay imposibles.³
494. Poco á poco se anda lejos.
495. Primero es comer que ser cristiano.
496. Pobres de las feas si no hubiera tantos gustos.
497. Por su corazón juzga el ajeno.
498. Pagan justos por pecadores.
499. Pagan justos por jambaus.
500. Por salir de Guate-males entrates á Guate-piores.
501. Pensó que la luna era queso y se le volvió requesón.
502. Pariendo la vaca del toro se hace güey.
503. Pa que quiere lavandera el que no tiene camisa.
504. Perro que no anda no encuentra güeso.
505. Para mi la pulpa es pecho y el espinazo cadera.
506. Pa güen entendedor pocas palabras.
507. Pa que es tanto brinco estando el suelo parejo.
508. Pájaros de una misma pluma se reconocen.
509. Palo dau no hay quien lo quite.

¹ Cannot keep a secret.

² Extiendas.

³ I find in the modern dramatist Benavente, "yo hice los imposibles," Obras, vol. II, p. 104.

510. Pa la experiencia las canas.
511. ¿ Pa qué es miar en basinica de oro y miar sangre?
512. Pal mal pagador pajas son buenas.
513. Primero es en el nombre del padre y luego es en el nombre del hijo.
514. Primero es el número uno y luego es el número dos.
515. Por un oído le entra y por otro le sale.
516. Pa todo hay maña menos pa la muerte.
517. Para que darle carne al que no tiene dientes.
518. Piensan ir á su casa y van á la cárcel.
519. Planchan con la plancha fría.
520. ¿ Pa qué es tanto laberinto si al cabo todo se acaba?
521. ¿ Qué saben los cochinos de domingo?
522. ¿ Qué sabe el burro de freno si nunca se lo han echado?
523. Qué ha de dar el que hambre tiene.
524. Quebrates el hielo, ora sacarás el agua.
525. Quien no habla Dios no le oye.
526. Quien es de vida el agua le es medecina.
527. Rey muerto príncipe coronau.
528. Salió de las brasas y entró en el fuego.
529. Sabe más el loco en su casa que el cuerdo en la ajena.
530. Se estira una oreja y no se alcanza á la otra.
531. Se da más vueltas que un perro cuando se va á echar.
532. Salió pal quince. (Echado á perder.)
533. Ser candil de la calle y escuridá de su casa.
534. Se ofrece largo y queda corto.
535. Se le voltió el chirrion por el palito.
536. Sabe uno onde nace pero onde muere no.
537. Semos como los cubos de noria, cuando unos suben otros bajan.
538. Siempre el pobre llega tarde aunque llegue arrepentido.
539. Sale como perro que hurta manteca.
540. Salió con la cola entre las piernas.
541. Se ahogan en un charco de agua.
542. Se quedó mirando pan case¹ Feles.
543. Se apuran más los ordeñadores que los dueños del corral.
544. Son más pedigüeños que las ánimas benditas.
545. Somos como los hijos del padre Cain, unos cain hoy y otros mañana.
546. Se hace el chombito pa amasarla mejor.
547. Son como los compadres de pila que hasta lo ajeno les duele.
548. Se espantan los muertos de los degollaues.
549. Sobre cuernos palos.
550. Solo es ausencia la muerte cuando jamás se olvida.
551. Si quieres saber el valor de un peso pídelo prestau.
552. Si no puedes morder no enseñes los dientes.
553. Si la envidia fuera tinta todos tiñeran con ella.
554. Se le acabó el trigo y le quedó la era.
555. Se lleva el asno al agua pero no se fuerza á beber.
556. Si no te gusta agarra el hacha.
557. Sin amor no hay celos.
558. Salomón con ser tan sabio lo enredaron las mujeres.

¹ Para en casa de.

559. Sólo la muerte es segura.
560. Todo se olvida.
561. Tal padre, tal hijo.
562. Tira la piedra y esconde la mano.
563. Teniendo caderas aunque sea flaca.
564. Tiene la sonrisa en los labios y el infierno en el corazón.
565. Todos tienen que llevar su cruz.
566. Tú con tus pesos duros y yo con mi feriecita.
567. Tiene buche de rana. (Lo dice todo.)
568. Tienen prosapias de ricos y trazas de empelotaus.
569. Tiene palabra de rey.
570. Tanta veces lleva uno el cántaro al agua hasta que se rompe.
571. Todos los dedos no son iguales.¹
572. Todos tenemos que morir.
573. Tras de cuernos palos.
574. Un padre para cien hijos y cien hijos para un padre.
575. Una vez es gracia; dos es majadería.
576. Unos estiran y otros aflojan.
577. Un clavo saca otro clavo.
578. Unos son sinvergüenceros y otros sinvergüenzas son.
579. Unos nacen de pies y otros de cabeza.
580. Una esperanza larga hasta de malogra sirve.
581. Una cosa es prometer y otra es cumplir.
582. Un mal vaso nunca se quiebra.
583. Vale más tarde que nunca.
584. Vale más viejo conocido que viejo y por conocer.
585. Vale más algo que nada.
586. Vale más amigos que dinero.
587. Volando que vayan las pesca.
588. Vale más maña que fuerza.
589. Ven un popote en el ojo ajeno y no ven una viga en el suyo.
590. Vale más una esperanza que un desengaño.
591. Vale más un Dios te lo pague que un talegón de dinero.
592. Vale más llegar á tiempo que ser convidado.
593. Ves la mata ajena y no ves la viga atravesada.
594. Vale más vivos y ausentes que muertos y agradecidos.
595. Vale más una c — de güey que cien de golondrina.
596. Vive en Santa María y todo el mundo.
597. Vale más un no te aflojes que un Jesús te favorezca.
598. Ya puso el primer pie en el escalón.
599. Ya halló rendija.
600. Ya palo dau ni san Juan lo quita.
601. Ya se le acabó la papa.

(III) PROVERBS IN COPLAS, AND COPLAS WHICH CONTAIN PROVERBS

602. El que comparte y reparte
y en repartir tiene tino,
siempre deja, de contino,
para sí la mejor parte.

¹ See No. 464.

603. Hay palos que son dichosos
y hay palos que no lo son;
de los unos se hace leña
y de los otros carbón.
604. Las tres desdichas del mundo,
que el hombre puede tener,
es vivir en casa ajena,
pedir y haber menester.
605. Si quieres tener fortuna
y que no te salgan canas.
lávate bien la cabeza
todititas las mañanas.
606. Orillas de una laguna
me dió sueño y me dormí.
¡Hablaron de Jesucristo,
y no habían de hablar de mí!
607. Dicen que á las chiquititas
les ayuda la fortuna.
Yo tuve una chiquitita,
no tuve ayuda ninguna.
608. Ai viene saliendo el sol
por arriba e 'l arbolito.
Vale más un toma-toma
que un aguárdate — tantito.
609. Salomón, con ser tan sabio,
lo engañaron las mujeres;
no volvió á cantar su gallo
ni á beber agua en picheles.¹
610. El que enamora y no da
no puede cobrar un celo;
antes puede agradecer
que lo quieran pelo á pelo.
611. La que se casa con viejo
ha de tener dos trabajos,
de sobarle las rodillas
y estirarle los zancajos.
612. ¡Malhaya la que se enamora
del vestido y no del hombre!
Pues el vestido se acaba
y el hombre queda conforme.
613. El verte en poder ajeno
hace delirar mi vida;
pero hay un refrán que dice:
'Dios tarda pero no olvida.'²

¹ See No. 558.² See No. 247.

614. Dices que me quieres tanto,
no me subas tan arriba,
que las hojas en el árbol
no duran toda la vida.
615. Dices que ya no me quieres,
no me da pena maldita,
que la mancha de la mora
con otra verde se quita.
616. 'Vale más algo que nada,'
dice el refrán castellano;
entré á la primer posada,
me tomaron de la mano.
617. Unos son los que corren la liebre
y otros llegan allí de rondón.
Los que corren se quedan con fiebre
y los otros alcanzan el don.
618. Entre un ramo y una flor
cantan dos tristes canarios:
'Acabándose el amor
se comienzan los agravios.'
'Y es para mayor dolor,'
escriben los hombres sabios.
619. Cuatro palomitas blancas
sentadas en un romero,
una á la otra se decían,
'No hay amor como el primero.'¹
620. No hay más amigo que Dios,
esto es claro y evidente;
que el más amigo es traidor
y el más verdadero miente.²
621. ¿Para qué es tanto engrimiento
desde la flor al cogollo?
Si al cabo la mejor planta
la riega el más triste arroyo.
622. Un pato se echó á nadar
y otro voló diciendo:
'Hay muchos que sin pensar
pagan las que están debiendo.'³
623. Vale más morir á palos
que de celos padecer.
Vale más querer á un perro
que no una ingrata mujer,
que un perro es agradecido
cuando le dan de comer.

¹ See No. 437.

² See No. 369.

³ See No. 385.

624. Nadien diga en este mundo,
'De esta agua no beberé,'
por revuelta que la vea
le puede apretar la sé.¹
625. Ninguno cante vitoria
aunque en el estribo esté,
que muchos en el estribo
se suelen quedar á pié.¹
626. Dicen que lo azul es cielo,
lo colorau alegría.
Mi alma vístete de verde,
que eres la esperanza mía.
627. Dicen que lo negro es triste,
yo digo que no es verdá;
tú tienes los ojos negros
y eres mi felicidad.
628. Échale naranja al vino
y quítale la fortaleza;
que el que no sabe de amores
no sabe lo que es grandeza.
629. Si ser buena te propones,
haz, sin hablar, buenas cosas;
más que palabras hermosas
valen las buenas acciones.
630. Tengo una cadena de oro
y una llavita de plata;
amor que tan bien se afiuda
con trabajo se desata.
631. Si yo tuviera un peral
te mandaría una pera;
porque el que de amor espera
de amor va á desesperar.
632. Les diré que con la muerte
no hay humana resistencia,
no hay poder, no hay eselencia,
no hay casa que sea fuerte.

V. POPULAR COMPARISONS

The following expressions, many of them of a proverbial nature (although, strictly speaking, not proverbs), and most of them idiomatic, I have classified as popular comparisons.² They reveal in a

¹ Practically the same as those given by Machado y Alvarez for Andalucía, *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones populares*, vol. v, pp. 57, 59.

² These expressions include practically all of Part XVIII of my collection (see p. 97, note 2).

surprisingly clear and forcible way the idea which the New Mexican desires to express, seeking for points of comparison the most vivid and significant expressive objects for which he can find a name in his limited vocabulary. Even among these simple, idiomatic, and quasi-proverbial expressions, which serve as popular comparisons, however, we find the traditional element strong; and it is very probable that a large percentage of them have come down from the Spanish of the sixteenth century and earlier, in the same way as the proverbs.

I. BORRACHO

- (a) Más borracho que el juisque.¹
 Más borracho que Judas.
 Más borracho que el demonio.
 Más borracho que el diablo.
 Más borracho que un perro.
 Más borracho que los infiernos.
 Más borracho que los apretaus (infiernos).
 Más borracho que un' uva.
- (b) Anda en sus tres (chiles).
 Está poco arriba.
 Está arriba de medio.
 Anda caliente.
 Anda poco chispo.
 No se la quita por no volvérsela á poner.²
 Está en sus trece.
 Anda alegre.

2. MALO

- (a) Más malo que la puerta el infierno.
 Más malo que el perro.
 Más malo que Satanás.
 Más malo que el infierno.
 Más malo que el demonio.
 Más malo que aquel gallo.
 Más malo que Barrabás.
- (b) Hasta mete miedo.
 No hay quien le hable.
 Espanta á los inocentes.
 Ni solo se aguanta.
 Tan malo como él solo.
 Es el vivo diantre, demonio.
 Es el Ci Campiador.³

¹ From the English whiskey.

² See proverb No. 453.

³ This is used as object of comparison to express either a good or bad quality: *Tú sí eres el Ci Campiador* ("you are a fine one"), etc.

El diablo que lo toree.
Que lo aguante la que lo parió.

3. TONTO, PENDEJO, BOBO

- (a) Más tonto que el demonio.
Más tonto que un burro.
Más tonto que tió pendejo.
Más pendejo que el infierno.
- (b) Es una bestia.
Es inocente.
Es corto de espíritu.
Ni las bestias.
No sabe ni onde tiene las orejas.
No sabe ni l' o por lo redondo.
No tiene albitrios¹ pa nada.
Es medio tonto.
No sabe ni de su juicio.
No tiene alcances pa nada.

4. FEO, FIERO²

- (a) Más feo que Judas.
Más feo que el demonio.
Más fiero que el infierno.
Más fiera que una patada en la boca del estómago.
- Más fiera que la nochi.
Más fiera que el diablo.
Más fiera que el pecau mortal.
- (b) Fiera como ella misma.
Es una tarasca.
Es un espantajo.
Es un mostro.³
Es una desfiguración.
Es el demonio de fiera.
Es fea como ella sola.

5. POBRE

- (a) Más pobre que las ratas.
Más pobre que el perro.
Más arrancau que las mangas de un chaleco.
Más pobre que el grillo.
Más pelau que el culo el coyote.⁴
Más pelau que un güevo.⁵

¹ Arbitrios.² Monstruo.³ In New-Mexican Spanish, *fiero* (= *feo*).⁴ See proverb No. 341.⁵ See proverb No. 340.

- (b) No tiene ni aracas.
 No tiene ni grisma.
 Ni tiene ni cara en que persinarse.
 No tiene ni en que caise¹ muerto.
 No tiene ni jola mocha.
 Está como la llaga del diablo.
 Está fundido, fregau, ajuerau,²
 Que ha de tener, el horno abierto.

6. ENOJADO, IRRITADO

Se lo quiso llevar Judas.
 Se subió.
 Rabió.
 Se le subió la mostaza.
 Está ardiendo su alma.
 Está que chilla.
 Está que le jierve³ el veneno.
 Está que hasta arde.
 Ya se lo lleva el demonio.
 Está hecho un leon, un basilisco.
 Ni solo se aguanta.
 Pronto se trepa.
 Se enchincho.
 Le dió una ira de mil demonios.

7. ORGULLO

- (a) Más orgulloso que el mismo demonio.
 Togau y con la bolsa seca.
 Tan togau y con la tripa clara.
 Tiene más toga que el diablo.
- (b) Se le hace que el mundo es de él.
 Se le hace que como el no hay.
 Se le hace que la virgen le habla y ni le parparea.
 Se le hace que nomás él es cosa.
 Quiere estar arriba e todos.
 El diablo que le hable.
 El diablo que se le arrime.

8. BONITO, LINDO

- (a) Más bonita que el cielo.
 Más linda que una estrella.
 Más linda que un retrato.
 Más linda que una rosa.
 Más linda que una flor.

¹ Caece.

² Agujerado.

³ Hierve.

(b)

Es una estrella.
 Es una deidá.
 Es un cielo.
 Es un retrato.
 Es un sol.
 Es una hermosura.
 Es una chulada.
 Es una virgen.
 Es una lindura.
 Es un lucero.
 Como ella misma.
 No tiene perp.
 Es que ni pintada.

(c)

Tan lindo que no solo
 Tarre¹ bonito que hast' ai no más.

9. DESNUDO

Está en cueros.
 Está en cueros vivos.
 Está en cueritiales.
 Está en cuerestates.

Como su madre lo parió.
 Está empeloto, empelotau.

10. RICO

Está sentau en un banco de oro.
 Está pesau en oro.

Es más rico que el demonio.
 Está muy platudo.

11. EDADES

Es más vieja que Matusalén.
 Es más vieja que la lumbre.
 Es más vieja que el camino real.
 Es más vieja que Judas.

Está hecho un carcaje.
 Ya tiene un pie en la sepultura.
 Ya se volvió de la primer edá.

12. VIVO, SAGAZ

Es más vivo que el diablo.
 Es muy diablito.

Tiene unos alcances que no sólo.
 No se la ve nadie.
 Es muy lupio.

¹ Tan + re.

Tiene unas alilainas (= mañas).
Es una lesna.
Es más vivo que qué.

13. CONTENTO, ALEGRE, AMIGOS

Está que hasta por lo ancho corta.
No cabe en un zapato.
No le cabe un güevo en el o —.
Están que hasta se lamben (= muy amigos).

14. ECHADO Á PERDER, AL REVÉS, FRUSTRADO

Salió pal quince.
Se lo llevó 'l carajo.
Lo hizo como quien le hace la barba á un indio.
Salió como su hocico.
Le salió la diligencia pan¹ ancas.
Se le voltió el chirrión por el palito.²
Aquí que la cagó mano fashico.³
Lo hizo al trochi mochi.
Le salió la diligencia floriada.

15. SALIR CON BIEN, TENER BUENA SUERTE, ETC.

- (a) Le fué de perlas.
Se la puso.
De lo alto le cayó.
Salió con la suya.
- (b) Tiene más suerte que seso.

16. TRABAJAR

Trabaja como un perro.
Trabaja como un güey.
Trabaja como un negro.
Trabaja como las bestias.
Trabaja como los burros.
Trabaja como un esclavo.

17. NO TRABAJAR

No mueve un alfiler.
No se moja las manos.
La tienen sentada.
Está de señorona.

18. PEREZOSO, HOLGAZÁN

Es más güevón que los perros.
Los tiene tamaños (así).
Es que le cuelgan.

¹ Para + en.

² See proverb No. 535.

³ Francisco. See *Bulletin de Dialectologie Romane*, iv (1912), p. 117, note 1.

Por no moverse no come.
 De flojera no son maromeros.
 Buscando trabajo y rogando á Dios no hallarlo.¹
 Está güeno pa mandarlo por la muerte.
 Ya se le colgaron los americanos.

19. DILIGENTE, TRABAJADOR

Es como las hormigas.
 Es como el viento.
 No para.

20. DESANIMADO, COBARDE, TÍMIDO

Se les cae el cielo encima.
 Ya se le cerró 'l mundo.
 No levanta cabeza.
 Ya dobló el pico.
 Tiene miedo que se le caiga el cielo y lo trampe.
 No tiene más mundo que el que pisa.
 Es más cobarde que las mujeres.
 Hasta á su bulto le tiene miedo.

21. LOCO, DEMENTE

Más loco que los diablos.
 Le falta un rial pal² peso.
 Es cerrado de mollera.
 No sabe ni de su juicio.

22. ASTUTO, ENGAÑOSO

Se hace el tonto pa amasarla mejor.
 Más tramposo que los diablos.
 Es una trampa.
 Tonto pa su conveniencia.
 Se hace el inocente pa comer con las dos manos.
 Se cura en salú.
 Tiene más enredos que Judas.
 Hácese cañón pa que lo ataquen.

23. BUENO

Es más buenó que el pan.
 Es la bondá andando.
 Es tan bueno que pa nada es bueno.
 Es muy panadagüena.³
 Es muy regüenaza.
 Es un pedazo e carne.

¹ See proverb No. 17.² Para el.³ Pa nada buena.

24. GORDO

- (a) Más gordo que un marrano.
- (b) Ya se rueda.
Está desfigurau.
Ya se rebana.
Ya no cabe en su cuerpo.
Ya parece una carreta.
Ya se derrite.

25. FLACO, DELGADO

- (a) Más flaco que un ánima del purgatorio.
Más flaco que un popote.
- (b) Ya se troza.
Ya vuela.
No más los ojos se le ven.
Es un cadáver.
Es el vivo carcaje.
Es los vivos huesos.
Es un espírito.
Es un ánima.
Es el vivo esqueleto.
Ya no es más de los huesos.

26. AMOR¹

La quiere como á su vida.
La quiere como á su alma.
La quiere más que á sí mismo.
Adora en ella.
La adora.
Es su encanto.
La quiere como á las niñas de sus ojos.
Es sus cinco sentidos.
Es su idolatría.

27. ABORRECIMIENTO¹

Lo tiene más aborrecido que á sus grandes pecaus.
No lo puede ver.
No lo quiere ver ni pintau.
Lo aborrece como á su mayor enemigo.
No lo quiere ni pa cuetes.²

¹ I do not include here the popular *coplas* on these subjects, which involve popular comparisons, because they are too numerous (over a hundred), and they form one of the most important parts of the *Cancionero popular nuevomejicano*, a collection of over a thousand *coplas*, which I hope to publish soon in the publications of the Hamburgische Kolonialinstitut.

² Cohete.

28. PÁLIDO

Más pálido que un muerto.
 Se puso como un papel.
 Se hizo blanca blanca.
 Se puso como un pan de cera.

29. IR APRISA, HUIR

Iba que hasta alitas le faltaban.
 Iba que hasta volaba.
 Fué y vino en un decir amén.
 Corren que se las pelan.
 Avisó á talones.
 Voló las trancas.

30. HABLAR DEMASIADO

Habla hasta por los codos.
 Habla como loco.
 Habla más que una cotorra.

31. BIEN VESTIDO, GALÁN?

Más galán que Gerineldo.¹
 Está hecho un Gerineldo.¹
 Está hecho un veinticuatro.
 Está hecho un pimpollo.
 Está que ni una paloma.

32. MISCELLANEOUS

Tiene más años que cuerpo.
 Es más valiente que el diablo.
 Tiene más juerzas que Sansón.
 Viven como los perros.
 Viven como perros y gatos.
 Es más sordo que una tapia.
 Es más negro que el carbón.
 Es más negro que el azabachi.
 Es más blanco que un alabastro.
 Es tan güero que no puede ver al sol.
 Está más cacarizo que un ololote.
 Es más pecoso que un güevo e golondrina.
 Más dulce que la miel.
 Más amargoso que la jiel.²
 Más achicharrau que una pasa.

¹ See proverb No. 339.² Hiel.

SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH

BY E. C. PERROW

II. SONGS IN WHICH ANIMALS FIGURE

I. THE OLD GRAY MARE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of my brother; 1906)



OLE Turkey-Buzzard come a-flyin a-by, (*thrice*)
Says, "Ole man, yore mare's gon die."

Ef she dies, I'll tan her skin;¹
Ef she don't, by doggies!² I'll ride 'r agin.

She got so pore I couldn't ride;
Bones stuck up right thoo³ her hide.

Then I hooked 'r to the plough;
Swore by doggies! she didn't know how.

Then I skinned some pop-paw⁴ lines;
Swore by doggies! she'd take her time.

Then I turned 'r daown the creek,
For her to hunt some grass to eat.

Then I follerd daown the track;
Found 'r in a mud-hole flat uv 'r back.

Then I felt so dev'lish stout,
Grabbed 'r by the tail en' pulled 'r out.

Then I thought it weren't no sin;
Took out my knife en' begun to skin.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, p. 19. This stanza is reported also from Virginia (Dr. Bullitt).

² A common byword in East Tennessee.

³ So the word "through" is pronounced in East Tennessee.

⁴ A kind of tree, with its banana-like fruit. The bark is tough, and makes good strings.

Refrain

Yanky doodle dum, yanky dee,¹
Yanky doodle dum, yanky dee.

2. THE OLD GRAY HORSE

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

Went to the river at break uv day,
Couldn't get across, en' uh had to stay;
Paid five dollars fer un ole gray horse,
Wouldn't go erlong, en' 'e wouldn't stan' still,
But jumped up en' daown like un ole flutter-mill.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909)

I went to the river and I couldn't get across;
Paid five dollars for an old gray horse,
Horse wouldn't ride, horse wouldn't swim,
And I'll never see my five dollars agin.

C

(From Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909)

I went to the river and couldn't get across;
Jumped on a toad-frog and thought he was a horse.²

3. EDMUND HAD AN OLD GRAY HORSE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)

Edmund had an ole gray horse; its name wuz Morgan Brown;
En' every tooth in Morgan's head wuz fifteen miles around.³

4. PROCTOR KNOTT

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Bet your money on Proctor Knott!⁴
He's a horse of mine.
Done quit runnin';
He's gone to flyin'.

All the way from Little Rock
Bet your money on Proctor Knott.
Proctor Knott run so fast
You couldn't see nothing but the jockey's ass.⁵

¹ Imitation of the sound of the banjo-string.

² This couplet is included in the college song-books under the title "Polly Wolly Doodle." The college, with its constant call for communal singing and sometimes for communal composition, is a natural place toward which folk-song of various localities will gravitate. It is also, as has been noted in *American Dialect Notes*, a hot-bed for the culture of slang.

³ A humorous comment on Morgan's age.

⁴ Evidently named for a prominent Kentuckian, Proctor Knott (died 1911).

⁵ In East Tennessee the "r" is still pronounced in this word.

5. I HAD A LITTLE MULE

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel, 1909)

I had a little mule, and his name was Jack;¹
I rode him on his tail to save his back.

I had a little mule, and his name was Jay;
I pulled his tail to hear him bray.

I had a little mule who was quite slick;
I pulled his tail to see him kick.

This little mule he kicked so high,
I thought that I had touched the sky.

I had a little mule; he was made of hay;
First big wind come along and blowed him away.

B

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

I had a little pony, en' his name wuz Jack;
I rode him on his belly to save his back.

6. I HITCHED MY HORSE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

I hitched my horse to the poplar trough,
The poplar trough, the poplar trough, the poplar trough,
And dar he cotched de whoopin'-cough,
De whoopin'-cough, de whoopin'-cough, de whoopin'-cough.

I hitched my horse to the swingin' lim, etc.
And dar he cut de pidgin-wing,² etc.

7. UNCLE NED³

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel, taken from the singing of a negro near Oxford; 1909)

There was an old man; his name was Ned;
He died some years ago.
He had no hair upon his head,
And nowhere for hair to grow.

And this old man he had two sons,
And both of them were brothers;
Josephus was the name of one;
Bohunkum was the other.

And these two boys they had an old horse;
This old horse was blind;

¹ Cf. Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1870), p. 19, for a rhyme opening like this.

² The name of a dance.

³ A variant of the well-known song, *There was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned*.

Josephus rid in front;¹
 And Bohunkum rid behind.
 These two boys they had an old hen,
 A good old hen was she;
 Every day she laid an egg,
 Sunday she laid three.²

8. THAT MULE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of T. H. Holliman; 1909)

That mule he had a hollow tooth,
 He could eat ten bushels of corn;
 Every time he blinked his eye,
 Two bushels and a half was gone.
 Oh! how that mule did holler-r,
 "Whoa!-he-" "whoa-a!"³
 When they curried him off with a rake!
 That mule could pull ten thousand pounds,
 That wasn't half a load;⁴
 Just clear the track, both white and black,
 And give that mule the road.

9. WHOA, MULE!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Whoa, mule! whoa!
 Can't you hear him holler?
 Tie a knot in the end of his tail,
 Or he'll jump through his collar.⁵

10. SWEET TO THE DONKEY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Sweet to the donkey is the growing of the grass;
 And if you don't like his way, you can let him pass.

11. I'M A ROWDY OLD SOUL

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS.?: 1909)

I uster drive a long-horn steer;
 Now I drive a muley:
 Hand me down my frock and coat;
 I'm goin' back to Juley.
 I'm a rowdy old soul, I'm a rowdy old soul!
 There ain't gwine to be a nigger in a mile or more.
 I'm gwine to get some brick and sand
 To build my chimney higher,
 To keep that damned old tomcat
 From putting out my fire.

¹ Cf. the version as found in the college song-books.² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 373, where "four" is the number.³ An imitation of the "hard, dry seesaw of his horrible bray."⁴ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 371.⁵ A stock gibe at an underfed animal. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 371.

12. HOOK AND LINE

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of C. B. House; 1905)

Give me the hook; give me the line;
Give me the gal they call Caroline.

Set my hook, give it a flip;
First thing I knowed, Dad's¹ old lip.

Hook would break; pole would bend;
Bottom of the river old Dad would send.

Nigger went a-fishing on a summer day;
Creek turned over,² and the fish got away.

Nigger went a-fishing in the summer time;
Creek turned over, and he went blind.

I went to the river and couldn't get across;
Jumped on a 'possum, and thought he was a horse.

The river was deep, and the bottom was sand;
You ought to seed that 'possum racking through the land.

13. THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The sheep's in the meadow, en' the caow's in the corn;³
Where in the hell has Lulu gone!

14. WORKING IN THE PEA-VINES

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

Turkey in de bread-tray, scratchin' out dough;
"Sallie, will yer dog bite?" — "No, chile, no!"

Workin' in de pea-vines, oh, ho! (*thrice*)

Had a little dog; his name was Clover;
When he died, he died all over.

15. MY COON DOG

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Rabbit in the log, and I got no dog,
Baby!⁴ Baby!

Chicken in the yard, and I got no lard,⁵
Baby! Baby!

¹ That is, the biggest fish, the daddy of 'em all. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 248, where "my old ad" seems a mistake for "my old dad."

² Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 20, for the subject of the impossible in folk-song.

³ Cf. J. B. Ker, *An Essay on the Archaeology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes* (London, 1834), p. 147.

⁴ A negro pet name for "sweetheart;" used also by the whites.

⁵ That is, to fry it with.

Somebody stole my coon dog,
 And I wish I had him back;
 Chase them big ones over the fence,
 And the little ones through the crack.

16. GRANPAP'S BULLDOG

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

Over the hill, en' across the level,
 Granpap's bulldog treed the devil.

17. COME ON, BLUE¹

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Cassidy; 1909)

Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!
 Dere's a 'possum in Heabn fer me an' you!
 So come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

Soon old Blue died; I dug his grave
 With a [and a] silver spade.²
 Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

I let him down with a golden chain,
 And every link I called his name.
 Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

Now since Blue haft gone to Heabn,
 I says, "Go on, Blue! Go on, Blue!"
 Dere's a 'possum in Heabn fer me an' you."

18. BOUGHT A COW

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909)

Bought a cow of farmer Jones,
 She wasn't nothing but skin and bones;
 Kept her till she was as fine as silk;
 Jumped the fence, and strained her milk.

19. THE OLD COW DIED

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909)

Ladies an' gentl'men, I tell you de fac'
 De ole caow died in de fodduh stack.

¹ Said to have been a song composed by an old negro in honor of his dog.

² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. xi, p. 22; vol. xxiii, p. 438) for the silver spade and golden chain. Here is a touch of the popular love for gold and silver so common in the standard ballads.

20. THE OLD COW CROSSED THE ROAD¹

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912)

De ole caow crossed de road, (*twice*)

De reason why she crossed de road wuz kase she crossed de road.

21. THE OLD HEN

A

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de yard;

.³

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de lot;

De nex' time she cackled, she cackled in de pot.

Chorus

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled, she cackled;

An' de rooster laid de egg.

De ole hen she cackled, an' she cackled on de fence;

De ole hen she cackled, an' she ain't cackled sence.

¹ This belongs to that group of never-ending songs, the words of which are sung over and over *ad nauseam*. A bit of folk-humor. Some one is urged to sing. At length he says, "I'll sing you a song of a hundred and eleven verses, no two of which are alike." He then sings this until the company call for him to cease. Another song of this type is:—

DAVY BARNUM



"The ole Davy Barnum said to young Davy Barnum,

'Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum!'

En' the young Davy Barnum said to ole Davy Barnum,

'Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum!'"

¹ I believe the line missing here is, —

"De nex' time she keckled, she keckled in de lauhd."

B

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909)

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de bahn;
De ole caow died, died uh de holluh ho'n.

22. GRANNY, WILL YER HEN PECK?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

"Granny, will yer hen peck?" — "No, chile, no!
Daddy cut 'er pecker off a long time ago."

23. GO TELL AUNT NANCY¹

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909)

Go tell Ænt Nāncy (*thrice*)
Huh gray goose is dead, —

The one she wuz savin' (*thrice*)
To make huh feather bed.

Somebody killed it, (*thrice*)
Knocked it in the head.

24. ONCE UPON A TIME²

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910)

Once upon a time a dawg made a rhyme,
A goose chewed tobacco, en' duck drank wine.

25. CHICKEN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

Chicken, little chicken, you'd better go up in a balloon;
Chicken, little chicken, you'd better roost behind the moon;
I'll give five dollars for the chickens three
That can roost too high for me.

26. THE OLD BLACK CAT

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Some may like the tortoise-shell;
Some may like the gray as well;
Some may like this and that;
But give to me the old black cat.

Chorus

Poor kitty that lies so cosey by the fire.

When the boys are full of fun,
They call the dogs and set them on;
I spring to my feet and grab my hat,
And run to save the old black cat.

Sung to the tune "Ebenezer." Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 378, for a stanza of this reported from Alabama. In the version which I have from Mississippi, Nobble takes the place of Nancy.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 48.

27. POOR LITTLE KITTY CAT

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909)

Po lid'l kitty cat, po lid'l felluh,
Po lid'l kitty cat, died in the celluh.

28. SHEEP AND SHOTE

(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Mrs. C. Longest; 1909)

Sheep an' shote went a-walkin' in de pæscher,
Sheep say to shote, "Cæn't you walk a leetl fæster?"
Shote say, "Sheep,¹ my toe souh!"
"Oh, I didn't know dat!"

29. THE MONKEY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

I wish I was in Texas, sitting on a rail,
Tater by the hand and a 'possum by the tail.
Monkey and a negro sitting on a rail;
You couldn't tell the difference; but the monkey had the tail.
A monkey sitting on the end of a rail,
Picking his tooth with the end of his tail.
Mullein-leaves and calico sleeves;
All school-teachers are hard to please.

30. 'POSSUM UP A 'SIMMON-TREE

A

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

A 'possum up a 'simmon-tree;
I winked at him; he winked at me;
I picked up a rock and hit him on de shin;
Sez he,² "Ole feller, don't do dat agin!"

Chorus

Oh, come 'long, boys, an' shuck dat corn;
We'll shuck and sing to de rattle ob de horn;
We'll shuck and sing till de comin' ob de morn,
An' den we'll hab a holiday.

I carried 'im to Miss Polly Bell,³
Because I knew she'd cook 'im well.
She made a fry; she made a stew,
A roast, a bile, an' a barbecue.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

'Possum up the 'simmon-tree, coon on the groun';
Coon said, "You 'possum, shake dem 'simmons down!"

¹ "Sheep, my . . . dat!" is spoken.

² Cf. Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 208.

'Possum up de 'simmon-tree, coony in de hollow;
There's a pretty gal at Daddy's house, as fat as she can wallow.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :

Went up on the mountain to get me a load of corn;
A raccoon treed the devil, and a 'possum blewed his horn.

31. THE RABBIT

(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

Hyeuh dawg! Hyeuh's a rabbit!
Ef yuh ketch it, yuh ken habbit.

32. OH, MR. RABBIT!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit! your tail's mighty white."¹
"Yes, my God! I can take it out er sight."
"Oh, Mr. Rabbit! you feet's mighty light."
"Yes, my God! I can take em out er sight!"

33. OLE MOLLY-HARE²

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

"Ole Molly-hare, what you doin' dare?"
"Runnin' through the 'backer-patch hard as I can tear."
"Ole Molly-hare, what you doin' dare?"
"Settin' in de brier-patch, pickin' out de hair."

34. OLD CORNFIELD RABBIT³

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Old cornfield rabbit . . . (*prolonged*)

Chorus

Rabbit! rabbit!

Got a mighty habit . . . etc.
Coming in de garden . . .
Cutting down de cabbage . . .
I called my dog . . .
Put him on the track . . .
Little black fool . . .
Come a trotting right back . . .

Chorus

Help me to holler rabbit now!
"Rabbit! rabbit!"
Come on, boys, let's have a time!
"Rabbit! rabbit!"

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, pp. 435 et seq.

² For another version, cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 351.

³ Cf. a version given in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 317. The negroes of Mississippi often sing this song when they gather, a fore-singer improvising the story, and the chorus shouting, "Rabbit! rabbit!"

35. THE JAYBIRD DIED¹

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh the jaybird died of the whooping-cough;
And the sparrow died of the colic;
Along came a frog with his fiddle on his back,
Inquiring the way to the frolic.

If ever I get through this war,
And the Southern boys don't find me,
I'll return straightway back home again
To the girl I left behind me.

36. THE JAYBIRD

A

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

Jaybird sittin' on a hickory lim';
He winked at me, and I winked at him.
Picked up a stick and hit him on the shin,
"Now, doggone you! Wink agin!"

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909)

Jaybird settin' in a swingin' lim'
Looked at me, and I at him;
Cocked my gun an' split his chin,
An' lef' the arrer stickin' in.

37. THE OLD BLUEJAY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

The ole bluejay (*four times*)
On the swingin' lim', etc.
I picked him clean, etc.
I wallered him around, etc.
I fried him brown, etc.
I swallered him down, etc.

¹ For other jaybird verses, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. ii, p. 300, and *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 324. Mrs. L. M. Cheshire gives in a newspaper article the following from Florida:—

"Jaybird up the sugar-tree,
Sparrow on de groun';
Jaybird shake de sugar down,
Sparrow pass hit around.

"Shoo, ladies, shoo, (*twice*)
Shoo, ladies, shoo, my gal,
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.

"Five cents is my pocket change;
Ten cents is my bill;
If times don't get no bettah heah,
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill."

38. THE JAYBIRD DIED

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of L. A. Harrison; 1909)

Way down yonder in my old loft,
Jaybird died with the whooping-cough.

He fell in my watering-trough,
And gave my cow the whooping-cough.

39. FREE LITTLE BIRD¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)

I'm as free a little bird ez I ken be! (*twice*)
I'll build my nest in the high oak-tree,
Where the bad boys can't bother me.

I'm as free a little bird ez I ken be! (*twice*)
I'll draown myself in the bottom uv the sea,
Before I'll let the bad boys bother me.

40. THE FROG WENT A-COURTING²

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The Frog went a-courtin'; he did ride, (*thrice*)
A sword en' pistol by his side.

Where will the weddin'-supper be, Baby?³ (*thrice*)
Way daown yander in the holler oak-tree, Baby.

What will the weddin'-supper be, Baby? (*thrice*)
Fried mosquito en' roasted flea,⁴ Baby.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

A Frog he would a-wooin' go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Raymond; 1909)

A Gentleman Frog got up to ride, um . . . um . . . (*humming*)
A Gentleman Frog got up to ride,
A sword and a pistol by his side, um . . . um . . .

Went down to Lady Mouse's hall,
Knocked at the door, and there did call.

¹ For another version, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, p. 241.² Cf. Percy Society, vol. iv (1842); Halliwell, No. xciii; also Lina Eckstein, *Comparative Studies*, pp. 29, 94.³ Cf. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, vol. ii, p. 163.⁴ Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 25, for other insects: —

"As I went down in my old field,
I heard a mighty maulin';
The seed-ticks was a-splittin' rails;
The chigres was a-haulin'."

He asked if Lady Mouse were in.

"Yes, kind sir, she sits to spin."

Directly Lady Mouse came down,

Dressed in silk and satin gown.

He said, "Miss Mouse, won't you marry me?"

"Yes, kind sir, if you'll have me."

Directly Uncle Rat came home:

"Who's been here since I've been gone?"

"A nice young gentleman," said she;

"I'll have him, if he'll have me."

Uncle Rat went back to town

To buy his niece a wedding-gown.

"Where shall the wedding-supper be?"

"Way down yonder, in an old hollow oak-tree."

"What shall the wedding-supper be?"

"Bread and honey and a big black bee."

The first one there was Mr. Coon,

Waving about a big silver spoon.

The next one there was Mr. Snake,

Handing around the wedding-cake.

The next one there was a Bumblebee,

Tuning his fiddle on his knee.

Mr. Frog got scared, and run out the door;

He never had heard a fiddle before.

Miss Mouse got scared and run up the wall;

Her foot got caught, and she did fall.

41. THE BULLFROG

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Way daown yander in Arkansaw,

The Bullfrog said, "Ker-chow ker-chaw."

Way daown yander in China-rank,

The Bullfrog jumped frum bank to bank.

The Bullfrog jumped frum the bottom uv the well,

En' swore by God! he wuz just frum hell.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

The Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank,

Skint his shins from shank to shank.

The Bullfrog jumped from the bottom of the well,

And swore by George! he was just from hell.

42. THE BULLFROG AND THE ALLIGATOR

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh! de Bullfrog tried for to court de Alligator
He hopped upon a log, and offered her a tater.

Oh! de Alligator grin, an' den she try to blush,
An de Bullfrog cried out, "Oh, do hush!"

43. COME ALONG, LADIES

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Come along, ladies, take a drink o' grog;
Ever see a tadpole turnin' to a frog?

44. WHAT MAKE A FRENCHMAN GROW SO TALL

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

What make a Frenchman grow so tall, Sugar-babe? (*twice*)
What make a Frenchman grow so tall?

Kase he eat de crawfish, head an' all, Sugar-babe.

Little bit er Frenchman nine days ole, Sugar-babe, etc.
Down on his knees at de crawfish hole, Sugar-babe.

Little bit er Frenchman nine days ole, Sugar-babe, etc.
Tryin' ter ketch a crawfish, bless his soul! Sugar-babe.

III. GAME SONGS AND NURSERY RHYMES

I. SKIP TO MY LOU¹

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Pretty as a red-bird, prettier, too; (*thrice*)
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Get me another one, prettier, too; etc.

¹ Lou, a common term for "sweetheart" in East Tennessee. Probably derived from the proper noun. This song bears strong evidences of communal composition. The stanzas have no fixed order: any one may be sung at any time during the dance, if the fore-singer thinks fit. The rhyme-scheme, although a very simple one, is frequently lost sight of as the fore-singer, feeling that the dance must go on, is obliged from time to time to improvise words to accompany his action. I have often engaged in this dance, and have seen the process of such communal composition. The game is played as follows: the boys choose their partners from among the girls, and the couples arrange themselves along the walls of the room in which the dance is to take place. There is one boy, however, who has no partner. He begins the song, skips across the room to the time of the music, and steals the girl of his choice from the boy who is with her. This boy then becomes the fore-singer, and steals another girl, or sometimes brings back the girl who has been taken from him. The fore-singer determines what verse shall be sung, the crowd joining in with him as soon as possible. He often sings just what happens to come into his head at the time, his best verses, of course, being remembered, and used again the next time the game is played. Cf. the account of this game in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, p. 270.

I'll have her back in spite of you; etc.

Gone again; skip to my Lou; etc.

Sweet as a pop-paw punkin-pie; etc.

Pigs in the 'tater-patch, skip to my Lou; etc.

She wears shoes number two; etc.

Stand like a fool,¹ skip to my Lou; etc.

B

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908);

Dad's old hat and Mam's old shoe; etc.

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Lost my partner, what will I do?

Get me another one; skip-tum-i-loo.

If I can't get a jaybird, a redhead will do; etc.

D

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Annie Reedy; 1909)

Lead 'em up and lead 'em down; etc.

Swing her on the corner; etc.

Sweetheart skipped me; etc.

Black-eyed pretty one; etc.

2. SHOOT THE BUFFALO²

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

The boys will plough and hoe,
And the girls will sit and sew,
And we'll circle in the canebrake,
And shoot the buffalo.

Chorus

Oh! we'll shoot the buffalo; (*twice*)
We'll circle through the canebrake,
And shoot the buffalo.

The girls will sit and spin,
And the boys will fight like men;³
And we'll circle through the canebrake,
And shoot the buffalo.

¹ When the fore-singer hesitates to choose, the crowd sings, "Stand like a fool," etc.

² A dance-game common also in East Tennessee.

³ Rhyming with "spin." In southern Alabama and southern Mississippi, all short *e*'s are pronounced as short *i* in "pin."

3. MOLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Molly, put the kettle on, (*thrice*)
En' less have tea.

Molly, put the kettle on,
Jenny, blow the dinner-horn,
Molly, put the kettle on,
En' less have tea.

Slice the bread an' butter fine,
Slice enough fer forty-nine,
Molly, put the kettle on,
En' less have tea.

4. LOVE HAS WON THE DAY²

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Go forth en' face yer lover, (*thrice*)
Fer love has won the day.

He kneels because he loves yer, etc.

He measures his love to show yer, etc.

It breaks his heart to leave yer, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Sims; 1909)

We're marching round the levy,
For we have gained the day.

Go in and out the window, etc.

Go forth and chase your lover, etc.

I measure my love to show you, etc.

One kiss before I leave you, etc.

¹ I have not seen in print these stanzas of the well-known song. They are used in the game called "Drop the Handkerchief." The players, holding hands, move in a circle, their faces toward the centre. A girl stands on the outside of the circle, and drops her handkerchief behind some boy. As soon as he sees it, he leaves his place in the circle and chases the girl, who attempts to run around the group and get back to the place left vacant by the boy. If the boy catches the girl before she reaches this place, he kisses her.

² A version of "Round about the Village" (Gomme, *Traditional Games*, vol. ii, p. 122), though the music is different. Cf. also *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xv, p. 195 (Florida), and *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 28, with this characteristic verse, "I'll break my neck, or kiss you."

5. GREEN GRAVEL¹

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909)

Green gravel, green gravel, how green the grass grows,
That all the fern nations are ashamed to be seen.

Miss Mary, Miss Mary, your true-love is dead;
He sent you a letter; so turn back your head!

6. CHARLOTTE TOWN

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909)

Charlotte Town is burnin' down,
Good-by! good-by!
Burning down to the groun',
Good-by! good-by!

Oh, ain't yuh mighty sorry?
Good-by! good-by!
Oh, ain't yuh might sorry?
Good-by! good-by.

7. RING AROUND THE ROSES²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Ring around the roses,
A bottle full uv posies,
Squat by Joses.

8. JOLLY MILLER³

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Hands on the hopper, en' hands on the slab;
En' every time yer turn aroun', grab, boys, grab!

9. I LOST MY GLOVE⁴

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1912)

I lost my glove yestiddy, en' found it to-day;
'Twas all full uv mud, en' I flung it away.

¹ Given, in a slightly different version, in Gomme (*Traditional Games*, vol. i, p. 171). Judge C. B. Seymour, Louisville, Ky., says, "I played it nearly sixty years ago." He gives as his version:—

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass grows so green;
Free mason, free mason, ashamed to be seen," etc.,

where "free mason" is a corruption for "fair maiden." "Gravel," he suggests, is the diminutive of "grave." "The children ages ago forgot that they were playing funeral, and walking around the little grave of the fair maiden, and one by one turning away."

² The players, holding hands, move in a circle. At the word "squat," all sit down. The last one down is made to tell his sweetheart's name. This is done sometimes by forcing him to answer the following question: "If you had on top of the house Mary A. and Nellie B. and Fanny C., which one would you throw down and break her neck? which would you leave for the buzzards to eat? and which would you bring down in your pocket?"

³ A version of the well-known game of "The Jolly Miller." Cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 290.

⁴ Played as "Drop the Handkerchief" is played.

10. AMONG THE LILY-WHITE DANDIES

(From Virginia; children in Richmond; MS. of Mrs. Longest; 1909)

What would you give to know her name,¹

Know her name, know her name?

What would you give to know her name

Among the lily-white dandies?

Mary is her first name,

First name, first name,

Mary is her first name

Among the lily-white dandies.

Smith is her last name,

Last name, etc.

What would you give to know his name,

Know his name, etc.

John is his first name,

First name, etc.

Jones is his last name,

Last name, etc.

Now poor John is dead and gone,

Dead and gone, etc.

Left poor Mary a widow

A widow, etc.

Where shall we bury him,

Bury him, etc.

Up in the cookoo-yard,

Cookoo-yard, etc.

Twenty-four lilies at his feet,

At his feet, etc.

11. FROG IN THE MIDDLE²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Frog in the middle, en' 'e can't get out;

Take a little stick en' stir 'im about.

12. I SPY³

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

A bushel er wheat en' er bushel er rye;

All ain't ready, holler "I."

¹ For this line, cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 84.² A well-known game, in which the one in the middle of the circle slips out while the players have their eyes shut, and hides. Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 80.³ For other versions, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 226; vol. vi, p. 131.

A bushel er wheat, er bushel er clover;
All ain't hid can't hide over.

One, two, three, look out fer me!¹
I'm coming!

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

A bushel of wheat and a bushel of oats;
All that ain't hid, holler "Billy goat!"

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Ben Bell; 1908)

Bushel of wheat and a bushel of rye;
All in three feet of my base I spy.

D

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1908)

One, two, three, look out for me!
I'm going to find you, wherever you be.

One, two, three, look out for me!
You'd better hide before I can see.

One, two, three, look out for me!
I see you behind that big tree.

All that ain't hid will say "I;"
Those that are hid, please don't lie.

13. WILLIAM TRIMBLETOE²

A

(From Virginia; white children; from memory; 1909)

Rimety, trimety, he's a good man,
Ketches hens an' puts 'em in pens;
Some lay eggs, an' some don't.
Wire brier, limber lock
Sits an' sings till twelve o'clock;
O-U-T spells out,
With — his — long — snout.

B

(From Mississippi; country children, white; from recitation of C. Longest; 1909)

William Trimbletoe, he's a good fisherman,
Kitchens hins an' puts 'em in pins;
Some lay iggas, an' some none.

¹ In the game of "Hiding the Switch," the hider uses the words "Bread and butter, come to supper," to call the others to the search. Cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. I, p. 353.

² Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. III, p. 388. For a study of counting-out rhymes, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. I, p. 31.

Wire brier, limber lock,
 Three geese in a flock;
 Some flew east, an' some flew wist,
 An' some flew over the cuckoo's nist.
 O-U-T spills out,
 You old dirty dish-clout,
 You go!

14. ENY MENY MINY MO

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Eny meny miny mo¹
 Catch a nigger by the toe;
 If he hollers, let him go,
 Eny meny miny mo!

Eny meny miny mo!
 Catch a nigger by the toe;
 If he hollers, make him pay
 Fifty dollars every day.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

Eny meny miny mo!
 Crack a fenny, finny, fo!
 Um a wootsy, pop a tootsy,
 Rick, stick, band, do!

15. WUN A ME NOORY²

(From Virginia; Richmond children; recitation of Mrs. Longest; 1909)

Wun a me noory, ikka me Ann.
 Fillis an follis, Nicholas, Jan.
 Weever, wover, queever, quover,
 Sinktum, Sanktum, Buck.

16. THE OLD WOMAN³

A

(From Pennsylvania; Quakers; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

There was an old woman all skin an' bones . . .

M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m,

An' she went to the church . . .

M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-

An' when she got to the stile,
 She thought she'd rest a while.

An' when she got to the door,
 She thought she'd rest a little more.

¹ This stanza has been printed many times.² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i, p. 31.³ Cf. Halliwell, No. lxxxix. This rhyme is known traditionally also in East Tennessee.

An' when she came within the door,
She saw a dead man on the floor — Boo!

B

(From Kentucky; whites; MS. of C. B. Seymour; 1912)

There was an old crone lived all alone,
Just like unto another old crone.

She went unto the church one day
To hear the parson preach and pray.

She look-ed up, she look-ed down;
She saw a corp¹ upon the groun'.

She look-ed unto the parson, and said,
"Shall I look so when I am dead?"

The parson look-ed to her, and said,
"You will look so when you are dead."

She look-ed unto the parson, and said,
"Boo!"

17. OLD MARIAH²

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. C. Stokes)

Old Mariah jumped in the fire;
The fire was so hot, she jumped in the pot;
The pot was so black, she jumped in the crack;
The crack was so high, she jumped in the sky;
The sky was so blue, she jumped in the canoe;
The canoe was so deep, she jumped in the creek;
The creek was so shallow, she jumped in the tallow;
The tallow was so hard, she jumped in the lard;
The lard was so soft, she jumped in the loft;
The loft was so rotten, she jumped in the cotton;
The cotton was so white, she staid all night.

18. THE SWAPPING SONG ³

(From Kentucky; country whites; MS. sent Mrs. Ewing Marshall from Western
Kentucky; 1912)

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I left upon the shelf.

Chorus

Tum a wing, wong, waddle-ding,
A Jack Straw, straddle-ding,
A John fair, faddle ding,
A long ways home.

¹ The use of the word "corp" seems archaic. I believe the form "corp" is not used outside of Northumberland.

² A rhyme of similar character is found in Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 223.

³ Of course the first four stanzas are traditional from the well-known nursery rhyme; but the rest have been added by the minstrel. The theme of swapping for things of less value is found frequently in folk-tales.

The rats and mice did give me such a life,
I had to go to London to get me a wife.

The creeks were so wide, and the streets were so narrow,
And I had to bring 'er home on an' old wheelbarrow.

My foot slipped and I got a fall,
And away went wheelb'ar, wife, and all.

I swapped my wheelb'ar and got a hoss,
And then I rode from Cross to Cross.

I swapped my hoss and got me a mare,
And then I rode from tare to tare.

I swapped my mare and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a dog-on fool.

I swapped my mule and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

I swapped my calf and got me a sheep,
And then I rode till I went to sleep.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
And law! what a pretty thing I had then!

I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
And I sat it on a haystack to little cat.

I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the dog-on thing went straight to its hole!

19. OLD GRIMES

(From Kentucky; whites; from singing of Mrs. Helm; 1912)



Old Grimes is dead and laid in his grave,
H-m-m, laid in his grave.

The apple-tree came up and grew o'er his head,
H-m-m, grew o'er his head.

The bridle and saddle are laid on the shelf, etc.
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself, etc.

20. LITTLE BOY¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)

Little boy, little boy, wher'd yer get yer britches?
"Daddy cut 'um out, en' mammy sewed the stitches."

¹ Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 294 (Alabama). I have this reported also from Mississippi.

21. SEE-SAW¹

(From Wisconsin; Madison children; 1909)

See-saw, buckety-waw, for my lady's daughter;
 Give her a ring and a silver spoon, and let my lady come under.
 Finger in the sugar-bowl! (*shouted*)

22. SCHOOL BUTTER²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)

School butter! chicken flutter (or fudder)!
 Rotten eggs fer yer daddy's supper!

IV. RELIGIOUS SONGS, AND PARODIES OF RELIGIOUS SONGS

I. WHEN THE LAST TRUMPET SHALL SOUND³

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

¹ Cf. Halliwell, No. ccv; Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 100; vols. vii, xii, II, 185.² A cry of defiance to a boy who is disgraced by having to go to school. Any school-boy will fight anybody, no matter what his size, who calls "School butter" to him.

It may be interesting to note here, also, that the school-children in Tennessee converse with each other in certain languages supposedly secret. Dog Latin is of two varieties: (1) A language made by the addition of the syllables "-bus" and "-um" to English words; and (2) a language made by the spelling of each word with an alphabet in which the consonants are disguised by adding the vowel "a" and the consonant itself, or by adding the vowel "o" followed by "y." So the word "run" would be pronounced, "rar-u-nan." Both varieties of Dog Latin are hard to follow when they are spoken rapidly; but the children who practise them easily understand them.

Of interest, also, are the mnemonics used in the country singing-schools for the several major keys. "Girls Dread All Evil Boys First" indicates by successive initials the name of the corresponding key for the sharps, and "Four Boys Eat Apple Dumplings Greedily" serves for the flats.

³ One of the most promising fields for the investigator of the subject of communal composition is that of the religious revivals that are held every year in the mountains of East Tennessee. The people there are of a decidedly religious temperament. At least once a year, every church has a big "meetin'." The preacher usually delivers, on these occasions, an interminable amount of what seems to the uninitiated a mass of emotional rant. If there is more than one preacher present, each of them is expected to preach a sermon. I have known services to last from half-past ten to half-past two on Sundays. Sometimes the evening services are prolonged until nearly daybreak. Sometimes two or three exhorters are talking at one time. Often the sermons are not very intelligible; but the seed falls on good ground, and soon the whole congregation is in an uproar of religious frenzy. I have seen, at these meetings, dozens of people on the floor at one time, wildly

I hope to meet my father there:
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!
 Who used to kneel with me in prayer:
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!

I'll be there! I'll be there!
 I'll be there! I'll be there!
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!

I hope to meet my mother there:
(So on, through brother, sister, neighbor, preacher, etc.)

gesticulating, and at the top of their voices shouting the praises of the Lord. This sort of thing is often kept up for hours, usually until the shouters, especially the women, are exhausted almost to the point of fainting, although fainting is an accomplishment of which these sturdy mountain-women know little.

All sorts of queer doctrines flourish among these people. A few years ago the Sanctified Band began to get a hold among them. The Sanctificationists teach that there is a second blessing, or work of grace, without which one cannot be saved. This blessing has the added advantage of enabling its possessor to live a holy and sinless life. The mountain-folk were slow to take hold of this doctrine; and its introduction was bitterly opposed, even to the point of violence. But in some localities it prospered, and its converts were now as violent in its defence as formerly they had been in opposing it. I remember one meeting, held near my home, in which straw was strewn on the floor for the seekers to kneel in, and for the purpose of providing a place for those already sanctified to "die" for their friends, even as Jesus died for sinners. This latter performance consists in falling into a trance, and remaining in such a condition for some hours; the time, of course, varying with the hard-heartedness of the one for whom the exertion is made. This is said to be one of the most powerful means of reclaiming sinners. I know of one girl who lay as dead, in such a trance, for eight hours. Another group was possessed of and practised the "holy dance." The native preachers are universal in their opposition to education. They believe that when they open their mouths, the Lord will take care to fill them with a true message. Education is regarded as a kind of sin. The Hard-shell Baptists are divided into two groups, — the one-seeders and the two-seeders. The latter believe that some men are born of God, and will be saved, regardless of their actions; others are naturally of the seed of the Devil, and can never be saved, no matter how much they may seek God. Matters of religion are of universal concern. It is seldom that a group of mountain-folk get together without discussing doctrinal questions, and reasoning high of Providence, foreknowledge, and other such Puritan subjects. For the mountain-folk are thoroughly conversant with the Bible, and woe to the missionary who comes among them unmindful of its words. "Whut do yer mean!" angrily said a leader of a mountain-clan to a friend of mine who was teaching school in his neighborhood last summer. "Whut do yer mean by tellin' my children that the world is round and the sun stands still? Do yer not know that the Bible says Joshuay made the sun stand still? It must move, then. And do yer not know that the Bible speaks of the four corners of the yearth and the eends of the yearth? How, then, can yer say it is round? Yer ought ter hev little Joshuay dawwn thar in yer school, en' larn him sump'n'!" The country debating-societies usually concern themselves with moral or biblical questions. I know of one case where a four-days' debate was held between what Baptist and Methodist preachers could be collected for the occasion. The subject of dispute was the proper form of baptism. Large and appreciative crowds listened to the arguments for the four days, and went home, each side believing the more firmly in its former position.

When religious revivals are in progress, all differences of locality and all family grudges are, for the time being, wiped out. Those who attend become a homogeneous throng, a

2. RISE, MOURNER, RISE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



Yes, I raly dew believe, jes' before the end uv time,
 We shell hyeur the angels sing in thet mornin';
 Rise, mourner, rise,¹ en' go meet 'em in the skies,
 Fer we'll hyeur the angels sing in thet mornin'.

3. ON HEAVEN'S BRIGHT SHORE²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



We have fathers gone to glory, (*thrice*)
 Gone to Heaven's bright shore;
 Some bright day we'll go en' jine 'em (*thrice*)
 On Heaven's bright shore.

unit in thought and purpose. In such meetings they must have singing. But sometimes books are lacking, or the memory of the brother who raised the song fails him. On such occasions (rare enough in the last few years), we have the miracle and *das Volk dichtet*, one fore-singer after another taking up the hymn, and adding his own contribution to the melting-pot.

Of such communal origin are, without question, the group of songs that run a sentiment through the entire list of relatives and neighbors. They sometimes find their way up into printed hymn-book versions; but one never sees the name of the author. They have come from the heart of the folk.

¹ The mourner is, of course, kneeling with his head bowed at the mourner's bench. Cf. the negro hymn quoted by Mrs. Cheshire under II, of this article, No. 35.

"Jes' look yonder what I see;
 Angels bid me ter come —
 See two angels callin' me;
 Angels bid me ter come.

"Rise an' shine, mourner, (*thrice*)
 Fur de angels bid 'er me ter come."

² Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 29.

4. THE PROMISED LAND

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

I have a father in the Promised Land, (*thrice*)
Way over in the Promised Land.

B

(From Mississippi; American Indians; recitation of Mr. C. Longest; 1909)

I have a father in the prag-a-nat-a-la,¹ (*twice*)
Ni yai yo, niji naiji prag, coji privi in the praganatala.
Je-we-ji privi in the prag-a-nat-a-la, (*twice*)
Ni yai yo, niji naiji prag, coji privi in the prag-a-nat-a-la.

5. THE OLD-TIME RELIGION²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

'Tis the ole-time religion, (*thrice*)
En' it's good enough fer me.
It was good fer our fathers,
En' it's good enough fer me.
It was good fer our mothers, etc.
(*So, through all the family relations*)
It was good fer our preacher, etc.
It was good fer our neighbors, etc.

¹ The letters in these Indian words have the sounds given them in the alphabet used by the American Dialect Society. For a similar Indian song, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, p. 236. Mr. U. H. Smith gives me, from the country whites of Indiana (1908), the refrain from a hymn:—

"I have a father in that kingdom,
Sittin' on the seat with Jesus."

A friend of Miss Heft reports from Thomasville, Ky., this negro version:—

"My Lord called me and I mus' go
Way over in the Promised Land;
I got a mother in the Promised Land,
I expect to meet her and shake her hand
Way over in the Promised Land."

² Versions of this have been printed in hymn-books; but the origin seems popular. Each locality has its own stanzas. The last two lines show an accretion that came lately by the American Dialect Society. The Sanctificationists taught that the use of tobacco is a sin. Many people, under the stress of their religious feelings, gave it up. The stanza records their feeling. Cf. also the popular rhyme:—

"I do not use the filthy weed;
I hate the man that sowed the seed."

I remember distinctly when the last stanza was composed. There had been a heavy rain, and only the extremely devout had ventured up the mountain-streams that serve regularly for roads. But these sang, after they reached the church,—

"Makes me wade the mud to meetin'."

It was good fer Paul an' Silas, etc.

(*So, through any number of Bible characters*)

It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.

It was tried in the den of lions, etc.

Makes me love everybody, etc.

Makes me happy, soul en' body, etc.

Makes me want to go to Heaven, etc.

Makes me hate the snuff en' the dipper, etc.

Makes me wade the mud to meetin', etc.

6. OLE-TIME CO'N LICKER¹

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

Give me that ol'-time co'n lick, (*thrice*)

It's good enough fer me.

It was good enough fer father, etc.

It was made in Hickory hollow, etc.

It's good enough fer the mountains, etc.

It'll cost you two per gallon, etc.

It'll make you feel like fightin', etc.

7. I FOUND A PEANUT²

(From Mississippi; college-boys; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1908)

I found a peanut, (*twice*)

I found a peanut just now,

(Just now I found a peanut,

I found a peanut just now).

Where did you find it? etc.

What did you do with it? etc.

I broke it open, etc.

What was in it? etc.

It was empty, etc.

¹ Of course, the profane are constantly making parodies of the genuinely religious songs. This represents the negroes as "celebrating the lick."

² Here we see the college-boys parodying and building up by communal composition something like a story. This was sung to the tune of "Come to Jesus," a song which is itself of folk-origin, I think.

8. SINNERS WILL CRY

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Sinners will cry fer the rocks in the mountains, (*thrice*)
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun'.

9. YOU MUST BE BORND AGIN

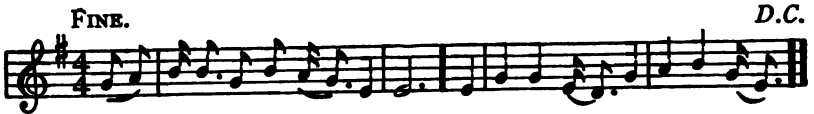
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



You must be bornd agin, agin;
 You must be bornd agin;
 Without a change, you can't be saved;
 You must be bornd agin.

10. I AM GOING TO THE GRAVE TO SLEEP

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



I am goin' tew the grave tew sleep, —
 Tew sleep that sleep, that long, sweet sleep;
 I am goin' tew the grave to sleep.

11. THE RAM'S HORN BLOWED

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The ram's horn blowed; the children did shout;
 The winders flew open, en' they all looked out.
 O John! sing hallelulyer!
 O John! sing hallelulyer!
 Fer the spirit uv the Lord has fell upon me.

We took the little baby to the new buryin'-groun',
En' there we laid its little body down,
O John! sing hallelulyer!
O John! sing hallelulyer!
Fer the spirit uv the Lord has fell upon me.

12. HUNTIN' A HOME TO GO TO

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

When I was young en' a mourner like you,
I was huntin' a home to go to;
I never stopped till I got through,¹
I was huntin' a home to go to.

13. LORD, I WANT MORE RELIGION

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



Religion makes me happy, en' then I want to go
To leave this world of sorrer en' trouble hyeur below.
Lord, I want more religion (*thrice*)
To help me on to God.

14. METHODIST

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Methodist, Methodist, while I live,
Methodist till I die;
Been baptized in the faith,
An' fed on Methodist pie.

15. MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN²

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Saddle the cat, an' I'll get on;
Gimme a stick, an' I'll lay on;
Open the gate, an' I'll be gone.

¹ The technical term for "getting religion."

² Evidently a mnemonic for remembering the evangelists. Cf. Halliwell, No. clxxx, and Chambers, p. 149.

16. NEBUCHADNEZZAR

A

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)
 Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,
 Bought his grandmother a new pair of shoes.

B

(From Massachusetts; Boston; 1912)
 Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,
 Took off his stockings and spit in his shoes.

17. HICKORY STEEPLE

(From Kentucky; whites; 1912)

Ez I wuz goin' to Hickory Steeple,
 There I met some cullud people;
 Some wuz black, en' some wuz blackuh,
 En' some wuz black ez a chaw uv terbacuh.

18. JESSE COLE¹

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; taken down from singing by E. N. Caldwell, 1912)

To one and all, both great and small, this story I will unfold;
 It makes me sad to think about the doom of Jesse Cole.
 They lodged him in the Knoxville jail; it is a dreadful charge;
 He says that he is innocent of killing Samuel Large.

It's true it's sad to think of such a death to die;
 Yet men could shun those reckless crowds, if they would only try.
 Cole has a wife and children to leave as many a man has done.
 Those bloody works for which he is to hang some other might have done.

He says upon the witness-stand they swore his life away.
 Every knee shall bow and tongue confess at the coming judgment-day,
 In the gloomy walls confined to stay until that dreadful hour,
 And then his soul must fly away to meet the Higher Power.

All on that day his devoted friends will stand around, perhaps his troubled
 wife,

This enough to make the sinner turn to live a better life.
 Parents teach your children while in the tender years [youth?]
 To try to shun all evils and always tell the truth.
 Teach them there is a God to fear, it's always best to think,²
 Also beware of gambling-cards, and always shun strong drink.

God fixed a way for all to live; He suffered on the cross,
 Grace to every soul he gives; He would that none be lost;

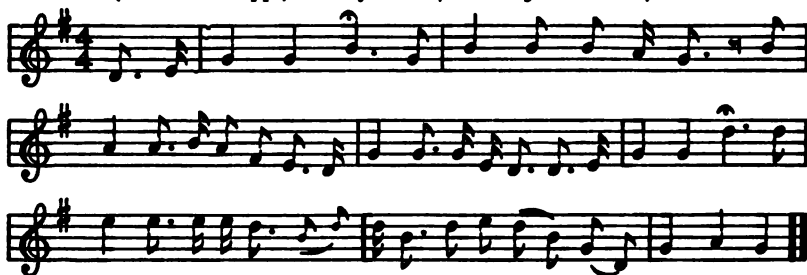
¹ A moral ballad rather than a hymn. Its source is not necessarily the preacher. It comes, more probably, from the moral consciousness of the folk. The manuscript has the note, "Composed by W. M. Day. From Tennessee, Old."

² With something of the Elizabethan sense.

Be innocent or guilty, on God he must rely:
The twenty-first of December they have set for Cole to die.
All on that day they'll crowd around close by the window tent
To hear the last words of a man whose life is at an end.¹

19. I'VE A LONG TIME HEARD

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin)



I've a long time heard the sun will be bleeding,
The sun will be bleeding, the sun will be bleeding,
I've a long time heard the sun will be bleeding:
Sinner, where will you stand in that day?

I've a long time heard the angels will be singing, etc.

I've a long time heard the devils will be howling, etc.

I've a long time heard sinners would be crying, etc.

20. DON'T YER HEAR DEM BELLS?

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Wukking all day in de cotton an' de corn,
Wid my feet an' my han's so so',
Looking fer ole Gab'l to blow his horn,
So I won't hab ter wuk no mo'.

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Dey are ringin' up de glory ob de morn.

Hallelujah!

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Dey are ringin' up de glory ob de morn.

21. SO GLAD

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

So-o glad! So-o glad!

What are you so glad about?

Sins forgiven an' my soul sot free!

So-o glad! So-o glad!

¹ Pronounced regularly "ent."

22. SATAN'S MAD

A

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Satan's mad and I am glad;¹
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?
 He missed dat soul he thought he had;
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?

Hoe yer corn, hoe yer corn. Moses!
 Hoe yer corn!
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?

B

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Satan's mad and I am glad;
 Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, in my face dis mornin',
 Sunshine in my face.
 He missed dat soul he thought he had;
 Sunshine, sunshine, etc.

C

(From Virginia; ?; from memory; 1909)

Ole Satan's got an iron shoe;
 If you don't min', he'll put it on you.

23. THE LITTLE ANGELS

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Dere's one, dere's two, dere's three, little angels,
 Dere's four, dere's five, dere's six, little angels,
 Dere's seven, dere's eight, dere's nine, little angels,
 Dere's ten little angels in de band.

Chorus

I'se gwine Sunday mornin', (*thrice*)
 Sunday mornin' fair.

Dere's 'leben, dere's twelve, thirteen, little angels,
 Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, little angels,
 Sebenteen, eighteen, nineteen, little angels,
 Dere's twenty little angels in de band.

24. O DEATH!

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Sinner, I come to you by Hebbin's decree;
 This very night you must go wid me.

"O-o death! O-o death!
 How kin I go wid you?

¹ Cf. the popular rhyme, which I have heard both in North Carolina and in Massachusetts:—

"Charlie's mad en' I am glad, en' I know whut'll please him:
 A bottle uv ink fuh him to drink, en' a pretty girl to squeeze him."

"Jes' like a flower in its bloom,
Why should you cut me down so soon?
O-o death! O-o death!
How kin I go wid you?"

25. DONE WRIT DOWN YO' NAME

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Rise, mourner, rise, and don't be ashame';
Fer Jesus Christ, de Lamb of God,
Done writ down yo' name.
"I believe it!"¹ (*Shouted by the preacher*)
Done writ down yo' name.
"Up in Heaven!"
Done writ down yo' name.
"On de Lamb's Book!"
Done writ down yo' name.

I hear dem bells a-ringin';
It's time fer me to go;
De hebbently breakfast waitin'
On de hebbently sho'.
"I believe it!"
Done writ down *my* name. etc.

26. MY GOOD LAWD

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Oh, ain't dat a mighty wonder!
Oh, ain't dat a mighty talk!
To see dat man wid de palsy
Pick up his bed, an' walk.

My good Lawd been here, bless my soul! an' gone away.

Oh! when I get's up in de Heaben,
I'se gwine stan' on de sea ob glass,
An' make my inquisition,
Hab I got home at last!

27. OH! WHAR SHALL I BE?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh! whar shall I be when de great trumpet soun'?
Oh! whar shall I be when it soun' so loud? —
When it soun' so loud, de dead will all arise,
Oh! whar shall I be when it soun'?

Oh! whar shall I be when de dinner-horn blow?
Oh! whar shall I be when it blow so loud? —
When it blow so loud, de hungry'll all feel proud,²
Oh! whar shall I be when it sound?

¹ We have here the beginning of a kind of religious drama.

² "Proud" in the sense of "happy" is common in the South.

28. THIS WORK IS 'MOST DONE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

We are climbin' Jacob's ladder, (*thrice*)
For this work is 'most done.

Preachers, don't get weary, etc.

Every round goes higher, etc.

Brethren, don't get weary, etc.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin', etc.

Sisters, don't get weary, etc.

29. MY LORD, HE DIED ON DE CROSS

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Yonder come chillun dressed in white;¹
Look lak de chillun ob de Israelite.

Refrain

My Lord, he died on de cross.

Yonder come chillun dressed in red;
Look lak chillun what Moses led.

Yonder come chillun dressed in black;
Look lak de hypercrits turnin' back.

30. PHARAOH'S ARMY GOT DROWNEDED²

A

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905)



Who's dat comin', all dressed in red?
One uh dem people dat Pharaoh led.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
O Mary! don't yuh weep.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 437.² "Pharaoh's Army" was popular all over the South some fifteen or twenty years ago. It certainly must have circulated in printed form. But, even if its origin be in a machine-made ballad, it is now in the possession of the folk, and has had added to it some assuredly popular stanzas. I have heard a large number of more or less obscene verses sung to this music, such as those that follow the lead of—

"I've got a girl in Baltimore;
Street-car runs right by her door."

"I've got a gal in Jellico;
She don't write to me no more."

O Mary! don't yuh weep, don't yuh mone;
Pharaoh'll come en' take yuh home.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
O Mary! don't you weep.

If I could, I really would,
Stan' on de rock where Moses stood.
Pharaoh's army, etc.

Some uh dese nights, 'bout twelve uh clock,
Dis ole wo'l 's gwine tuh reel an' rock.
Pharaoh's army, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

If I could, I surely would,
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
Pharaoh's army got drowned.

Chorus

O Mary! don't you weep, don't you moan, (*twice*)
Pharaoh's army, got drowned.
O Mary! don't you weep no more.

Wake up, Mary, and turn on the light;
See the monkey and the polecat fight.

Way up yonder, where the light shines bright,
They don't [need] any electric lights.

You ride the billy goat and I ride the mule;
First one get to Heaven can sit in the cool.

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

I went up yonder last Saturday night
To see the devil and a tiger fight.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
O Mary! don't you weep.

31. YOU SHALL BE FREE

A

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of South Carolina lady; 1909)

There was a moanish lady
Lived in a moanish land,
And she had a moanish daughter,
Who could moan at de Lord's command.

Chorus

Moanish lady, an' you shall be free!¹
Oh! moanish honey, an' you shall be free!
Oh! moanish nigger, an' you shall be free,
W'en de good Lord calls you home.

¹ With this chorus, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 376.

Oh! warn't Mr. Noah de foolish man
 To build his house on de sinking of de san';
 Along come de rain, an' den come de hail,
 And den come de elephant widout any tail.

Funny animal, an' you shall be free, etc.

Oh! my gal Sal, she am de card!
 She wark right out in de white folks yard;
 She cook de goose, and she gib me de stuffing,
 An' she think I'm a-wukkin'
 W'en I ain't a-doin' nuffin'.

Lazy nigger, an' you shall be free, etc.

Ef you want to go to Heben, an' you don' know what to do,
 Jes' grease yourself wif a mutton stew;
 Along come de Debbil, an' he take you by de han',
 But you slip right thru to the Promise' Lan'.

Slippery nigger, an' you shall be free, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

If you want to go to Heaven, I'll tell you what to do:
 Just grease all over with a mutton soo.
 Then if the Devil gets after you with his greasy hand,
 Just slide right over into the Promised Land.

32. UNCLE EPHRAIM GOT DE COON

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

As I was coming through my field,
 A black snake bit me on de heel;
 Dey carried me home, and laid me on de bed;
 De ole folks said, "Dat nigger is dead."

Uncle Eph'm got de coon and gone on, gone on, gone on,
 Uncle Eph'm got de coon and gone on,
 And left me watching up de tree.

What kind of shoes did de angels wear,
 Slipping and sliding through de air?
 A great big shoe and a gov'mint sox:
 Just drap all de money in de missionary-box.

Uncle Eph'm, etc.

33. OLD NOAH

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Here's old Norah,¹
 Stick him in the bosom; (*thrice*)
 Here's old Norah, stick him in the bosom,
 And let old Norah go.

¹ For this spelling, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 435.

Here's old Norah's daughter,
 Stick her in the bosom; (*thrice*)
 Here's old Norah's daughter, stick her in the bosom,
 And let old Norah go.

Here's a long giraffe,
 Stick him, etc.

Here's a humped-back camel,
 Stick him, etc.

Here's a great big elephant,
 Stick him, etc.

Here's a little monkey,
 Stick him, etc.

Here's a big kangaroo,
 Stick him in the bosom: (*thrice*)
 The flood is all over,
 Let old Norah go.¹

34. ADAM WAS THE FIRST MAN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Adam was the first man that ever was invented;
 He lived all alone, and he never grew co[n]tented.²
 Along come Eve, and they had a battle;
 Sot up a tree, and they fotched down an apple;
 They fotched down two, and each took one,
 And ever since then the trouble begun.

Along come Noah, stumbling in the dark;
 Picked up a hammer, and built himself an ark;
 In come the animals, two by two, —
 The hippo hippo potumus and the kikangaroo.

35. JONAH

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

A whale come along, and he was a snorter;
 He lifted old Jonah right out of the water.

Old Jonah, like a fool, got as stubborn as a mule;
 But the whale made him quickly disappear.

Jonah's knife out he drew, and he cut the whale in two,
 And he floated to the shore on his ear.

36. THE LORD MADE THE OCEAN

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

The Lord he made the ocean,
 And then he made the whale,
 And then he made a raccoon
 With a ring around his tail.

¹ The negroes are very fond of telling in verse stories from the Bible.

² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, p. 250, where Adam is represented as wanting a wife.

37. THE ELEPHANT

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

God Almighty made an elephant,
 He made him big and stout;
 But the elephant was not satisfied
 Till God Almighty made him a snout.

38. GOD MADE DE BEE¹

A

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905)

God made de bee, and de bee made honey;
 God made man, an' de man made money;
 God made Satan, an' Satan made sin;
 God made a hole, an' rolled Satan in.

B

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of Miss Josephine McGill; 1912)

Satan got mad, an' said he wouldn't stay;
 God tol' Satan that he couldn't get away.

39. CAIN AND ABEL

(From Virginia; negroes; MS. given me by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

Some folks say that Cain killed Abel;²
 Yes, my Lord!
 He hit him in the head with the leg of a table;
 Yes, my Lord!
 Starry light and starry crown,
 I'll be ready when the worl' turns round,
 I'll be ready, I'll be ready, Lord;
 I'll be ready when the world turns round.

40. OH, MY SOUL!³

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. given me by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

Oh, my soul, my soul! I'm going to rest
 In the arms of the angel Ga-bri-el!
 An' I'll climb on the hill, an' I'll look to the west,
 An' I'll cross the river Jordan to the land.

¹ The song of which this is a fragment is known in Virginia and Indiana.² With this account of the first murder, cf. the song (rather of the broadside type) which I heard a travelling singer give at a party in East Tennessee some fifteen years ago:—

"I am a highly educated man;
 To keep my brains within my head I plan;
 I've been on earth so long, that I sung this little song
 When Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.
 I saw Cain when he killed Abel in the glade,
 And I know the game was poker that they played;
 But there is where's the rub, did he kill him with a club?
 Oh, no! he only hit him with a spade."

I believe this has already found its way to the college song-book.

An' I'll sit me down in my old armchair,
An' of burdens yonder I'll never tire;
An' I'll hear old Satan sneeze, but I'll take my ease;
An' I'll warm myself by the holy fire.

An' I'll shout, an' I'll dance,
An' I'll rise up early in the morn;
Oh, my friends, my friends! I'll be there on time,
When old Gabriel am a-blowing of his horn.

41. GOD'S HEAVEN¹

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

David play on your harp, hallelu', hallelu'!

I got a crown, you got a crown, all God's chillun got a crown;
When I get to Heaven, I'm goin' a-put on my crown, and shout all over
God's Heaven.

I got shoes, you, etc.

When I get to Heaven, I'm goin' a-put on my shoes, and walk all over
God's Heaven.

Everybody talking 'bout Heaven — ain't going there!
Heaven! we'll shout all over God's Heaven.

42. TALK ABOUT ME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

Talk about me, talk about you,
Talk about everybody;
Thank God Almighty, if the Bible's true,
Ain't no talkers in Heaven.

Lie on me, lie on you,
Lie on everybody;
The angels in Heaven done wrote it down,
There ain't no liars in Heaven.

43. YOU'RE GOIN-A-MISS ME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

I went into the wilderness,
And I didn't go to stay;
My soul got happy,
And I staid all day.
Church, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

¹ As will be seen, there is neither rhyme nor metre to this. Such is the case with a large number of negro songs; they are made up of just a string of emotional language sung to some simple melody. Sometimes a rhyme creeps in, and now and then a line is smoothed down to metrical form. If the song is good enough to survive, it is improved sometimes by successive singers, until it reaches something like poetic form. But this and other songs in this manuscript will serve to show how rude are the beginnings.

I went by the graveyard,
 To take a little walk;
 Me and King Jesus
 Had a little talk.
 Friend, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

Chorus

You're goin-a-miss me by my walk,

One day ez I wuz walkin'¹
 Along dat lonesome road,
 My hahuht wuz filled wid rapture,
 An' I hyeuhd de voice uv Gawd.

We will wait on de Lawd, we'll wait, we'll wait;
 We'll wait on de Lawd.

46. NO HIDIN'-PLACE

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912)

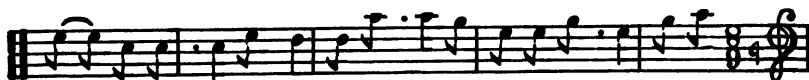
Dahuh's no hidin'-place daown dah-uh!
 Uh went tuh de rock tuh hide muh face,
 De rock said, "Back, no hidin'-place!"
 Dah-uh's no hidin'-place daown dah-uh!

¹ A song beginning in the same way is reported in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. x, p. 116.

De sinnuh mæn gamble, en' he fell; (*thrice*)
He wanted tuh go tuh Heb'n, but he went tuh hell.
De sinnuh mæn stood at de gates u' hell; (*thrice*)
De gates flew op'n, en' in he fell.¹

V. SONGS CONNECTED WITH THE RAILROAD

Please substitute the line of music below for the corresponding inverted music on p. 163 of the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" (April-June, 1913, number).



If I could drive steel like John Henry,
I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.

This ole hammer killed John Henry,
Drivin' steel, Baby, drivin' steel.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 436, for a version of this song.

² This song is used by the workmen as they drive the drill into the rock. The rhythm marks the time of the hammer-strokes. The man who "shakes" must know when to turn the drill, and, if there are two striking, they must both necessarily keep good time.

³ Among the workmen on the railroads in the South there has been formed a considerable body of verse about John Henry, a famous steel-driving man. For one stanza reported from North Carolina, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 249. The simple form lends itself easily to communal composition.

If I had forty-one¹ dollars,
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.
 I'm goin' home, en' tell little Annie
 Uv my triuls, Baby, uv my triuls.

B

(From Indiana; ?; MS. of Mr. Davidson)

Did you hear that rain-crow hollering?
 Sign of rain, Baby, sign of rain.
 If I had forty-one dollars,
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

This old hammer killed John Henry,
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!
 This old hammer killed Bill Dooley,
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!
 This old hammer weighs forty pounds, sah!
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!

D

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of W. P. Cassidy; 1909)

John Henry got in his buggy,
 And tightened up his reins,
 And passed by those ladies,
 Like a shower of rain.
 John Henry used to sing: "I owe you some money,
 I haven't got no small change,
 But I'll bet you five dollars
 I will see you again."

E

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

When John Henry was a little boy,
 Sitting on his papa's knee,
 Was a-lookin down at a piece of steel,
 "For a steel-driving man I want to be."
 When they take John Henry down to the tunnel,
 Well, they set him head for to drive;
 For the rocks so tall, John Henry was so small,
 Threw down his hammer, and he cried.
 Well, they set John Henry on the right-hand corner,
 A steam-driller was on the left;
 "Before I let the steam-driller hammer me down,
 I'll hammer my fool self to death.

¹ A favorite number with the folk; cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 243.

"If I die a railroad man,¹
Go bury me under the rail ties,
With my pick and my shovel at my head and feet,
And my nine-pound hammer in my hand."

John Henry he come walkin' out;
He looked all around and above,
Wrapped up his hammer and paper and silk,
And sent it to the woman whom he loved.

John Henry had a lovin' little wife,
Sometimes she was dressed in red;
She went walkin' down the track, and she never looked back;
She said, "I'm goin' where my honey fell dead."

John Henry had a lovin' little wife,
Sometimes she was dressed in blue;
Went to the graveyard where his dead body lies;
"John Henry, I've always been true to you."

When John Henry was a little boy,
Sittin' on his grandpa's knee:
"That big tunnel on the C and O line
Is going to be the death of me."²

3. WHEN I'M DEAD

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. LeTellier; 1907)

When I'm dead, dead en' gone,
You ken hyer the train I'm on,
You ken hyer the whistle blow a thousand miles.
If I die a railroad man,
Jes' bury me in the san',
Where I ken hyer ole Six Hundred roll in the mornin'.³

4. CASEY JONES⁴

A

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Casey Jones was a brave engineer;
Casey looked at the fireman, and the fireman said,

¹ This stanza is evidently out of shape; it looks, too, as if it had been brought in from some other song. Cf. the song following this.

² A note on the manuscript says, "About half of the 'John Henry' here; very long." Mr. C. B. House tells me there is a song in Clay County, Kentucky, about John Henry, a steel-driving man.

³ For a similar sentiment, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 244.

⁴ During the winter of 1908-09, I found the State of Mississippi full of versions of a song, very popular then, called "Casey Jones." The several versions I was able to get, I print here. Mr. Barry says this song was composed by one man, William Saunders; but as yet I have been able to learn no date for its composition. Certainly the version which I give as "E" was current in East Tennessee as early as 1905; and the disaster is therein located at or near Corbin, Ky. Furthermore, in 1908 the song was already in the possession of the people of Mississippi, and each singer was shaping the verses to suit himself.

"What do you care?
If I keep your boilers red and hot,
We'll make it to Canton by four o'clock."

Casey Jones was a brave engineer,
He died with the throttle in his right hand.

All the way by the last board he passed,
Thirty-five minutes late with the S mail.¹
Casey Jones said to his fireman,
"We'll make it to Canton, or leave the rail;
We are thirty-five minutes late with the S mail."

Just as he got in a mile of the place,
He spied number Thirty-five right in his face.
Said to the fireman, "You'd better jump!
For these locomotives are bound to bump."

When Casey's family heard of his death,
Casey's daughter fell on her knees,
"Mamma! mamma! how can it be,
Papa got killed on the old I. C.?"

"Hush your mouth, don't draw a breath;
We'll draw a pension from Casey's death!"

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Casey Jones left Jackson Yards;
When he left, he was sober;
But when he came over Bolivar Hill,
Six Hundred and Eighteen turned over.

The fireman said to Casey Jones,
"What in the world's the matter?"
"Six Hundred and Eighteen's done hopped the track,
And forty-one cars scattered."

"You go down the new cut road,²
And I'll go down the Central;
We'll both meet in Bethlehem,
And both go home together."

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

Casey Jones was an engineer;
He told his fireman not to fear.
"I just want you to keep the boiler hot,
And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock."

¹ The United States mail?

² This stanza has a definite folk-flavor. It also reminds one of a stanza in "Loch Lomond."

And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock; (*twice*)
I just want you to keep the boiler hot;
And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock.

I got up this morning, and it looked like rain;
Around the curve come the passenger train;
On that train was Casey Jones;
A good engineer, but he's dead and gone.

A good engineer, etc.

D

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

David Jones was a good engineer;
He told his fireman not to fear;
All he wanted was steam and coal.
"Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll,
See the drivers roll!
Stick your head out the window, and see the drivers roll."

Early one morning, when it looked like rain,
Around the curve come the gravel train;
On that train was David Jones:
He's a good old rounder, but he's dead and gone,
But he's dead and gone,
He's a good old rounder, but he's dead and gone.

E

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. LeTellier; 1905)

Las' Monday mornin' 'twas drizzlin' rain;
Aroun' the curve come a passenger train;
Engineer Farmer said tell his wife
That Two Sixty-nine had stole his life.

Said, "Poke in the coal, en' get the boiler hot,
En' run into Corbin by four o'clock."

F

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of W. P. Cassidy; 1909)

Casey Jones was long and tall;
He pulled the throttle on the cannon-ball;
Pull[ed] the whistle, and gave a squall;
Said, "I'm going to ride the scoundrel to Niagra Fall."

G

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

Old Tom Jones was a good engineer,
Said to his fireman, "Don't have no fear;
A little more water, and then some coal,
Stick your head out the window, and watch the drivers roll."

5. ENGINE NUMBER NINE

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909)

Engine, engine, Number Nine,
 Travellin' on the Chicago line,
 When she's polished, don't she shine!
 Engine, engine, Number Nine!

6. YOU CAUSE ME TO WEEP

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Yer cause me ter weep, en' yer cause me ter mourn,
 En' yer cause me ter leave my home;¹
 En' I'll never see my baby any more (*twice*).

I looked at the sun, en' the sun looked high;
 I looked at the boss, en' the boss looked shy.

7. GO DOWN, PICK!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. LeTellier, 1912)



I looked at the shovel, en' the shovel looked clean;
 I looked at the boss, en' the boss looked mean;
 I looked at the sun, en' the sun looked high:
 Go daown, pick; go daown, er die!

8. ONE FER THE MONEY²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

One fer the money, two fer the show,
 Three ter make ready, en' four ter go!

9. OLD JAY GOULD

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. LeTellier; 1907)

Ole Jay Goul'³ said, before he died,
 He'd fix a way fer hobos to ride.

Said, "Ride on the bumpers, en' ride on the rods,⁴
 En' trust your life in the han's uv God!"

¹ For this refrain, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 245; vol. xxiv, p. 387.² Used by workmen in handling a heavy timber.³ Jay Gould was supposed to own most of the railroads. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 384, where "Jay-goose" seems to be for "Jay Gould."⁴ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 279.

B

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Jay Gould said, [before he died]
"Fix my train so the bums can't ride."

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of L. A. Harrison; 1909)

Old man Vanderbilt said, before he died,
"Just one more road I wanted to ride;
The Central Georgia burns nothing but coal:
Poke your head out the window, and watch the drivers roll."

10. MONAKERS ON A WATER-TANK¹

(From Mississippi; white mechanics; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909)

I was riding on an east-bound freight,
Goin' to Chicago.
Said the head-end shack
As went came to Fargo,
"If you're no rank gay-cat or cronicker,
Just utilize your pleasure moments,
Scratching up your monaker.

I strolled up to the water-tank,
Marked all up with chalk,
With names of bo's from every State
From 'Frisco to New York.
There was Boston Slim, New Orleans Jim,
Shorty Bob, and 'Frisco Red,
Billie Do, and Sailor Jack,
Louie Tom, and Buffalo Ned.

These were some of the monakers
Upon that water-tank.

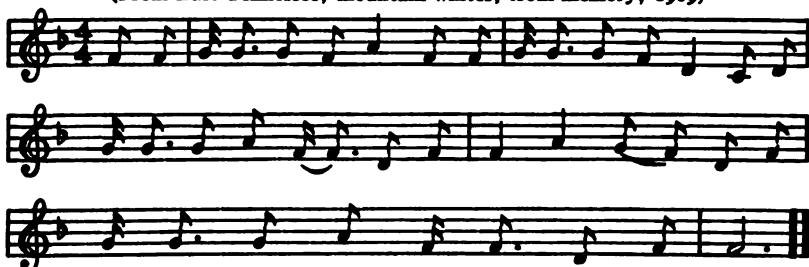
I walked right up to register;
The express train pulled in;
The passengers surrounded me
As though I'd done some sin.
One says, "Old bo', you'd better hustle,
Or you'll be left behind."
I wrote up my monaker,
And climbed upon the blind.

¹ Taken from the singing of workmen in the railroad shops in Water Valley, Miss. "Monaker" is a hobo word for "signature," such as the tramp often puts up in public places.

11. WITH A CHICKEN ON MY BACK

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)



With a chicken on my back,
 I'm goin' to my shack,
 En' it's nobody's business but mine.
 Lord! Lord!
 En' it's nobody's business but mine.¹

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

With them bloodhounds on my track,
 And a chicken on my back,
 I'se gwine to make it to my shanty, if I can.

If I can, can, can,
 If I can, can, can,
 I'se gwine to make it to my shanty, if I can.

With a ham-bone on my back,
 And them bloodhounds on my back [Qy. track?]
 I'se gwine to keep my skillet greasy, if I can.

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts)

Chickens on my back, and bloodhounds on my track,
 I've got to make it to my shanty, if I can.

Rabbit on the log, got no rabbit dog,
 Shoot him with my pistol forty-four.

12. FO' HUNDUD MILES FUM HOME

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

The rain it rained, the wind it blew,
 The hail it hailed, and the snow it sned;
 And I wuz fo' hundud miles away fum home.

The tracks wuz filled with snow,
 When I heard the station blow;
 And I wuz, etc.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 357.

We just crossed Deadman's Track
When No. 14 hit our back;
And I wuz, etc.

13. DE DUMMY

A

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Away down yonder on Sixteenth Street,
De niggers dey have sech great big feet!
Dey go to bed, but tain't no use;
Fer dey feet stick out fer de chickens to roos'.

Two lil' niggers, one Saturday night,
Tried to go to Hebben on de tail ob a kite;
De tail it broke, and de niggers dey fell;
Dey tried to go to Hebben, but they went to [hell].¹

Dey oughter been arrested, (*thrice*)
'Tain't no lie!

Got on de dummy, didn't have no fare;
Conductor axed me what I doin' dere;
Hit me on de head wid a two by fo';
Ain't gwine ride on de dummy no mo'.

On de dummy, on de dummy,
Gwine ter ride and shine;
Gwine ter ride and shine, and pay my fine,
When I ride on de dummy line.

Some folks say de dummy don't run;
But jes' lemme tell what de dummy done, done:
Lef' Atlanta at half-pas' seven,
And got to Savannah at half-pas' 'leben.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909)

Some folks say de dummy don't run;
But lemme tell you what de dummy done, done:
Left Atlanta at half-past one,
And went round de world by de settin' of de sun.

14. I WANT A LITTLE WATER

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909)

Working on the railroad, sleeping on the ground,
Waiting for that lazy boy to pass the jug around.

I want a little more water, Johnny!
A little more water, boy!
A little more water, Johnny!
Every little once and a while.

¹ The verses in this stanza sound like an importation from "Shorten' Bread."

I went down in town, I didn't go to stay;
 I fell in love with a black-eyed girl, and couldn't come away
 I want a little water, etc.

15. CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Captain, captain! my feet are cold!
 "Doggone your feet! let them wheelers¹ roll."

Hang the harness on the rack;
 Work no more till the captain comes back.

Going down the river with my good clothes on
 Going down the river where they do pay more.

Wake up in the morning, I'll be gone;
 On my way to the crawfish pond.

I killed Bill Johnson, I killed him dead;
 Killed him 'bout dat crawfish head.

16. I WENT DOWN TO THE DEPOT

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Leverett; 1909)

I went down to the depot,
 And a little bit down the track,
 Waiting for dat cannon-ball²
 To bring my Baby back.

17. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CAPTAIN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909)

Keep your eye on the captain, (*thrice*)
 And rat³ as much as you please.

18. HORSE AND BUGGY⁴

(From Mississippi; negroes; from the singing of a grading crew; 1909)



Uh'm gon tell yuh
 'Bout my pardner.
 Haws en' buggy
 Take a ride!

¹ The wheelbarrows with which the negroes are moving dirt. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 381.

² A humorous name for the slow trains of the South.

³ That is, "waste time," "idle."

⁴ This represents the simplest form of negro work-song. The simple refrain — "take a ride" — echoes the height of the negro's ambition. The verses have no rhyme except as accidental. The negro sings all day, to the monotonous melody, just what comes into his mind; any negro in the gang being free to add his own stanza to the song. For a similar song, possibly another version of this, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 384.

Las' July
He fell sprawlin'.

Las' July
He died.

Pick en' shovel.
Git yuh daown!

Jamaica ginger,
Burn yuh out!

19. ON THE RAILROAD

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. LeTellier; 1910)



There's many a man been killed upon the railroad,
Railroad, railroad;
There's many a man been killed upon the railroad,
En' cast in his lonely grave.

20. THE STATE OF ARKANSAW¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. LeTellier; 1910)

My name is John the Bummer, with a budget on my back,
Trampin' daown the railroad, trampin' daown the track;
Trampin' daown the railroad, a village there I saw,
Trampin' daown the railroad, in the State uv Arkinsaw.

I went daown to the station; the agent there I saw,
Selling railroad tickets to ride in Arkinsaw:
Said, "Pitch me daown five dollers, en' a ticket you shell draw
To ride upon the railroad in the State uv Arkinsaw."

I bought me a pint uv licker my troubles to withdraw,
While ridin' on the railroad in the State uv Arkinsaw;
I follerd my conductor to a most inquainted place,
Where hard luck en' starvation wuz pictured in the face.

I got off at the station; a porter there I saw,
Who took me to a hotel, the best in Arkinsaw!
They fed me on corn dodgers, en' beef I could not chaw,
En' charged me half a doller in the State uv Arkinsaw!

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

¹ This song is rather the work of the minstrel than of the folk. Cf. J. A. Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," for an extended version. The State of Arkansas is the butt for many satirical songs.

(To be continued)

VARIOUS BALLADS

EDITED BY G. L. KITTREDGE

I. THE CAMBRIC SHIRT

THIS version of Child, No. 2, was contributed by Miss Adina De Zavala, San Antonio, Tex. It came from Ireland (Dublin or thereabout). Cf. this Journal, vol. xix, p. 130; vol. xxiii, p. 430; Child, I, 19; V, 284.

1. As I roved out through a green bank's side,
— Every rose grows merry in time, —
I met a fair maid and she wore a green gown,
And she said she would be a true lover of mine.
2. I told her to make me a cambric shirt
— Every rose grows merry in time —
Without either seam or needlework,
Before she could be a true lover of mine.
3. I told her to wash it in a spring well
— Every rose grows merry in time —
Where it never sprung nor a drop never run,
Before she could be a true lover of mine.
4. I told her to dry it on a green thorn
— Every rose grows merry in time —
Where it never blossomed since Adam was born,
And then she could be a true lover of mine.
5. "Now, my young man, as you've said so,
— Every rose grows merry in time, —
I hope you will answer me as many more,
Before you can be a true lover of mine."
6. I told him to get me an acre of land
— Every rose grows merry in time —
Between the salt water and the sea sand,
Before you can be a true lover of mine.
7. I told him to plough it with a ram's horn,
— Every rose grows merry in time, —
And sow it all over with pepper and corn (*or* one pepper corn),
Before you can be a true lover of mine.
8. I told him to thresh it in an egg shell,
— Every rose grows merry in time, —
And sell it in a town where nobody dwells,
Before you can be a true lover of mine.

9. "Then, when you've done and finished your work,
 — Every rose grows merry in time, —
 Return to me and I'll give you the shirt,
 And then you will be a true lover of mine."

2. THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

The following fragment of Child, No. 95, was given to Professor W. A. Neilson by an Irish servant-maid in 1909.

1. O, stop your hand, grand jury!
 I think I see my sweetheart in full speed a-coming.
2. "Welcome here, dear sweetheart, welcome here to me!
 Did you bring me e'er a money or e'er a fee?"
3. "I brought you ne'er a money nor ne'er a fee,
 But I have got your pardon from the king, and come along with me!"

3. THE MERMAID

The following fragmentary version of "The Mermaid" (Child, No. 289) I took down on January 4, 1878, from the recitation of Mrs. Sarah G. Lewis, who was born in Boston, Mass., in 1799, but lived most of her days in Sandwich and Barnstable. Mrs. Lewis thought she learned the song about 1808. The version is interesting because of its relation to Child's A in the first stanza. For a text from Missouri, contributed by Professor Belden, see this Journal, vol. xxv, pp. 176-177; for the tune (from Vermont) see Barry, this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 78. For broadside texts, see, for example, "Roxburghe Ballads" (ed. Ebsworth, viii, 446), Harvard College Library, 25242.4 (I, 207), 25242.17 (III, 36, 102, IV, 16, 147). The ballad is contained in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), p. 79.

1. One night as I lay on my bed,
 A-taking of my ease,
 Thinking what a lodge the poor sailors have
 While they are on the seas.
2. Sailors they go through hot and cold,
 Through many a bitter blast,
 And oftentimes they are obliged
 To cut away the mast.
3. [Forgotten by the reciter.]
4. Up speaks up our captain so bold,
 And a clever old man was he:
 "I've got a wife in fair England,
 And a widow I'm afraid she will be."

5. Up speaks up our mate so bold,
And a clever man was he:
"I've got a wife in fair Ireland town,
And a widow I'm afraid she will be."
6. Up speaks up our bos'n so bold,
And a clever fellow was he:
"I've got a wife in fair Scotland,
And a widow I'm afraid she will be."
7. Up speaks up our little cabin-boy,
And a smart little fellow was he:
"I'm as sorry for my father and my mother too
As you are for your wives all three."
8.
.
This goodly ship she did split,
And down to the bottom she did go.

4.

Taken down by me in January, 1878, from the recitation of Mrs. Sarah G. Lewis, whose recollection was that she learned it from her grandmother. Another copy, obtained (about 1888) from Mrs. John H. Paine of Barnstable, varies only in an occasional word, but lacks the fifth stanza.

1. Once I did court a fair beauty bright,
And on her I fixed my whole heart's delight;
She granted me her love, which was for my love again,
Which I never had a reason at all to complain.
2. And when that her father he came for to know
I courted his daughter, his daughter also,
Then he urged on me that I should be pressed to sea,
To keep me from my true love's sweet company.
3. Then unto the seas I was forcèd for to go,
A-leaving of my true love in sorrow, grief, and woe;
And when that I came there to the man-of-war so bright,
I never could forget my own heart's delight.
4. And when I had servèd full seven long years,
Then home to my true love I straightway did repair;
And when that I came there, her father he replied,
"She's broke her heart for love, and for you she has died."
5. "O, don't tell me no more than I'm able for to bear!
If she is in her silent grave, I wish that I was there.
Then I should have ease from sorrow, grief, and woe.
I know not where to wander nor where for to go."

6. Then unto New Bedlam this young man was conveyed,
And all for his true love's sake his senses were bereaved,
With the rattling of his chains, with his fingers as he lay,
Still calling for sweet Polly until the day he died.¹

5. THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY

The following ballad was kindly sent to the Journal by William Nelson, Esq., of Paterson, N. J., December 9, 1912. Mr. Nelson writes: "I have had lying by me for several years two old manuscript ballads. From the style of handwriting, condition of the paper, and the age of the old lady from whom I got these manuscripts (she died two months ago, in her eighty-eighth year), I should think these manuscripts were seventy to eighty years old."

The piece here printed is a version (probably written down from memory) of "The Sailor's Tragedy." The Harvard College Library has two copies of the ballad in a garland (*The Sailor's Tragedy*. . . . Stirling. Printed by W. Macnie, 1825),² and another copy in another edition (same date and printer).³ A few variants from Macnie's text (*M.*) are given in footnotes.

A longer version, in a different style, is "Handsome Harry," of which the Harvard College Library has three American broadside copies, — 25242.5 (121), Nos. 4 and 5; 25242.5 (122), No. 4. All date, apparently, from early in the nineteenth century. The second was "Printed by Nathaniel Coverly, Jr. Milk-street, Corner Theatre-Alley, Boston." The title is, "Handsome Harry, Or, the Deceitful Young Man." The piece begins,—

Come, all you loyal hearted lovers,
Come and listen unto me;
And to you I will discover
A most doleful perjury.

"Handsome Harry," almost word for word as in these broadsides, may be found in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 133-136.

For ships stopped at sea because there is a murderer on board and for ghosts, see this Journal, vol. xx, pp. 261-264, and the ballads there cited. Add "The New York Trader," in which the captain, as the result of a voice that comes to him, confesses four murders to

¹ The last stanza, as recited by Mrs. Paine, runs as follows:—

Then home to New Bedlam this young man was conveyed;
All for his true love's sake his senses were bereaved—
The rattling of his chains on his straw bed as he lay,
Calling for sweet Polly until his dying day.

² Harvard College Library, No. 11 in 25276.19 (II), No. 21 in 25276.23.

³ Harvard College Library, No. 21 in 25263.23.

the boatswain. There is a storm; the sailors throw the captain overboard, and a calm ensues. This begins, —

To a New York Trader, I did belong,
She was well built, both stout and strong,
Well rigg'd, well mann'd, well fit for sea,
Bound to New York in America.

"The New York Trader" may be found in John Ashton's "Modern Street Ballads," 1888, pp. 268-270. It is included in "The Forget Me Not Songster," pp. 100-101. The Harvard College Library has four broadside copies, — 25242.17, I, 118 ("Spencer, Broadstones, Bradford": incomplete, seven stanzas); II, 31 ("George Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham"); VII, 87 (J. Catnach); XIII, 140 (H. Such).

Compare also "The Downfal of William Grismond: Or, A Lamentable Murder by him committed at Lainterdine, in the County of Hereford, the 12th. of March, 1650." This is in the Roxburghe collection, III, 1606 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, viii, 69-71), in the Euing collection (No. 61, University of Glasgow), and among the Crawford ballads (No. 914; Crawford Catalogue, p. 326). There is a manuscript copy (from a broadside "in Ballard's Collection") among Bishop Percy's papers in the Harvard College Library. See also an extract in John Masefield, "A Sailor's Garland," 1906, pp. 203-205. A shorter text ("William Guiseman"), improved from the broadside by tradition,¹ is in Kinloch's MSS. (Harvard College Library), V, 43-46 (in the hand of James Beattie, son of James Beattie, Professor of Natural History in Marishall College, Aberdeen). From this Kinloch printed (with a few slight changes) in his "Ancient Scottish Ballads," 1827, pp. 156-159. Christie's text is altered from Kinloch's, as he says himself ("Traditional Ballad Airs," II, 172-173).

The other manuscript piece mentioned by Mr. Nelson is a copy (in 56 stanzas) of "Jemmy & Nancy or the Yarmouth Tragedy." It begins, —

Lovers I pray Lend an ear to my story
And take an Example by this constant pair
How love a young damsel did blast in her glory,
Twas beautifull Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.

The copy is much better spelled and much more correct than that of "The Sailor's Tragedy," and seems to have been made from print.²

¹ See Child, II, 16.

² For "The Yarmouth Tragedy" see *The Forget Me Not Songster*, pp. 86-92; Glyde, *The Norfolk Garland*, pp. 266-273. Cf. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, 113-114; III, 103, 272; Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 282. The Harvard College Library has several copies in garlands and broadsides, — 25242.2, fols. 8, 25; 25242.3, fol. 87 v; 25242.4, I, 94, 25242.5-7, p. 13; 25242.10.5, fol. 276; 25242.17, VI, 91, X, 147; 25252.0, No. 51; 25271.20; No. 4; 25271.21, No. 4; 25276.4, No. 7; 25276.5, No. 17; 25276.7, No. 8.

[THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY]¹

1. I am a Salor all by my right²
and on the seas took great delight
A³ female sex I did begile
at length two were by me with child
2. I promise to be true to both
and bound myself under an oath
to marry them if I had life
but one of them I made my wife.
3. The other being left along⁴
She crys you fals deluded⁵ man
by me you have done a wicked thing
which publick shame will on me bring
4. In to her present⁶ shade she went
her present shame for to prevent
soon as she finish up her strife
she cut her tender thred of life
5. She hung herself all on A Tree
two men a hunting did her see
her flesh by beast was bitterly⁷ tore
which greavd these young men's heart full sore
6. Straight they went and cut her down
and in her bosom the note was found
this note was written in Letters larg
Berry me not I do the charge
7. But here on earth let me lie
for every man that passes by
that they by me a warning take
can see what follows ear to late
8. If⁸ he is fals I do protest
he on earth shall have no rest
and it was said she plagud him so
that he to sea was forc'd to go
9. As he was on the main mast high
A little boat he chanst to spy
and in it was a gost so grim
which made him trimble in every limb

¹ No title in manuscript.

² M: The.

³ M: the silent shade.

⁴ M: alone.

⁷ M: basely.

⁵ M: and home I write.

⁶ M: deluding.

⁸ M: As.

10. Then down to the captain this young man goes
unto the captain his mind is cload¹
here is a spirrit coming hence
so captain stand at my defence
11. Then out on Deck the captain goes
he sonest spide the fatal gost
Captain say she you must incan²
with speed help me to such a man
12. In nethealen³ this young man died
In nethealen⁴ his body lies
Captain said she do not say so
for heris in your ship below
13. And if you stand at his defence
A mighty Storm I will send hence
What will cause you and your men to weep
And Leave you sleeping in the deep.
14. And to the cabben the captain goes
And brought this young man to his foes
On him she fixed her eye so grim
which made him trimble in every limb
- 15.⁴ And to preserve both ship and man
And in the Boat she forced him⁵
The boat she sunk in a flash of fire
Which made the salors all admire
16. Now you that knows that on love belong
Now you hear my mournfull song
The truth to them that ear you mind⁶
Do not delude poor woman kind.

6. JOHN HARDY

Professor John H. Cox, of West Virginia University, Morgantown, sends the following ballad, as collected by one of his pupils, Mr. E. C. Smith. It was written down from memory by Walter Mick, of Ireland, West Virginia, in March, 1913. He learned it from hearing it sung in

¹ M: for to disclose.

² M: and can.

³ M: St. Helena.

⁴ M has the following stanza between 14 and 15 of the MS.: —

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd,
I am a spirit come for you,
You beguil'd me once but I have you now.

⁵ M: Into the boat they forced him.

⁶ M: Be true to one whatever you mind.

that community. Mr. Smith says that the ballad is very well known in Central West Virginia, and that several versions exist. Stanzas 6-8 belong to "The Lass of Roch Royal" (Child, No. 76). A North Carolina version of "John Hardy" (in four stanzas) was contributed to this Journal (vol. xxii, p. 247) by Miss Louise Rand Bascom.

1. John Hardy was a little farmer boy,
Sitting on his father's knee.
Says he, "I fear the C. & O. Road
Will be the ruination of me,
Poor boy,
Will be the ruination of me."
2. John Hardy got to be a desperate man,
Carried a pistol and a razor every day,
Shot a nigger through the heel in a Chinese camp,
And you ought of seen that nigger get away,
Poor boy,
And you ought of seen that nigger get away.
3. John Hardy's mother ran up to him,
Saying, "Son, what have you done?"
"I murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
And now I am sentenced to be hung,
Poor boy,
And now I am sentenced to be hung."
4. John Hardy's father went to the judge,
Saying, "What do you think will be done?"
The judge he answer with a quick reply,
"I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung,
Poor boy,
I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung."
5. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door, —
He did not have a nickel to his name, —
Along came a yaller girl, threw a dollar on the board,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game,
Poor boy,"
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."
6. "O who will shoe your pretty little feet,
And who will glove your hands,
And who will kiss your sweet rosy lips,
When I'm in a foreign land,
Poor boy,
When I'm in a foreign land?"
7. "My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hands,
John Hardy will kiss my sweet rosy lips
When he comes from a foreign land,
Poor boy,
When he comes from a foreign land."

8. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three;
He called to him his oldest son,
Saying, "Son, make a man like me,
Poor boy,"
Saying, "Son, make a man like me."
9. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three;
He cared no more for his wife and child
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea,
Poor boy,
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea.

THE SONS OF NORTH BRITAIN

BY PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

THIS ballad — known only from Nova Scotia tradition, yet certainly of British origin — shows a survival of an ancient and widespread theme.¹

THE SONS OF NORTH BRITAIN²



1. The sons of North Britain . . .

2. When they got there, the country to view,
 Surrounded by rambles on every side, —
 Going on a little further, they came to a grove,
 Where the leaves they did tremble, all seeming to move.
3. When into those bushes lie those bloodthirsty hounds,
 They pointed their pieces where the two brothers stood,
 And putting in a bullet, right into their breasts,
 They rushed on their prey like some savaging beasts,
4. To ramage their pockets, and take off their clothes,
 If not finding them dead, give them a few blows, —
 One expiring, and raising his head,

5. "Cruel monisters, cruel monisters, what have you done this for?
 We're in search of our parents, and that with great care:
 Perhaps you may know them, — their name is Munroe, —
 They left us in Scotland seven long years ago.

¹ The *Father-and-Son Combat*.

² "Sons of North Britain," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. Sung by A. C. (Boston, Mass.), native of Antigonish, N.S., where A. C. heard and learned the ballad as a child.

6.

 For the price of our passage they could not pay."
7. "If you are my son," the old man he cried,
 "Tell me, who is that monister that lies by your side?"
 "It is my younger brother; the loss would be less,
 If I had but fallen alone.
8. "Don't tell my aged mother, if she be alive,
 That we two were murdered, unless she would grieve."
 In saying these words, down dropped his head —
 The old man examined, and found they were dead.
9. "O sons, O dear sons . . .

 We took you for others, a woful mistake,
 Which will make us go wretched, dear sons, for your sake."¹

The story as here crudely told recalls the Conlaoch episode of the Cuchulain saga, as it appears in Irish manuscripts and is still current in Scottish-Gaelic folk-tales and hero-ballads.²

In this legend, Conlaoch is son of Cuchulain and the warrior-woman Aoife, who, after seven years, sets out to find his father,³ mindful of his mother's commands, — never to give way to any one, never to refuse a challenge, never to tell his name. Father and son, meeting as strangers, fought a duel. Cuchulain, finding himself being worsted, threw the magic spear, Gae Bolg, and slew his only son. Too late he recognized him, — according to one account, while spoiling the corpse;⁴ according to another, by Conlaoch's action in making himself known. Cuchulain long lamented for his son:—

"I am the father that killed his son, — the fine green branch; there is no hand or shelter to help me."⁵

FELTON HALL,
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

¹ A different version of this ballad was printed by W. R. Mackenzie, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, p. 184.

² Lady Gregory, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, pp. 313-319; J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iii, pp. 198-199; Hector MacLean, "Conlach," *Ultonian Hero-Ballads*, p. 138; J. F. Campbell, *Leabhar na Feinne*, "The Death of Conlaoch," pp. 99 ff.

³ Aoife said to Cuchulain, of the son she was to bear him, "On this day seven years I will send him to Erin" (E. Hull, *The Cuchulain Saga*, p. 79).

⁴ D'Arbois de Joubainville, *Cours de la Littérature Celtique*, v, 54.

⁵ Lady Gregory, *l. c.*, p. 319.

FOUR COWBOY SONGS

BY G. F. WILL

I. PUNCHING COWS¹

(From Mr. William Sunderland of Bismarck, N. Dak.)

ONE day I thought I'd have some fun
And see how punching cows was done.
So when the round-up did begin,
I tackled a cattle king.
Says he, "My foreman is in town;
He's in that saloon, and maybe he'll take you down."

Says I, "That's just the thing!"
We started for the ranch next day;
Brown talked to me most all the way.
He said punching cows was nothing but fun,
There was nothing to do but ride.
But, Jiminy Christmas, how he lied! He surely had his gall.

They put me in charge of the cuvvy yard,
A hundred and forty head to guard;
And to watch them was nothing but play, unless one should break,
And after him my horse would take;
Unless, perhaps, my horse should fall,
And I'd shoot on like a cannon-ball, till the earth came in my way.

They saddled me up an old gray hack
With big set parts all over his back;
They patched him up with gunny sacks, and used my bedding all.
When I got on to this old gray hack,
He went in the air to turn around;
When he came down, I struck the ground; I had a terrible fall.

They picked me up, they carried me in,
They rubbed me down with a rolling-pin;
And then says Brown, "If you don't die
We'll give you another broncho to try."
"But won't you let me walk?" says I.
"Yes, into town," says Brown.

Come, young men, take my advice,
Get a heavy insurance on your life,
Kiss your pretty little wife
And shoot yourself with a butcher-knife;
For that's the easiest way to die.

¹ Another version is printed in Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 136-138. — Eds.

2. THE TEXAS RANGER¹

(From Mr. William Sunderland.)

Come, all you Texas rangers,
Wherever you may be,
My name is nothing extra
To you I will not tell.
I am a jolly ranger,
Although I wish you well.

Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right,
"Before you reach your station,
My boys, we have to fight."

I saw the Indians coming,
I heard them give the yell;
My heart it sank within me,
My courage almost fell.

I saw the smoke ascending,
It seemed to reach the sky;
My feelings at that moment were,
"Now's my time to die."

We fought for nine long hours,
Until the strife was o'er;
The sight of the dead and wounded
I never saw before.

There was six as good rangers
As ever travelled west
Lay buried with comrades,
Peace be their rest!

Perhaps you have a kind old mother,
Likewise a sister to like you,
Likewise a good old sweetheart
To weep and mourn for you;

If this is your situation,
Although you like to roam,
I'll advise you by experience
You had better stay at home.

My old mother in tears
To me did say,
"To you they are all strangers,
With me you had better stay."

But I thought she was old and childish,
The best she did not know;
My mind was bent on ranging,
And with them I was bound to go.

¹ Another version is in Lomax, l. c., pp. 44-46. — Eds.

The following song was obtained from Mr. E. R. Steinbrueck of Mandan, N. Dak. In regard to it he says, —

"When that song was sounded nights in the lumber shanty, there was a break-up of teamsters in the morning. At no other occasion did the thought of that song, among the many others, enter the mind of anybody. I heard it sung on various occasions during my four winters' shantying in that region, between the Bonne Chere and the Madawaska in Ontario. And that was during the years 1871-76.

3. SHANTY TEAMSTERS' MARSEILLAISE

Come, all ye gay teamsters, attention I pray,
I'll sing you a ditty composed by the way,
Of a few jovial fellows who thought the hours long,
Would pass off the time with a short comic song.

Chorus

Come, cheer up, brave boys, it is upward we go
Through this wretched country, the Opeongo.

As it happened one morning of a fine summer-day,
I met Robert Conroy, who to me did say,
"Will you go to my shanty and draw my white pine,
I'll give you good wages and the best of good time."

"For to go to your shanty we do feel inclined,
To earn our good wages and be up in good time;
To our wives and our sweethearts we'll bid all adieu,
And go up to York Branch and draw timber for you."

There assembled together a fine jovial crew
With horses well harnessed, both hardy and true;
All things being ready, we started away
From fair Elmer town about noon of the day.

The road led o'er mountains, through valleys and plains,
In a country where hardship and poverty reign,
Where the poor suff'ring settler, hard fate to bewail,
Is bound down with mortgage, debts due, and claims.

At a place called York Branch, where Conroy holds his rules,
There assembled together his hack-knaves and fools,
And old Jimmy Edwards, that cut-throat and spy,
Would try to deceive you by advices and lies.

Not long at the farm we're allowed to stay,
But escorted by Jimmy we're hurried away,
Where Frenchmen and Indian, their living to gain,
Were abused by a brute, Jerry Welch was his name.

We read of the devil, from heaven he fell,
For rebellion and treason was cast down to hell;
But his son Jerry Welch remains here below
To work deeds of darkness, cause sorrow and woe.

With the eyes of a demon, the tongue of a knave,
 These two villanous traitors should be yoked in a sleigh;
 And Jerry's old squaw, for a teamster and guide,
 To tip up the brutes of the Branch for to drive.

At length we commenced the white pine to draw;
 It was Jerry's intention to put us square through,
 To break down our horses, and show no fair play;
 And he ordered brave Jimmy to drive night and day.

But the teamsters consulted, and made up a plan;
 Since fair work won't do, to go home every man.
 So we left Conroy's shanty, and Jerry the knave;
 For true loyal teamsters ain't born to be slaves.

So we are at home and surrounded by friends,
 We are thankful for favors that Providence sends;
 We'll sing our adventures, and our shantying is o'er,
 And we'll never go up the York Branch any more.

Chorus

Come, cheer up, brave boys, we plough and we sow,
 And adieu evermore to the Opeongo.

4. THE TEXAS COWBOY

(From Arthur Bivins.)

I am a roving cowboy just off the Texas plain,
 My trade is cinching saddles, and pulling bridle-reins;
 I can throw a lasso, I can throw it with my ease,
 I can rope a broncho, and ride him where I please.

My bosses they all like me, they say I can't be beat,
 For I gave them all the bold stand-off, — you know I've got the cheek.
 It's true I work for wages, I take my pay in gold,
 But I'm bound to follow the long-horn cows until I get too old.

I once did love a little girl, I loved her with my heart,
 I would have worked and supported her, and taken her for my part;
 But when I made a little stake, and married thought we'd be,
 The prettiest girl in this wide world went square back on me.

It almost broke my heart when she was taken away,
 She fell in love with another gent, and cursed be the day!
 But I will cheer up my courage now, and love another one,
 But I'll punch the cows on the Lone Star trail until my race is run.

Adieu, kind friends, I'll leave you now,
 You see I am bound to roam, leave my dear old sweetheart,
 Two sisters and a home.
 But when I am on the Lone Star trail, I'll oftentimes think of thee,
 I will oftentimes think of the pretty girl that went square back on me.

BISMARCK, N. DAK.

LOCAL MEETINGS

TEXAS BRANCH

THE Third Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society of Texas was held April 4-5, 1913. The following officers for 1912-13 were elected: *President*, Robert A. Law (Austin); *Vice-Presidents*, W. H. Thomas (College Station), Mrs. George Langston (Cisco), Mrs. Jane Morton Ware (Waco); *Secretary*, John A. Lomax (Austin); *Treasurer*, Mrs. E. P. Stockwell (Angleton); *Councillors*, L. W. Payne, Jr. (Austin), Mrs. Joseph Dibrell (Seguin), Mrs. A. H. Belo, Jr. (Dallas).

The Annual Address — "The Study of Folk-Lore: its Meaning and its Value" — was given by Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University. Papers were read as follows: President's Address, "The Dying Lament," by Professor R. A. Law of the University of Texas, Austin; "Traditions of the Waco Indians," by Miss Dorothy Scarborough of Baylor University, Waco; "Some East Texas Play-Party Songs," by Mr. Bonner Frizzell of Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, College Station; "Amongst the Creek Indians a Decade since," by Professor D. F. Eagleton of Austin College, Sherman; "Negro Folk-Tales from the Brazos Bottoms," by Superintendent A. W. Eddins of The State Reformatory, Gatesville; "Some Gaelic Folk-Tales," by Miss Alberta M. Roach of St. Mary's College, Dallas; "The Decline and Decadence of Folk-Metaphor," by Mr. W. H. Thomas of Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, College Station; "Negro Plantation Songs," by Professor J. A. Lomax of The University of Texas, Austin. The session closed with business meeting and election of officers.

NOTES AND QUERIES

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE. *Camp-Meeting Hymn*. — The following is a prevalent camp-meeting hymn, and was sung to me by a laundress, in such an extremely high-pitched voice that it very closely resembles a screech.

I UZ DERE WIN HE WALKED IN GALILEE

Moderato

1. I uz dere win he walk'd in Gal-i-lee, Gal-i-lee; I uz
dere win he walk'd in Gal-i-lee. Oh, some-times my trub-les
make me trim-ble, trim-ble, I uz dere win he walk'd in Gal-i-lee.

2. I uz dere win dey nailed 'im to der cross, to der cross. I uz dere win dey nailed 'im to der cross, Oh-o! how hit makes me sadder, sadder, win I think how dey nailed 'im to der cross.
3. I uz dere win dey took 'im down, took 'im, I uz dere win dey took him down, Oh-o! how hit makes miah spiriat trimble, trimble, win r'calls how dey took 'im down.

Miscellaneous Items of Folk-Lore. — Ef a rabbit runs scrossed de road in front ub yo', hits a sho' sign ob bad luck; en ef yo' wants ter hab good luck, tu'n 'round and walk backwards twell yo' dun past de place whey de rabbit dun crossed de road et.

Ef a squir'l rund a'ross de road in front ub yo', yo's suah ter 'abe good luck.

Ef er bird gits one ub yer yhars en yoses hit to make hits nest wid, yer's bound to hav' er yead-ache. Another young negro adds, "En hits bound ter gib yer er wand'r'ing mind;" while another said, "Hits guanter gib yo' a headac'e sho', while dat bird's a sittin' on hits nest."

A new cook upon one occasion was directed to make the sponge for the bread, and to be careful to take all of the eyes out of the potatoes, to which he replied, "De eyes cut ub de 'taters, Miss, wi, yo' tekes all de good erway from dem, hit takes all de rizen out o' dem."

Ef ye' plants enythink on de dull ub de moon dat grows under de groun', hits boun' ter flur'ish; en be rui'd ef yo' plants hit on de light of de moon.

Al'ays plant enythink that grows on de top ob de groun', like tomats, en de like, on de light ob de moon, kaze it's a guineter be spilt ef yo' don't.

Ef de misses ub de house 'nocks a dish-cloth down, she's a guineter hab company.

Ef you lef' eye itches, yus gwinter be crossed fer dat day's gone.

Ef yo' rite eye itches, sumfins bound fer to pleas' yo'.

Ef yo's har lies out en bleaches in de sun en de moon, yo's suah ter 'ab better health.

Remedies for Chills.—Ef yo' has chills, youse teke notice how many chills youse has, cut a notch in a piece of wood fer each chill, en throw it in a runnin' stream whar yar never specters ter pass no mo', an blow youse bref on hit, es youse t'row hit in, an den go rite stra't on, home, en don look back, en you'll neber hab no mo' chills. Dats w'at de ole fo'ks sez, en deys knows w'at's w'at. But dis yeah un, I does know is so, kaze I's dun tried hit mise'f. Dat is, ef youse goes to a oak-tree on de sunny side, en boe a hole in hit toward de north side dez bout to de h'art, en blow yo' bref in hit, en stop hit up tight, den de tree'll die, end yu's won't hab no mo' chills. Dat's sarta — in en sho, dat is, fo' I's dun been dun hit mise'f."

MARY WALKER FINLEY SPEERS.

EARLEIGH HEIGHTS ON SEVERN,
MARYLAND.

AN INGALIK CEREMONIAL IN ALASKA. — The following account of one of the nature dances of the Ingalik of Alaska is given by Miss Margaret C. Graves, in *Ti-bis* (vol. xv, No. 2), published at St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md. Miss Graves says, in a letter written from Anvik, Alaska, —

"Last night I went to the village to see one of the nature dances. I will try the best I can to describe it, because from the point of view of a spectacle it was worth seeing. For two or three months during the winter there is constant feasting from one village to another. Friday night the 'feasters' came, — eight dog-teams from the Shageluk, preceded by a messenger. The visitors cannot enter the village until the messenger announces their arrival and brings back the word that they are welcome. Three days the feasting lasts, and then they have to leave. The ceremony was quite pretty last night at the Kashime. The Kashime is the town hall, a large underground room. It is quite an experience to go into it, — down on your hands and knees and crawl under a great flapping bear-skin. I believe I am not inaccurate when I say there are not many underground rooms left, except among the Eskimos.

"The ceremony was quite pretty as the visitors came in. The messenger gave small presents around, and then chanted a call, which was answered by the Indians outside; then the long line of them came stooping in and took their places. There is no chief in this tribe; but the people are mostly led by two medicine-men, — shamans. These leaders wear a head-dress made of wolf and wolverine fur, with fur streamers down their backs, and each carries a wand made from the tail of these animals that are called chiefs among the beasts. The visitors were then given, in token of friendship, frozen fish! (which is fresh) and loaves of bread and tobacco.

"The walls of the Kashime are ebony from smoke; and soon, when the men were all smoking and breathing, the air became dense. It was 42° below, outside. We had come in with a fringe of frost on our eyebrows and lashes into a climate

of close summer heat. But for the strange attraction of the scene, the place would have been unbearable. On the floor sat the women in fur parkas, with the soles of their boots turned up. On a shelf above them sat the men smoking, their knees drawn up to their chins or else cross-legged. The picture I have seen of Kashime dances makes the room appear much lighter than it appears here: rows of lanterns hanging from the crossbeams do not reflect much light from a black ceiling. On the floor in the centre were lanterns like footlights; behind these stood the drummers and the singers. When the assembly was settled, the leaders opposite each other stretched out their wands, then, stooping, touched the brush to the floor, and then raised it high above their heads. The singers hissed s-s-ss! then gr-gr-ger! like a bear, and the drums burst into a storm of valorous noise. At the end of all the songs there was a cry like some bird, generally the crow or goose. The leaders throughout controlled the music, — *pianissimo* with coy grimacings behind their wands and a gentle rhythm of their stomachs and hips, then *crescendo*; the movement became violent, every muscle and part of their bodies moved except their feet; the fur crowns shook with each gesture, making them look wild and savage. There was the fish-net dance, the bow-and-arrow dance, and some masked dancing; but mostly the men and women danced as the music moved them, sometimes several at once — all in rhythm with the tune. The onlookers appeared extraordinarily unmoved, the women gazed blankly, and the men puffed smoke between their knees. If I could talk to you, I could hum for you the tunes. They are very different from those I heard at Menana; these songs are mostly all of Eskimo origin, as I believe (in spite of the fact that there is no proof) the people are themselves."

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXVI.—JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1913—No. CI

ANIMAL STORIES FROM THE INDIANS OF THE MUSKHOGEAN STOCK¹

BY JOHN R. SWANTON

THE following stories from our Southern Indians are of a type made popular by Joel Chandler Harris in his Uncle Remus tales. The first fourteen are Natchez; the six following, Alabama and Koasati; the next three, Hitchiti; and the last, a negro tale from the Tuggle collection of Creek legends. Among these are included both versions of the same stories Mr. Harris has recorded from the negroes and other animal tales of the same type, including all of those in which Rabbit appears. Besides these, the same tribes have hero legends similar to that of "Rabbit and the Orphan," stories which recount the dealings of animals and human beings with each other, stories of witchcraft, etc. Whatever the origin of the separate Rabbit tales, there seems to be every reason to believe that Rabbit was the "trickster," or one of the tricksters, of the Southern Indians in pre-Columbian times. The little story of "The Foolish Turtle" is probably European, and perhaps the same is the case with the story of "The Mosquito." I have, besides, recorded three undoubted European stories from the Alabama, one from the Natchez, and one from the Creek. I have had one of Grimm's fairy-tales related to me in all soberness as an old Indian myth. My Natchez informant has given me a tale which he confesses to be modern, in which the doings of twelve Irishmen are strung together, — doings which I have always heard related as so many separate jokes upon the Hibernian. I have appended the story here to prove the point. The story of "The Monkey Girl" is taken from the Tuggle collection, and is of a type that is probably common in Africa. Compare the story of "The Gorilla and the Man" in "American Anthropologist," vol. xiii, pp. 59-60. I have never obtained anything like it myself.

¹ Published by permission of the Smithsonian Institution.

I. RABBIT AND THE TAR BABY¹

The animals dug a well, but Rabbit was too lazy to help them. After the well was finished, however, he went there and stole water out of it. Next day some of the animals saw that he had a vessel of water, and they said to him, "Where did you get your water?" — "I gathered it from the dew on the weeds," said Rabbit. "A person couldn't get that much water from the dew," thought the animals; so they set up a figure like a human being near the well. At night, when Rabbit came to the well, he saw the figure, and said, "Who are you?" As he got no reply, he said, "Are you not going to speak? If you do not, I will hit you directly." Still there was no reply. So Rabbit drew off and punched the figure; but his fist stuck to the figure so that he could not withdraw it. "I shall have to hit you with the other hand," said Rabbit; and he did so, with the same result. "I have a foot that I can use. Shall I have to kick you with it?" There was no answer; and Rabbit kicked the figure, on which his foot immediately stuck. "I have another foot. Shall I have to hit you with that?" He did so, but his other foot also stuck fast. "I can still butt you with my head." So Rabbit butted the figure with his head, and his head stuck.

Then Rabbit began twisting back and forth, and shouting, "Let me go!" A crowd of animals came and found him. Then they tied him securely, and consulted how they should kill him. Some said, "Let us build a big fire and throw him into it." — "I grew up in that kind of place," said Rabbit, "it will not hurt me." Others said, "Tie a rock around his neck and throw him into some deep water." — "When I am hunting fish, I always walk around on the bottom of the water," said Rabbit. By and by some of them said, "Let us throw him into that big brier-thicket." When Rabbit heard that, he began to cry, and act as though he were terrified. Then the animals said, "He will die if we treat him that way." So the strongest one among them picked up Rabbit, and threw him off into the brier-thicket. As soon as he landed, however, Rabbit jumped up, whooped, and ran away.

2. RABBIT AND WILDCAT²

Rabbit met Wildcat, and was afraid he would be killed and eaten: so he said, "Close by there are a number of Turkeys, and I know how

¹ I also have an Alabama version. Another occurs in the Tuggle collection of Creek myths; and still others, in Speck's "The Creek Indians of Taaskigi Town," *Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association*, vol. II, part II, pp. 149-150, and in his "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *Anthropological Publications, University of Pennsylvania*, vol. I, part I, pp. 152-153. See also vol. XXV of this Journal, p. 248, footnote 3; p. 249, footnotes 9-14; p. 250, footnote 1; p. 253, footnote 3. Many other African and Malay parallels might be given.

² There is a Creek version in the Tuggle collection, and another in Speck's "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *op. cit.*, pp. 153-154.

you can get them. Lie down here and pretend that you are dead, and I will go and bring them." So Wildcat lay down as if he were dead; and Rabbit took some whitish rotten-wood and rubbed it over his mouth and eyes, so that it resembled fly-blows. Then he went to the Turkeys, and said, "That Wildcat that used to kill you is dead. You must all go there and rejoice over him. While you dance around him, I will sing for you." So Rabbit brought the Turkeys to the place where Wildcat was lying, and began singing for them. As he sang, he put into his song words like these, "Catch that red-headed one! Catch that big one!" Then the Turkeys said, "Is that the way to sing?" Rabbit answered, "I am singing this so that you may all rejoice over him, because he is dead and cannot fight you." Wildcat lay with his mouth wide open; and every now and then Rabbit told the Turkeys to jump upon him. But by and by, as one of them was doing this, Wildcat caught him. Then the other Turkeys scattered, and meantime Rabbit had disappeared without any one knowing where he went or when he went.

3. RABBIT AND WOLF¹

Rabbit and Wolf both wanted to marry a certain girl, but she was promised to Wolf. Afterward Rabbit came to the house where she lived, and said, "That Wolf is like a riding-horse to me." Then the mother of the girl said, "If you will ride Wolf over here, I will believe you." Soon after that, Rabbit and Wolf met; and Rabbit said, "When are you going over to see that girl? When you go, come here and we will go together." So, when he was ready to go, Wolf came over to the place where Rabbit lived. Then Rabbit said, "May I ride you? My stomach troubles me." Wolf agreed to this, and Rabbit got on his back. But in a moment he said, "It is hard to ride you this way. Let me put a saddle on you." Wolf agreed again; and Rabbit saddled him and mounted. But still Rabbit complained that he was not comfortable, and said, "If you will let me put spurs on, I shall sit steady in the saddle." Wolf agreed. But again Rabbit complained, and said, "It would be better if I put a bridle on you." That Wolf also let him put on. And now Rabbit was satisfied, and said, "This is all right." In this way they rode up to the door of the house where the girl lived; and Rabbit shouted out, "I said I could do this. I have brought him up." Then he took the saddle off of Wolf, and put him into the horse-stable. The people gave Wolf hay and corn; but Rabbit said, "He does not eat hay and corn. He eats fresh meat." As they had no fresh meat, Wolf remained in the

¹ I have another version in Hitchiti, told as two separate stories. There is also a version in the Tuggle collection, and others in Speck's "Taskigi Indians," *op. cit.*, pp. 152-153; "Yuchi," *op. cit.*, p. 152.

barn hungry all day. Rabbit meanwhile staid in the house all that night, and the girl and her mother both agreed to have him instead of Wolf. In the night, however, Wolf burrowed under the barn and got out.

In the morning, when Rabbit found that Wolf was gone, he was afraid to wander far away from the house, thinking that Wolf was probably lying in wait for him. During the next night, however, Rabbit got hungry and ventured a short distance off to nibble among the grasses and weeds. Wolf found him, however, and chased him around for some time before Rabbit could make his escape through a hole in the fence. The same thing happened during several successive days. Finally Rabbit concealed himself in the garden, where he fed upon the vegetables there; but Wolf crept up to him and caught him.

Then Wolf took Rabbit home with him, got his axe, and said, "I am going to cut off your head." — "I don't care if you do," said Rabbit. "When you cut off my head, I shall change into two persons." Then Wolf tied Rabbit on the ground, and built up a big fire, saying, "I am going to burn you in this fire." But Rabbit said, "If I urinate on this fire, it will go out." Next, Wolf put a kettle of water on the fire and heated it. "I am going to scald you in this kettle of water," he said. But Rabbit answered, "If you put me into that kettle, I shall kick up my heels and break it." — "I will throw you into that big brier-patch," said Wolf. "Oh!" said Rabbit, "I shall cry all I can when you do that." So Wolf threw Rabbit as far into the brier-patch as he could; but Rabbit, as soon as he reached the ground, raised a big whoop, and started away on the run.

This made Wolf very angry, and he set out in pursuit. He chased Rabbit round and round, and finally drove him into a hollow tree. Then Wolf set Owl to watch Rabbit, and started home after his axe, saying to Owl, "Don't let Rabbit get away from you while I am gone."

"If he gets out, I will kill him," said Owl. After Wolf had gone, Rabbit said to Owl, "Come and see what a pretty hole I am in." Owl looked, but said, "It is too dark. I can't see well." — "Make your eyes as big as you can get them," said Rabbit. Now, Rabbit was chewing tobacco, and, when Owl made his eyes big, he spit into them, making his eyes smart. So Owl fell from the tree and began staggering around. Owl, while he was staggering around, trying to get relief, made a great pile of excrement, and Rabbit came out and ran off.

By and by Wolf came back and said to Owl, "Is Rabbit in there?" — "He got out," said Owl. "We had a fight, and Rabbit left that great pile of excrement." — "I am going to burn this pile," said Wolf. Owl did not want him to do this, because he had made it himself: so he said, "Don't, you will spoil it." He protested so much, that Wolf

finally said to him, "You must have made this big pile yourself, you are so stingy about it." As Wolf said this, he struck Owl side of the head with the handle of his axe, and Owl squalled out, "O-o-o-o!" Since then the owl has called out in this manner, and he has had a big head, swollen from the blow of Wolf's axe.

4. RABBIT AND ALLIGATOR¹

The animals once had a chief who let each choose the kind of food it wished to live upon. Squirrel chose acorns; Opossum, Raccoon, and Fox, persimmons; the birds, grapes; etc. Rabbit looked up into a sycamore-tree and saw a lot of balls hanging there, which he chose to be his food. Then he sat under the tree, waiting for the balls to fall; but every time one fell, it scattered before reaching the ground. After he had sat under the tree for a long time, waiting for one of these to reach the ground, he got hungry and went to the chief to get something else. Then the chief said to him, "If you will get me something that I like, I will give you something that you will like." Upon this, Rabbit went away and came to where Alligator lived. Then he called out; and Alligator came out and said, "What is it?" — "They want you to hew out a forked post." — "Who does?" said Alligator. "The chief." — "All right! then I must go." So Alligator and Rabbit walked along together; and, when they got near home, Rabbit hit Alligator, but did not kill him, and Alligator ran off. Then Rabbit went to the chief, and said, "I could not find anything for you." — "I will not give you anything until you bring *me* something," said the chief. Then Rabbit went off again, killed a fawn, wrapped the skin about himself, and went to Alligator's home once more. He shouted out; and Alligator said, "What is it?" — "The chief wants you to hew out a forked post." — "That is what they always tell me; but I do not want to go, for they thump me on the head." — "Who treats you that way?" said Rabbit. "Rabbit hit me on the head." — "Rabbit hasn't any sense. Why did they send him? I am all right." — "I guess I can go," said Alligator; and the two started back in company. When they got close to the place where the chief lived, Rabbit asked, "Where is your life, which they missed?" — "If he had hit me on the back, he would have killed me," said Alligator. After they had gone along a little farther, Rabbit picked up a club, hit Alligator on the back, and killed him. Then he took off his fawn-skin, picked up Alligator's body, and carried it to the chief. "Hē!" said the chief, "things of that kind are not to eat. Go where old women have planted gardens, and pilfer them, and let the dogs chase you through the brush." Then he whistled to the dogs so that they would chase Rabbit, and said, "That is the place where you will be

¹ I have a Hitchiti version of this, and there is another in the Tuggle collection.

killed." That is why Rabbit came to be such a lover of beans, why he lives as he does, and the dogs chase him about, because he was such a story-teller.

5. RABBIT AND BEAR¹

Rabbit was wandering around, and met Bear cooking a piece of his own flesh. When it was done, he sharpened his knife, bent over a pot in which beans were cooking, made a slit in his body, and let grease run out into the beans as a seasoning. Then he gave Rabbit a dish of beans, and Rabbit ate a great quantity. When he was through, Rabbit asked Bear to come and see him, in his turn. Bear did so; and immediately Rabbit skipped about, placed a pot of beans over the fire, and took hold of a sharp knife. Then he bent over the pot of beans and tried to slit himself along the belly; but it pained him so much that he squealed, "Ni." At the second attempt he cut deeply into his belly, and fell over on his side. "You have hurt yourself badly," said Bear. "I am (naturally) just the way you saw me when you came. I will go and get a doctor for you."

So Rabbit went out, and presently he came back with Buzzard. Buzzard said, "When I treat a person, I don't have any one present. They always make a hole at the top of the house to give me light." So they made the hole for him, and went outside. By and by Rabbit was heard to squeal; and Bear, who was sitting just outside, said, "What is the matter with him?" Buzzard answered, "It is hurting him where I am doctoring him. Now and then I blow on his wound." After a while, Rabbit stopped squealing; and Bear asked, "How is the patient?" — "He is better," said Buzzard; and presently he flew out at the top of the house and perched upon a tree. "I am done," he said. Meanwhile a number of animals — skunks, raccoons, and others — had assembled outside, and they opened the door and went in. Nothing was left of Rabbit but a pile of bones. Then all of the animals said, "Buzzard has done this. Let us kill him!" Then they shot at him with arrows, and pierced the bony part of his nose. "You have made a good place for me to breathe through," said Buzzard, and he flew away.

6. WOLF AND FAWN²

A Wolf met a Fawn, and said to him, "How did you come to be striped?" The Fawn answered "They buried me about that deep

¹ I have the first part of this in my Alabama collection, and there is a version in Speck's "Yuchi," *op. cit.*, p. 153. A version of the second part occurs in the Tuggle collection. Evidently related to the widely spread group of tales of the imitation of the host, the most southerly one of which has been recorded by K. Th. Preuss (*Die Nayarit-Expedition*, p. 202); while it is widely known in North America as far north as Alaska.

² I have an Alabama version of the first part of this, and in the Tuggle collection is a version of the second part. I have both parts also in Hitchiti. See Goddard, "Jicarilla Apache Texts," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. viii, p. 227, where also other references are given.

(about three feet deep) in the earth, laid a riddle over me, and built a fire on top. That is what caused me to be striped." Then the Wolf decided that he wanted to become striped too, so they dug a hole for him of the required depth. When he got into it, the Fawn put a riddle over him, and built a big fire on top. Presently the Wolf said, "It is getting hot. I am now becoming striped." By and by he spoke again, and said, "I want to urinate." Later on he said, "I want to defecate." But the Fawn kept piling up the fire higher and higher, until the Wolf was burned up, only his bones remaining. Then the Fawn laid the Wolf's vertebræ aside to cool, ran a hickory-bark rope through them, and hung them around his neck. Then he started off, and as he went sang, "Gonegā'lgā tsanāndī'c wīlwi'ī cā'nāndīc comp-cō'mp."¹ By and by he came to a place where there were some other Wolves. When they heard him, they asked for the words of his song, and he said, "I am just singing a song about wearing my own bones." — "All right," they said; and he started on again. When he got some distance away, he began singing the same song once more; and now they understood it, and started after him.

The Fawn ran on for some time, and at last reached the hole of a Skunk, where he sought refuge. Presently the Wolves came up, and said to the Skunk, "Didn't a Fawn come here?" — "He is sitting down in the house," said the Skunk. "Put him out." Then the Skunk told them to come close and look sharp, because the Fawn was very quick, and might escape them. Afterward he went into his den and began backing out, acting as though he were pulling something with him. When he had gotten partly out, he threw his scent all over them, and they fainted, while the Fawn ran past them and got away.

When the Wolves came to, they started in pursuit once more. Finally the Fawn reached the home of a Buzzard, and took refuge in his nose. The Wolves came up and asked the Buzzard if he had seen a Fawn; but he said, "I haven't seen any one." But one of the Fawn's legs was sticking out of the Buzzard's nose; and the Wolves said, "What is that in your nose? It looks like the leg of a deer." Then the Buzzard blew his nose, and blew the Fawn out; and the Fawn ran on again, the Wolves in pursuit.

After the Fawn had run on for some time, he climbed up into the limbs of a tall tree. They tried to shoot him so that he would fall down, using for this purpose the beard-like bristles about their mouths; but they failed. Then they remembered that a Terrapin lived near by, and said to one another, "If we can get that Terrapin, he will be able to kill him." So one of the Wolves went to the Terrapin's house

¹ The exact meaning of these words is uncertain; but they refer to the killing of the wolf and the use of his vertebræ as a necklace.

and asked him to come; but the Terrapin said, "I am making some arrows." The Wolf went back to the rest, and reported; but they told him to go again, saying, "We think he has finished his arrows by this time." Again the Wolf went to ask the Terrapin; but the Terrapin said, "I am now straightening my arrows." The messenger returned, and reported again, and again he was sent to the Terrapin. "I am now feathering my arrows," said the Terrapin. So the messenger went back the third time; and the others said, "We think he has finished feathering his arrows." But this time the Terrapin said, "I am now just beginning to sharpen my arrows." — "We think he has finished sharpening his arrows," said the Wolves, and sent once more. But now the Terrapin said, "I am too small. I can't go unless they carry me on their backs." Then three Wolves were sent, — one to take the bow; the second, the arrows; and the third to carry the Terrapin. In that way they brought him and his bow and arrows to the tree in which the Fawn had taken refuge, and they set him down under it. The Terrapin began shooting; but at first his arrows missed, and the Wolves had to keep running after them to bring them back. Finally, however, the Terrapin hit the Fawn, and made him fall from the tree. Then the Wolves set to work to skin the Fawn, and cut him up so that each would have a piece; and they asked the Terrapin which part he would have. As the Terrapin did not answer, they said, "Will you take a hind quarter?" — "My thighs always hurt, and I don't think it would agree with me," said the Terrapin. "Will you take a fore quarter?" — "I have pains in my shoulder, and I don't think it would agree with me." — "Will you take a rib?" — "No, for I have pains in my ribs, and I don't think it would agree with me." — "Will you take the spine?" — "I am troubled with backache, and I don't think it would agree with me." — "Will you take the head?" — "I am troubled with headache. I don't think it would agree with me." — "Will you take the jaw?" — "I am troubled with pains in the jaw, and I don't think it would agree with me." — "Will you take the legs or feet?" — "No; I am troubled with pains in the knees, and I don't think they would agree with me." — "Will you take the entrails?" — "No, I can't. My stomach bothers me." — "Will you take the tail?" — "No, I am troubled with my tail." Then the head Wolf said, "I guess he doesn't want any of it." So each Wolf took a piece, and they carried everything away.

After the Wolves had gone, the Terrapin crawled over to where the Fawn had lain, and hunted about. They had taken everything, and had also licked up nearly all of the blood; but presently he found one leaf with a drop of clotted blood upon it. He dropped one leaf after another on this until he had a big bundle, and he took this up on his back and carried it away. By and by he got close to the place where

he lived; and, when his wife saw him coming, she said to herself, "He is bringing meat." So she filled a pot with water, and put it on the fire prepared to cook it. When her husband came up and threw down his bundle, she went out and began taking off leaves. She was surprised at not finding any meat; but her husband kept saying to her, "It is farther in. It is farther in." Finally she took the last leaf off, and saw the drop of blood. Then she said to him, "What do you mean by bringing this little clot of blood?" She seized it angrily, and threw it into her husband's eye; and ever since then the eyes of the terrapin have been red.

7. THE OWL AND THE PERCH

An Owl found a Perch in a little pool which had almost dried up, and caught him up to eat him. But the Perch said, "Let me sing you a song first to dance by. I am a good singer. If you will carry me along, I will tell you when we reach a spot that is open and clean, so that you can dance there well." So the Owl picked up the Perch, and started off with him. By and by they came to a pool of water; and the Perch said, "Here is a good place. Brush it off well. After you have done that, you can dance back and forth four times. After that, you can eat me. Lay me down by the side of your path." So the Owl brushed the place off well, and began dancing back and forth while the Perch sang. He danced three times; but when he turned the fourth time, the Perch gave a flop and went into the pool. That is how the Perch outwitted the Owl.

8. OPOSSUM

There was a very beautiful girl whom all creatures wanted to marry, but for a long time none of them was successful. By and by the Opossum went to try his fortune with her, and on the way he picked up all the papers he could find and put them into his pocket. When he got to the girl's house, he took these papers out and began looking them over, and laying them down one after another. The people asked him what he was doing, and he said, "I was a soldier, and these papers represent my pension-money." When they heard this, the girl's people thought this person must be very rich, and at once they let him have her.

When the other animals heard what had happened, however, they were very angry. At that time the Opossum had a long bushy tail like that of a skunk. The animals crept up during the night to the house where the Opossum was sleeping, and put a caterpillar into his tail, which ate off all of the hairs. About daybreak the Opossum woke up, and, finding what had happened to his tail, he was so ashamed that he went out and climbed up to the top of a tree. By and by the girl

woke up also, and, finding that the Opossum was not by her side, went out of doors and hunted all around for him. Finally she discovered him up in the top of the tree, and she called out, "Come down! What are you doing up there?" But the Opossum would not move; and at last his wife said, "If you don't come down, I will shake you down." As he still refused to move, the girl picked up sticks, stones, and any other things that she could find, and threw them at him. Some of these hit him, and finally one struck him on the head, and he started to fall. His tail, however, wrapped itself about a limb, and he hung from it head down. Since then, an opossum has always been able to hang from a limb by its tail.

9. HERON AND HUMMING-BIRD¹

Heron and Humming-Bird lived on the shores of the ocean in the east. One day Humming-Bird came to Heron, and said, "Let us race." Heron answered, "I can't fly. I can't do anything." But Humming-Bird kept teasing him to race, and finally Heron agreed. They agreed to race from the ocean in the east to the ocean in the west: so they placed themselves at the edge of the water, and Humming-Bird said, "Well, let's go." Heron had barely raised his wings when Humming-Bird was out of sight; and he raised himself slowly, and began flapping along at an even pace. When darkness came, Humming-Bird went to a tree and stopped there for the night; but Heron kept steadily on, and shortly before daylight he came to the place where Humming-Bird was sitting. When day came, Heron had travelled a long distance ahead; and the sun was well up before Humming-Bird passed him. Next night, Humming-Bird stopped again, and again Heron passed him, but this time about midnight. So Heron got farther ahead than before, and Humming-Bird did not pass him again until noon. The third night, Heron caught up with Humming-Bird before midnight, and Humming-Bird did not overtake him until late in the evening. He had not gone far before he had to stop again, and Heron soon overtook him. So Heron got to the western ocean far ahead. It was early in the morning when he arrived; and he began hunting for fish, for he was very hungry. Humming-Bird did not come until noon. Then Humming-Bird said to Heron, "I did not believe you could get here first. If I could, I would whip you. I could dart all around you and all over you."

10. TERRAPIN AND DEER²

The Terrapin proposed to the Deer to run a race across seven high hills. They appointed a time; and, the day having arrived,

¹ I have an Alabama version of this, and there is one in the Tuggle collection.

² In the Tuggle collection there are two versions of this story, in one of which the race is between the terrapin and the deer; in the other, between the terrapin and the wolf.

the Terrapin collected other Terrapin, and placed them on the sides of the hills over which they were to race, near the top. He put white feathers on the head of each. Then he went to the Deer, and said, "I shall have a white feather on my head; and every time you get to the top of a hill you must whoop. At the first whoop we will start running." So they placed themselves at the starting-point. The Deer whooped, and they started. Soon the Deer got to the top of the first hill. He whooped and looked over to the next hill, and there he saw a Terrapin with a white feather on its head. The Terrapin also whooped, and went over the crest of the hill out of sight. When the Deer got to the top of the next hill, the same thing happened again; and it was so with all seven. As soon as he got over the crest of the hill, each Terrapin would hide, so that the Deer did not know he was being fooled. When he reached the top of the last hill, he looked down to the end of the course and saw a Terrapin sitting there. This Terrapin said to the Deer, "I told you I could outrun you." — "You look like a different Terrapin," said the Deer. "No, I am the same one." — "I don't think you are the same one, your eyes are so red. When we started, your eyes were not as red as that." — "When I started running," said the Terrapin, "I got hot, and the dust and sand got into my eyes. That is why they are so red."

II. FOX AND CRAWFISH

Fox wanted to catch Crawfish and eat him; and Crawfish said, "We will run a race, and, if you can beat me, you can have me." Then they agreed to race across seven hills. When they squatted down by the starting-point, Fox stretched his tail out near Crawfish, and Crawfish seized it. Then one of them said, "Let us go!" And they started off, Fox dragging Crawfish after him without knowing it. When Fox got to the end of the course, he switched around suddenly to see if Crawfish were coming, and Crawfish was thrown some distance farther on. Then he called out to Fox, and said, "I told you that you could not outrun me."

12. THE MOSQUITO

An Indian out hunting heard a sound a long distance behind him like this, "Wâmp wâmp wâmp!" "I believe white people are chasing me with dogs," he said. Going on farther, he presently heard a noise as of something flying rapidly through the air, and, on turning to look back, he saw a huge mosquito making directly toward him. Immediately the man dodged behind a tree; and the mosquito came against this with so much force that it ran its bill into it, and it came

In Speck's Taskigi version, the racers are rabbit and turtle (terrapin?). In my Alabama and Hitchiti versions, the racers are the terrapin and the wolf. See also vol. xxv of this Journal, p. 249, footnotes 2-8; p. 253, footnote 3.

out on the other side. Then the Indian seized his hatchet, and beat upon the end of the mosquito's bill so as to rivet it in place. When the mosquito threw its wings forward, in its endeavors to withdraw the bill, the Indian cut them off. "These will make good fans for old men," he said, and he stuck them into the pack he was carrying on his back. But, when the sun shone out strong, the wings turned to powder.

13. THE FOOLISH TURTLE ¹

A Turtle came out of the water, and was sunning himself on a log. By and by he looked up and discovered that a shower was approaching. "It is going to wet me," he said to himself, and forthwith he jumped into the water.

14. RABBIT AND THE ORPHAN ²

A woman went to the creek to wash clothes, and laid her baby near her on the bank while she was at work. A Lion ("long-tail") had been watching her, and, when she went into the water to dip some of it up, he rushed up, seized the child, and carried it away. He carried it to his den, and he and his wife kept it alive, and raised it. When this child, which was a boy, got to be of some size, they gave him a bow, and he went out hunting. The first time he went out, he came in, saying that he had seen some creatures that flew about, and they frightened him; but the old male Lion said, "Those are things to be killed and eaten." So the boy went out every day, killed the birds, and brought them in. After he had grown still more, he came in, saying, "Some bald-headed creatures scared me." — "Those are to be killed and eaten," said the Lion. So the lad killed one of these and brought it in. It was a turkey. When he had gotten to be a young man, he came in one day, and said, "Some creatures with slender legs scared me." — "They are also to be killed and eaten," said the Lion. So the youth went out again; and when he came back, he brought the body of a deer.

A long distance from the den in which these Lions lived was a blue mountain; and one day, just before they went out hunting, the male Lion said to the young man, "You must never go to that blue mountain yonder." But after they were gone, the youth thought, "Why is it that they do not want me to go to that blue mountain?" and he determined to go. He started out. When he got there, and climbed to the top, he saw many people playing ball, among them his own mother. When he returned home and the Lions came in, they suspected what had happened, and said, "Haven't you been to the blue mountain?" — "Yes, I have been there." — "Well, that is your town.

¹ Obtained by my informant from a Creek Indian. It is probably European.

² Two stories partly covering the same ground have been collected from the Alabama. A version of the first part occurs in the Tuggle collection, and portions are found in Biloxi and Tunica.

You are to go back, and I will prepare you to go." Then the Lion told the young man to kill some birds, and he killed one kind of bird. When he came back, the Lion told him to kill another kind; and he kept on doing this until he had killed birds of as many different kinds as he could find. Then the Lion made a cloak of bird-feathers for him. He placed a paroquet-skin upon his head, a bluejay-skin on each shoulder, and skins of smaller birds around his waist. He also gave him a flute; and whenever he blew it, all of the birds would flutter their wings and cry out. Then the Lion said, "When you start off from here, you will come to a house; and when you pass the house, you will meet a person. You must keep right on past him without speaking." So the youth started on, passed the house, and met the person of whom he had been told. It was Rabbit. But Rabbit spoke to the youth, and said, "Where are you going?" — "I am going to my mother's. Where are you going?" — "I am going to the creek to catch turtles. Your mother lives close to this place. Let us go back and catch some turtles, and then we can go there together." The young man turned back with Rabbit. When they reached the creek, they stripped off their clothing; and the young man said, "How do you catch these turtles?" — "I take hickory-bark with me, dive into the deep water, catch and tie them, and drag them out." So they waded into the water with the hickory-bark; and Rabbit said to the young man, "When I say, 'Now!' we will dive under water together." So Rabbit called out, "Now!" and the young man dived into the creek. Rabbit, however, jumped out quickly, seized his companion's clothing, and ran away with it.

By and by the young man got hold of a turtle and came out with it. Immediately he perceived that Rabbit had gone, and that his clothes were gone with him. He bent his head in thought for a while, and said to himself, "What shall I do?" Looking around, he saw a persimmon-tree near by loaded with ripe fruit. These he knocked off, and he smeared the juice all over his body. Then he took the turtle, and went on toward the place where his mother lived. His mother was cutting up some raccoon-meat to cook. Coming close to her house, he stopped in the yard, and called out, "Mother!" But the woman answered, "I don't know whether I have a child." Then the youth started on, saying, "If you have a child, let the raccoon bite you." And the raccoon began biting her; but he kept on, not heeding her cries. He stopped at each house as he went along; but he was covered with persimmon-juice, and looked so filthy that at each they took some food out into the yard for him, and sent him away. By and by he came to a house where lived an old woman and her daughter. He put his turtle into a hole in a clay-bank out in the yard, and called to them. These people, however, invited him into the house

and gave him something to eat. Then the youth told them that this was the first time he had eaten inside of a house, and he related how the others had treated him. The old woman said, "That is not the way to treat a person." Afterward the youth said, "If you eat turtle, there is one outside in a hole in the bank, where I put it." The old woman answered, "Well! if it is a turtle, that is something that has always been scarce." And when they went to look, the hole was alive with turtles. They took one out and cooked it. Then the old woman said, "I will give you my grand-daughter. No one else ever brings us such food." — "If you have any relatives near by," said the young man, "send to them, and have them come and get some of these terrapin." The young woman went and told them, and all came to get the food he had brought.

After some time had passed, the youth said to his wife, "Let us go to the creek." Then he stripped off his clothing, and dived back and forth under water four times. Then all of the fish became intoxicated, and floated up. The young man said, "Go and tell your relatives, and let them kill the fish. His wife did so, and the people got a great supply of fish.

Now, Rabbit heard what had been done, and he determined to do the same. But when he dived under water, only a few minnows remained there nosing about. He sent word to the people to come and get these; but, when the people saw the minnows, they were angry with Rabbit, and went home.

When the young man dived under water to intoxicate the minnows, the persimmon-juice washed off of him, and he appeared as a handsome youth. By and by he asked his wife to comb her hair, and part it in the middle. She did so, and he said to her, "Give me that broad-axe and a whetstone." — "I will give them to you," she said. She was sitting down a short distance away from him. Then he said to her, "I am hungry;" and she went into the house, found some food, and brought it to him, saying, "Where shall I put it?" Immediately the young man got up quickly, raised his axe, and struck her so cleverly on the parting in the middle of her head that he cut her into two women, who stood there laughing and smiling at each other.

When Rabbit heard what had happened, he thought he could do the same thing. So he told his wife to comb and part her hair. Then he asked her to bring him an axe and whetstone. He sat down and sharpened his axe, and then said, "I am hungry." So his wife went into the house, found some food, and came out to him. "Where shall I put it?" she said. Immediately Rabbit got up, raised his axe, and struck her such a blow on the head that she died.

When this was known to all the animals and people living there, they came together and arrested the youth, saying that he was re-

sponsible for what had happened. They determined to kill him, and sentenced him first to cut canes for arrows in a canebrake where poisonous snakes lived. But the youth went first to the Lion who had brought him up. And the Lion gave him four balls, saying to him, "Take these, and, when you get into the canebrake and think that your enemies are near, throw one of the balls. Then they will run after it. Throw the fourth as far as you can." So the youth went to the canebrake. When the snakes came toward him, he threw a ball, and they ran after it. Immediately he went to work cutting canes; and when they came for him again, he threw another ball. When they came back the third time, he had as many canes as he could carry: so he threw the fourth ball as far as possible, and ran away. When he brought his bundle of canes to his enemies, they determined on another task. They sent him to cut the beard of a cannibal who lived not far off, so that they might wrap the arrows with his hairs. Again the youth went to the Lion and asked his advice. The Lion said, "Go to the cannibal's house, turn into a granddaddy-longlegs, and climb up on the ceiling. The cannibal will not be there when you arrive, but be on the ceiling when he gets back." So the young man went to the cannibal's house, and found only his wife at home. He told her what he had come for, and she agreed to obtain the hair which he desired. Then he turned himself into a granddaddy-longlegs, climbed up upon the ceiling, and waited. By and by the cannibal came home, lay down, and went to sleep. His wife cut off his beard, and gave it to the young man, who now returned with it to the people who had sent him.

Next the people told him to go to the creek and bring up clay from the bottom, from a place where something dangerous lived. The young man went to the Lion again, and the Lion said, "Let that person who wears a white collar get the clay for you. You cannot do it. When you get there, you must sit down on the edge of the water, and tell him to hurry up." So the youth went to the edge of the stream, and called the person to hurry. He came. He was the Kingfisher. Then the youth asked him to get some clay from the bottom of the creek; and the Kingfisher said, "I can do so. If white bubbles rise after I have dived under water, you will know I am all right; but, if red bubbles of blood come up, you must go back." So the Kingfisher dived into the stream, and the youth sat on the bank and watched. By and by he saw some bubbles rising to the surface, and they were white; and presently the Kingfisher himself flew out, and asked the young man to take the clay out from under his finger-nails. Then he said, "Strike the clay upon that rock." And when he did so, the clay increased in size. So he took it, and went back to the people who had sent him.

Next the people determined to send him across the river, knowing that many cannibals lived upon the other side: so they ferried him over in a canoe, and left him there. Before they started, the young man had gone to the Lion to obtain instructions, and, when he heard the cannibals' hounds pursuing him, he crept into a hollow tree. The cannibals came there and thrust a stick inside, trying to twist him out, as was done to catch rabbits. The youth, however, twisted the stick about in some spiders' webs; and, when the cannibals saw these, they said the hounds had deceived them, and began beating them. Then they went home and left him. Next morning the young man got out of his hiding-place and wandered on, and presently he came upon two women in bathing. He seized upon their clothes, and climbed up into a tree near by. Then the women missed their clothes, and discovered what had happened. They asked him to give their clothes back; but he said to them, "What will you be to me?" — "We will be your sisters." But he remained where he was. Then they said, "We will be your aunts." He did not move. "We will be your mothers." It was the same thing. After they had repeated all the other possible terms of relationship, they said, "We will be your wives;" and he came down immediately. Then they took him along with them. But as they went, they said, "We want a husband; but, if we get one, our father always kills and eats him. Our father tries to kill him first by making him enter a race. At a certain point in the course there is a little wash-out in which he has sharp sticks stuck. When they approach this, he lets his opponent get a little ahead of him and pushes him in, and he is killed upon the stakes below." When they got to the house, their father began to shout out joyfully, "Those women never fail to bring a good man!" and he immediately asked their husband to run a race. So they started; but, when they got close to the wash-out, the youth dropped back quickly, and the old man went on, falling into the ditch at one side of the stakes, so that he was not killed. The youth took him by the hand, and helped him out. That night the young man lay down between his two wives, and he placed something over his face that looked like two wide-open eyes. Every now and then the old man would come and look at him, but, finding his eyes apparently wide open, he would go away again. After he gave up the attempt to find his new son-in-law asleep, he whispered to his daughters to get out of the house, because he intended to set it on fire and burn it down. But, when the women got up to go outside, their husband slipped along between them, and came out too. Then the old man set the house on fire and burned it down; and while it was burning, and the wood cracking and popping, he kept saying to himself, "Those bones that I like to eat so much are cracking and popping!" He would run around the house, saying,

"Hayi hāā!" After a while he looked about, and saw his son-in-law standing near by. He said, "I thought that my son-in-law had burned up. I thought bad luck had overtaken him. That was what I meant by what I said."

After this, the man's wives said, "Our father will not cease trying to kill you. You had better go home." Then they got four puppies for him, and said, "You will find something with white around its neck on which you can cross the river. You can summon him by calling, 'My friend!'" So their husband took the four puppies, went with them to the river-bank, and seated himself there. Then he began calling as he had been directed, and all sorts of animals raised their heads out of the water, one after another; but he said to them, "I am not calling to you." So they went back again. After a long time, a Snake with a white band around its neck, and horns like a deer, raised its head out, and said, "What is the matter?" The youth answered, "I want you to put me across the river."—"Well! what are you going to do for me?" said the Snake. "I will give you something to eat while you are carrying me over."—"All right," said the Snake. So the youth climbed upon one of the Snake's horns, and they started over. As they went, the young man gave the Snake one puppy after another. As soon as it had eaten a puppy, the Snake would begin to sink under water, and the young man would give it another. As they went along, the youth sawed upon one of the prongs of the Snake's horn. The Snake noticed white dust falling on the water, and said, "What is this falling?"—"It is some meal made from parched corn (*kauhi' stta* in Natchez) that I am eating." In this way he cut off one prong of the Snake's horn, and the Snake did not know it. When they were approaching the farther shore, the youth shot an arrow toward it, and saw it stick up in the ground. Then he shot another, seized it as it was going, and came down with it upon the bank. At this the Snake became angry, and said, "Well, you could have done that in the first place, without tiring me."—"You are so proud and cross," said the youth, "that I could dry the water up from you, and that is all you have to live in." So he did dry the water up; and the Snake began tumbling about, and said, "You have treated me badly." Then the young man brought the water back, and let the Snake go off. He himself returned home in safety.

15. RABBIT AND BIG MAN-EATER¹

Big Man-Eater killed all of the people of a certain town. Rabbit came and saw what had been done, and went back to the next village.

¹ From Alabama and Koasati. They insist on translating man-eater (*Átiṣa tcoḃá*) as "elephant." This story is referred to in Creek medicine-songs. See W. Matthews, *Navaho Legends*, p. 227; Boas, *Sagen von der Nordpazifischen Küste Amerikas*, p. 9;

Then he told the people about it, and instructed them all to run away from that place. After they had gone, Rabbit reddened his lips with some old paint, killed an orphan-child who had remained in the village, and walked along, carrying its body over his shoulder, until he met Big Man-Eater. "How are these people down here?" said Big Man-Eater. "I have killed them all," said Rabbit. "How are the people down here?" — "I have done the same thing to them," said Big Man-Eater. "This orphan-child is all I have left," said Rabbit, giving it to him. Big Man-Eater took the child and threw it up into the air; and when it came down, he swallowed it at a gulp. Then he said to Rabbit, "Let us become friends!" and Rabbit agreed. After they had gone along for a while, they said to each other, "Let us shut our eyes and defecate." They did so; and Big Man-Eater passed split human bones, while Rabbit passed only grass. Before they opened their eyes, however, Rabbit changed the places of the two piles of excrement, so that the bones were under himself and the grass under Big Man-Eater. When they opened their eyes and Big Man-Eater saw this, he was ashamed.

After that, Rabbit said, "Let us go to Ashes-thrown-upon-Camp." When they got there, Rabbit obtained a lot of bark and made a fire with it. By and by Big Man-Eater went to sleep, and Rabbit collected a great quantity of ashes and threw it over his chest. He threw a little ashes over himself and lay down quickly. Then Big Man-Eater began to groan, and stood up. Rabbit also rubbed the ashes off of himself. "It is always that way here," said he; and they lay down again for the rest of the night. Next day Rabbit said, "Let us go to Tree-falling-Camp." They went on, reached this place, and made a fire at the foot of a dead tree. Afterward Rabbit walked off, found a small tree, and brought it back to camp. When it was nearly midnight, Rabbit pushed the big dead tree down upon Big Man-Eater, and at the same time laid the small tree over himself. Big Man-Eater groaned in his sleep, woke up in a fright, and kicked the tree away. Rabbit also threw the tree off of himself, saying, "It is always that way here."

When day came, Rabbit said to his companion, "Let us go down to the stream and jump back and forth across it." When they got there, Rabbit jumped first; and he jumped back and forth four times. "Now you jump," he said to Big Man-Eater. So Big Man-Eater jumped back and forth four times also. "Let us both jump again," said Rabbit; and he went back and forth quickly as before. When he got back the last time, he said to Big Man-Eater, "I will hold your bag while you jump." So Big Man-Eater gave Rabbit his bag, and

Teit, *The Shuswap* (Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. II, p. 632), *Mythology of the Thompson Indians* (*Ibid.*, vol. VIII, p. 300), where further references are given.

jumped over. When he started back, however, the river was suddenly filled with water, into which he fell; and the current carried him down to the ocean, and way beyond it to the other side. Then Rabbit started off, saying over and over, "My friend threw his bag down to me on the water. Look! my friend has gone to the ocean. I am calling to him where he has gone, far off on the ocean."

16. THE GIRLS AND THE HOGS¹

An old woman and her grand-daughter were living in a certain place. One time the old woman said to the girl, "Go and hunt for some hogs." So the girl took some bread made of chaff, and started out. After she had gone along for some time, she met two old women, who said to her, "What have you got?" — "Chaff bread," she answered. "Do you want some?" — "No. Where are you going?" — "I am out hunting hogs." Then the old women said, "We will find the hogs;" and they drove them to the place where she was waiting. Then the girl started along home, driving her hogs. By and by, however, one ran away; and she went after it, chasing it round and round. At last she got tired, and coughed. At the second cough, she coughed a nickel out of her mouth. By and by the same hog again ran off. Again she ran after it; and again she got tired, and coughed. She coughed up a dime. The same thing happened again; and this time she coughed up a quarter. She had now reached home, and she went on coughing, — coughing up nickels, dimes, and quarters, — until she had a whole box full of money. The white people saw the things this girl had coughed up, and they liked them, and got them from her.

Another old woman had a daughter whom she sent after hogs, providing her with a sack full of biscuits. By and by she came to the two old women. They said, "Where are you going?" — "I am hunting hogs." Then the old women told her they would get the hogs for her, and they did so. She started for home, driving them before her. On the way she also became tired, and began to cough; but she coughed up a frog. She coughed again, and spit up another. She kept on doing this when she got home, and after a time she died.

17. RABBIT AND THE TURKEYS²

Rabbit once carried a sack up to the top of a hill near which was a flock of turkeys, got inside of it, and rolled down to the bottom, laughing continually. The Turkeys, who were eating acorns, looked at him for a while, and then asked him what he was doing.

¹ An Alabama and Koasati story, obviously European.

² An Alabama story. See Goddard, "Jicarilla Apache Texts," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. viii, p. 228, where other references are given.

"I am having some fun," he said. "You lie!" — "All right," he said. "One of you get in here and try it. I will roll it for him." So one of the Turkeys got in, and Rabbit rolled him down. When he went down, he laughed and said, "Yes, it is good fun. I like it." Then all of the turkeys got in, and Rabbit rolled them down hill together. But afterward, instead of letting them out, he took them and started off home. There he put the turkeys into a corn-crib, and told his old grandmother to be sure not to open it while he was away. Then he went off. As soon as he was gone, however, his grandmother began to wonder what he had in the corn-crib, and presently she went there and opened the door. At once the turkeys began flying out. She tried to catch them, but got hold of only one. Then she called out to Rabbit, "Hāpāsā,¹ I have it by the feet." Rabbit came quickly and said to her, "I told you not to do that. Kill and cook this one. I had intended to feast a great number of people, but now I shall invite only a few." Then he went away; but, instead of inviting any one, he walked about for a while, and came back by himself. "Many people are coming," he said to his grandmother; and he himself began to talk, in imitation of a crowd of people conversing. "Put the cooked food in dishes and bring it here," he said. So his grandmother brought it out and put it on a cane platform. "All ready. Let us eat," he said aloud, as if addressing a great company. He jumped up on the platform a number of times as if many different people were doing so, and he talked and made the noises of a number of people. Meanwhile he was eating the food; and he finished everything except a little turkey gravy. This he mixed with punk from the slippery-elm, and set it before his grandmother, saying, "Eat this which was left." So she ate. Then she said, "It tastes like old punk." — "It is always that way this time of year," said Rabbit. Then he said, "The people are all gone." Then they ate up all that was left.

18. THE GIRL AND THE BUFFALOES²

There was an old woman who lived with her grand-daughter. One time she sent her grand-daughter with a bucket to a pond to get some water. When the girl had dipped her water out, she set it down and stood up. Then she saw an old Buffalo come to the other side of the pond. It called to her to come over, and she went away with it. Then the girl's people did not know where she had gone, and they hunted for her everywhere. They promised a trunk full of things to the person who could tell where she had gone; but no one knew. By and by a poor man said, "I will go hunting for her, and find her." — "All right," they said. "Hunt for her and bring her

¹ A story-name of Rabbit.

² An Alabama and Koasati story.

here." Before the man started off, however, he made four arrows, two of which were red, and two white. He also took along four hen's eggs. After he had travelled for a while, he came to a place where there were many buffalo, and in the very middle sat the girl. Then the poor man climbed up into a post-oak tree the head of which bent far over, and tried to put the animals to sleep. After a while, all fell asleep but one old buffalo, who walked around continually. At last he went to sleep also. Then the man got down from his tree quickly, seized the girl, and dragged her to the tree against her will, for she did not want to go. When he got nearly there, all of the buffalo woke up and pursued him; but he carried the girl up into the tree and placed himself just above her. Immediately they were surrounded by the buffalo. Then the buffalo began licking the tree, and they licked it until they nearly made it fall over. The man, however, took one of the eggs he had brought, and dropped it upon the ground, and the tree stood erect as before. Again the buffalo nearly licked the tree down, and again the poor man made it stand erect by means of his eggs. He did this four times. Then he took one of his red arrows and began shooting at the buffalo. After every shot, the arrow returned to him again; and he kept on in this way until all of the buffalo, except the old one, had been killed. This buffalo, however, began kicking pine-knots up at his opponent; and the man would take these and throw them back. This went on for some time, until finally the man drew a red arrow again, and shot the buffalo so that he dropped dead. When the woman saw this, she cried, jumped down out of the tree, and threw herself upon the old buffalo's body. The man cut out the tongues of all the buffalo, and said to the woman, "Let us go." She would not: so he took away all of her clothes, and killed her. Then he went home and showed the clothes to her people. All came together, and gave him the trunk full of things which had been promised.

19. RABBIT AND THE NEGRO¹

Rabbit was going along, and found an old, dirty pair of trousers. He shook the dirt off of them and put them on. By and by he found an old hat, which he put on. Next he came upon an old rotten axe, which he took up and carried along with him. Presently he reached a place where there lived an Indian chief who kept negro slaves. Rabbit took his old axe, and began chopping on some of the timber growing upon his place. Then one of the negroes saw this, and told his master that some one was stealing his timber. The chief went to Rabbit, and asked him why he was doing this. Rabbit said that he needed some good wood. Then he struck the chief with his axe, and killed him.

¹ An Alabama story. See also vol. xxv of this Journal, p. 250, footnote 2.

Then all of the people caught Rabbit, and put him into a big box along with a number of rocks, and said that they were going to throw him into the water. They left him there, however, until afternoon; and in the mean time a negro heard Rabbit crying inside of the box, opened it, and asked, "Why are you crying?" — "Because they are going to give me a pretty girl," said Rabbit. When the negro heard this, he let Rabbit out, and allowed Rabbit to fasten him in, in his place. Then Rabbit ran off. In the afternoon, all of the people came back, and threw the box into the water. The negro cried out, "Master, master!" but they did not hear him, and he was drowned.

20. HOW RABBIT KILLED BIG MAN-EATER¹

People wanted to kill Big Man-Eater and his wife; but they heard of it, and were on their guard. Then Rabbit said to the people, "Give me an old dress. Give me an old blanket." They gave these things to him; and he put the old dress on, and wrapped the old blanket about his head. Then he started off. When he came to Big Man-Eater's house, he stood still in the yard. Big Man-Eater's wife saw him, and said, "Who are you?" — "I am your aunt. I have come here after a long journey." — "Come in," said Big Man-Eater's wife. So Rabbit went in. "Sit down," said the woman; and Rabbit sat down. Then the woman gave him a piece of hard deer-meat. But Rabbit said, "I can't eat it. I have no teeth. I need a hatchet." So Big Man-Eater's wife gave the supposed aunt a hatchet; and she broke the deer-meat into bits, and ate them. "That is the way I always eat it," she said. Then Rabbit said, "When your husband lies down to sleep, what kind of noise does he make?" — "When he is not sleeping very soundly, he sounds, 'sololon, sololon;'" but when he is sleeping soundly, he sounds, 'soloñ, soloñ.'" Rabbit said, "I will stay here all night; then I will go on." So Big Man-Eater and his wife lay down, and Rabbit lay down to sleep close to the fire. By and by he heard Big Man-Eater making a noise, "sololon, sololon." He waited, and presently it sounded like "soloñ, soloñ." Rabbit seized his hatchet, walked over to where Big Man-Eater was sleeping, and sat down beside him. Then he raised his hatchet, struck Big Man-Eater on the neck, and cut off his head. Then he threw away his old dress and his old blanket. He shouted, jumped up and down several times, went out of the house, and ran away.

21. RABBIT FOOLS WOLF²

Rabbit was robbing a garden, when the people caught him and tied him up to a tree, intending to throw boiling water over him. While

¹ An Alabama story.

² A Hitchiti story. Compare the last part of the story of "Rabbit and Wolf," p. 195, and "Rabbit and the Tar Baby," p. 194.

he sat there alone, Wolf passed; and Rabbit called out to him, "My friend, they told me to eat up a big hog; and when I would not, they tied me up. That is why I am sitting here." — "Why, I will eat that up," said Wolf. "Well, then, untie me." So Wolf untied Rabbit, and Rabbit tied Wolf there in his place. By and by the people came back and began pouring boiling water over Wolf. He ran round and round the tree, but they scalded him thoroughly. Then they let him go. Wolf ran away and came to a big log near by, on which Rabbit sat laughing at him. Then Wolf ran after Rabbit, and finally chased him into a hollow tree. Leaving Buzzard to watch the tree, he started home after his axe. By and by Rabbit said to Buzzard, "Leap up and look at me." Buzzard did so, and suddenly Rabbit spit tobacco-juice into his eyes. While he staggered around, half blinded, Rabbit came out and ran off. When Wolf came back, he said to Buzzard, "Is he in there?" — "I guess so. He spit into my eyes." So Wolf chopped away at the hole; but, when it was opened up, he found that Rabbit was gone, and he went off. This is the way it is told.

22. RABBIT STEALS THE FIRE¹

In olden times, fire was kindled only at dances, and nobody was allowed to take any away. Rabbit wanted to run away with some of this fire, however: so he put pine tar on his head before he went to dance. When he got there, they said to him, "Lead the dance." So Rabbit began to lead. After he had danced around the fire for some time, however, he went head first into it, the pine tar blazed up, and he ran off. They pursued him, and he at last escaped into a hollow tree, which he set on fire. Then they caused a heavy rain to fall; but the fire was inside of the tree, and hence could not be put out. After the rain ceased, Rabbit came out and set fire to the grass. It began to rain again, and the grass was put out; but the fire inside of the hollow tree continued to burn. And when the rain again stopped, Rabbit scattered fire everywhere, and people have since had it. This is how it is told.

23. RABBIT FOOLS THE OLD MAN²

A person had two daughters whom Rabbit wanted. By and by this man's hogs began to disappear, and he did not know what was becoming of them. One time he heard Rabbit calling to him out behind the house; and when he went there, he found that Rabbit was holding the tail of a hog which seemed to come out of the ground. Rabbit said, "I found that your hogs which were disappearing were going into the earth: so I got hold of the tail of this one, and sat here

¹ A Hitchiti story. A widely distributed Indian story.

² A Hitchiti story. Known in South America.

with it, calling for you." — "Well," said the old man, "I will hold it, and you go and get the grubbing-hoe and shovel." Then Rabbit went to the man's two daughters and said, "He told me to come and have intercourse with both of you, and go back. That is why I came." — "You might lie," they said. Then Rabbit called to the old man, "Did you say both?" — "Yes, I said both." — "You hear what he says," said Rabbit. So the two girls agreed. Then he ran away. The old man held the hog's tail for a time, but by and by he pulled hard on it and it came off. He then saw that it had merely been fastened to the ground. He threw it away, went to the house, and asked for Rabbit. "He is gone," they said. "He said to us, 'He told me to come back and have intercourse with both of you.' 'You might lie,' we said; but he called out to you, asking you if you meant both, and when you said 'Yes,' he cohabited with us and went away." At that the old man was very angry. "I didn't mean that. He told me he would come and get the grubbing-hoe and shovel, and that was what I thought he meant; so I said, 'Both.' But, when he did not come back, I pulled hard, and found he had only stuck it to the ground. So I pulled it up and threw it away. Then I came back. If I see Rabbit, I will knock him down and throw him away." He was very angry. This is how it is told.

24. THE MONKEY GIRL.¹

An old woman lived with her grandson, who was a great hunter. They had a field of corn, which the coons and monkeys destroyed. The young man killed a great many of them, but the destruction went on. One day two pretty girls came to see the old lady. She did not like them; but the grandson fell in love with one of them and married her. When he went out to hunt, he would ask his wife to watch the corn for him; and every day she went to the field. Strange to say, the corn disappeared faster while she was watching than at other times. His grandmother told him to follow her, and watch her closely when she went to the field. He did so, and saw her turn into a monkey and sing a song as follows: —

"Dungo, dungo,
Dar-mar-lee
Co-dingo
Dungo, dungo,
Dar-mar-lee
Co-dingo
Dungo-vingo
Codigo dingo
Dar-mar-lee
Codigo."

¹ A true negro story from the Tuggle collection.

As she sang, the monkeys came in troops and destroyed the corn. He returned to his grandmother and told her what he had seen. She told him to take his fiddle and play the tune and sing the song, and, when his wife returned, to sing it to her.

On her return he said to her, "I know a fine song: listen!" He began her song: —

"Dungo, dungo.
Dar-mar-lee
Codingo."

She cried and raved and twisted, till she turned into a monkey and ran away.

25. THE SIMPLETON¹

A man was chopping off the top of a bee tree, when another person came along and said to him, "That tree will fall on you and kill you." Immediately the first man climbed up above the point at which he was chopping, and continued his work. When the top fell, he fell down with it. Then the two men began eating honey. While they were doing so, the man who had chopped off the top of the tree said to himself, "This person must be a prophet, for the tree did not fall upon me." Then he said aloud, "I want you to tell my fortune." The other said, "I am no fortune-teller." — "All I wish to know is whether my life is going to be short," said the first. "I don't care about anything else." Then the other said to himself, "This person can easily be made to believe anything I tell him:" so he answered, "If you break wind four times, you will die at once; but if you hold back for some time, your death will be deferred."

As soon as the simple man heard that, he started home. On the way he remembered that he had no meal, and thought, "If I go at once to the mill to get some meal ground, my family will have meal when I am dead." Consequently, as soon as he got home, he began shelling corn. Having filled a sack, he threw it over his horse to take it to the mill; but, just as he did so, he slipped, and broke wind. "I have just three more times to break wind," he thought. He went on to the mill as fast as he could, kicking his horse continually to hasten him; but in his hurry he broke wind twice more, and had only one chance left. He jumped down quickly, and started to take his sack of corn down; but in the effort he broke wind for the last time. Then he thought that all was up, and he threw himself on the ground, prepared to die. While he was lying there, along came a hog rooting about, tore a hole in the sack of corn, and began eating it. "If I were not dying, you couldn't be doing that," said the man. But by and by another man came along and said, "Why are you lying there?" —

¹ A European story.

"I am dead." — "Why, you are talking," said the other. "You cannot be dead. Get up quickly!" So the man got up and went away.

26. THE TWELVE IRISHMEN

Twelve Irishmen were travelling along together when a grasshopper lighted on the breast of one of them. He said, "Turkey, turkey, turkey!" Another had a gun, and said to him, "Where, where?" — "Here," said the first, pointing at his breast. The other aimed his gun at the grasshopper; and the man on whom it had lighted said, "Don't shoot me! Pull the trigger very lightly." So he pulled the trigger, and shot his companion dead. That left eleven.

By and by they came to a place where wheat was sowed, and said to one another, "That is a river. Lie down." So all lay down and crawled along across it, thinking they were swimming. On the other side, one of them asked, "Did anybody drown? Did all get across? Let us count." So one of them counted; but he left himself out, and so made ten. "One has been drowned," he said. Then they started on again, and came to a pile of cow-manure that had just begun to harden on the surface. One of them said, "Stick your noses into this, and we will count the marks and see if any one has been drowned." They did so, and all counted eleven marks.

Starting on again, they came to a river, and saw a swarm of bees hanging to a limb. They said to one another, "Let us do as they are doing." So they climbed up into a tree which bent over the water; and one slid down upon the end of a limb, while the others slid over him in succession, making a human chain. The load was so heavy, however, that the first man felt his hands slipping. He shouted out, "I am about to lose my grip. Hold on below while I spit on my hands!" He did so, and all fell into the water and were drowned.

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MALISEET TALES¹

BY W. H. MECHLING

I. NOEL

ONCE there was a young man named Noel who lived with his widowed mother. Now, Noel was somewhat foolish. One day the family were without provisions; and Noel's mother sent him to town to sell the cow, so that they might buy food. The foolish boy sold the cow, but received merely a penny for it. While he was coming home, he met an old man on the road, who begged him to help him. Noel said that he would gladly help him if he had any money, but that he had only one penny. He said that he would divide this with the old man, if it were possible. The old man took the penny, broke it in two, and, giving one half to Noel, kept the other half himself. When Noel returned home, his mother was very angry with him.

In a short time the family were in great need of provisions; and the mother sent Noel once more to the town to sell another cow. She cautioned him to bring back more money this time; but Noel again sold the cow for a penny. On the way home he met the old man a second time, and divided his penny with him, as he had done before. When he arrived home, his mother was very much more angry than she had been the first time.

They were soon obliged to sell their last cow; and Noel started for the town, promising to do better this time. But again he sold the cow for a penny, which he divided with the old man a third time. However, when the old fellow had taken the half-penny, he said to the boy, —

"You have always been kind to me, and always ready to divide whatever you had, so now I am going to give you a present. Here is a little box, inside which you will find an old gray mare. She does not appear to be very valuable; but she is worth more than any horse in the world, for her faces are gold coins. Be careful what you do with her, and treat her well."

Saying this, he gave the box to the boy, who opened it and took out the mare. Noel did not see how such a small animal could be worth anything; but, much to his surprise, she began to grow, and was soon as large as an ordinary horse. It was now late, and Noel stopped

¹ These tales were collected in December, 1912, when the writer was engaged in research for the Canadian Geological Survey. They were all related by James Paul of Fredericton, N. B. They are published by the courtesy of the Canadian Geological Survey.

at an inn for the night. He led the mare into the stable, and put her into a stall between two handsome horses belonging to some gentlemen. Then he went into the inn, and, seeing the two gentlemen, he asked them when they were going to feed their horses. They answered him rudely, saying that it would be some time before they fed their mounts.

Noel watched the gentlemen while he was eating his supper; and when they started for the stable, he followed them. They became angry when they saw his poor old nag between their fine horses, and were about to put her out, when Noel stepped up and said, —

"Let that horse alone. She is worth more than a hundred like yours. I am paying as much for her feed as you are paying for yours, and I guess I can put her in whichever stall I please."

Then he told them that she was his income, and that her droppings were gold coins. The gentlemen would not believe it; but, when the stable-boy came to clean out the stalls, Noel said to him, "Hold on! There is some gold there. Turn the straw over." And, sure enough, there were some gold coins in the manure.

When the landlady was informed of this, she came out to the stable to see if it was true. Noel's horse soon began to drop a lot of gold coins, and the landlady began at once to consider how she might get possession of the horse. When Noel went to bed, the landlady got another gray horse and put it in the place of Noel's mare; and when the boy was leaving in the morning, he did not notice the exchange, but hitched up the substitute and drove away with him.

He arrived home, and there his mother scolded him soundly for his folly.

"Don't mind, mother," he replied. "Now we have a mare that will keep us rich for the rest of our lives. Just hold up your apron, and she will drop golden coins into it."

The mother followed these directions; but, much to his surprise, the horse did not drop a single coin, but, on the contrary, he filled her apron with manure. Noel's mother thought at first that her son was playing a joke on her, but he was so earnest that she decided to give him another chance. Noel said that the horse must be sick, and that they had better feed her, so that she would be all right on the morrow. They gave her a good feed of oats, and turned her into a field. The next morning, however, when they went to look for her, they found her swollen and dead. She had not been used to oats, and had died of the colic.

"Now, that's too bad!" said Noel. "Just when we were fixed for the rest of our lives, the horse dies. Let us cut her up: there will surely be lots of gold inside her."

Noel then cut the horse open, but he found no gold; and the stench was frightful. At this, his mother beat him, for she was very angry.

He had still some of the money left from the mare, and he started to town with this to buy provisions. On the way he met the old man once more, who asked him for some money. Noel readily divided his gold with him, and, in answer to his inquiry, told him that the horse had died.

"No," said the old man, "you are wrong. They have her over at the inn, where they changed horses while you were asleep. That was the reason why your mother did not get any gold in her apron. Now I shall give you three sticks that will dance, or do anything else which you may bid them. Go to the inn with them, and make them dance for the landlady. She will at once want to get them. When she offers you a bed for the night, don't accept it, but insist on sleeping on the floor, and leave the sticks protruding from your coat, so that she may easily steal them. Watch carefully all night, and, when she comes to steal the sticks, call out, 'Sticks, beat her!' In that way you can get your horse back."

Thanking the old man, Noel went to the inn, where he carried out the instructions to the letter. When the landlady came in to steal the sticks, he told them to beat her, and they did give her a sound thrashing.

"Fool, call off your sticks!" she cried out.

He replied, "Not unless you give me my horse back."

When she agreed to this, Noel bade the sticks stop. The next morning she returned the mare to him, and he examined the droppings carefully to make sure that he would not be imposed upon the second time. But he found golden coins, and drove back home satisfied.

"Now I have the right horse," said Noel when he reached home. "Hold your apron, mother."

"Oh, no!" said the mother. "You will not fool me again."

With no little difficulty he finally prevailed upon her to try once more; and this time her apron was filled with gold pieces. Then they started to make money-bags to hold their wealth; and this kept them quite busy, for the gold came very quickly.

Now when Noel went up to town, he always had plenty of money, and was ever liberal with the old man. One day the old man told Noel that he was going to make him another present, because he had been so good to him. He took a little wagon out of his pocket, and it increased in size until it was as large as an ordinary wagon. He said to Noel, "This wagon needs no horse. It will run for you without a horse faster than any other wagon would go with one, and it will not get tired. Nobody else will be able to make it go."

Noel jumped into the wagon, and drove home at a surprising speed.

Some time after this, Noel decided to get him a wife. On his way he met the old man, who asked him whither he was bound; and Noel replied that he was in search of a wife, and that he wanted a princess.

"A princess is a pretty hard thing to get," said the old man. "But," taking a ring from his pocket, he said, "here is something which will help you. You can get anything you wish for, except a wife, by taking it from your pocket, and wishing."

Noel took the ring, thanked him, and drove off in his wagon. He arrived at a large city, where he stopped for some time. He soon became known as the "fool," and could not gain access to the princess.

One day, as he was driving past the palace in his wagon, the princess looked out of her window, and, when she saw the wagon running along without horses, she was greatly amused, and she laughed at Noel. This angered the young man. He put his ring on his finger, and, pointing it at her, wished that she might become pregnant.

The consequent birth of a child puzzled the king and queen very much, for they knew that no man had ever had access to the princess' chamber. When the child was born, it had an apple in its hand, which it refused to give up to any one. The king reasoned that the child would surely give the apple to its father; and he proclaimed that whosoever could take the apple from the baby might marry the princess. Thus he hoped to learn the father's identity.

All the courtiers and nobles tried in vain to get the apple. One of the courtiers thought to have some amusement at Noel's expense; and one day, while the young man was passing the palace, the courtier said to him, "Why don't you try to get the apple away from the princess' baby, Noel?"

"That's so," said Noel. "I never thought of that. I'll try."

He entered the palace, and demanded to be allowed to make the attempt. The king was unwilling; but Noel reminded him of his proclamation, and the king yielded, feeling sure that Noel could not succeed.

As soon as Noel entered the other room, the baby held out the apple to him, and Noel took it. Then he demanded the princess to wife; but the king refused, saying that he should have another test. Then he proclaimed that the suitor for the princess' hand should have to borrow a ship from the navy, and go in search of gold. The princess would be given to the one who brought back the most of the precious metal. The king offered to supply the ships and sailors. The nobles, knights, and courtiers were furnished with the best of the ships; but, when Noel asked for a ship, all he got was a little leaky vessel and three sailors.

They set to sea, however, although one of the sailors was kept busy bailing; and in a few days the men were worn out with the work. Noel told them to go below and rest; and, when they were sleeping, he took his ring, and wished for a ship larger than any which had sailed from the port, and well manned.

When the three sailors awakened, they heard a band playing on the deck and a wagon running around over their heads. They knew that there could be no band on their leaky little craft, and, after assuring themselves that they were not dreaming, they decided that they must have been captured.

As they saw no guards, they went up on deck; and here they were very much surprised to see the size and equipment of the vessel, for it was the largest and best man-of-war that they had ever seen. They were still more surprised to see Noel riding around in his wagon, giving orders. When Noel saw them, he ordered them to go down and put on their uniforms, since he needed them on deck to give orders.

They sailed for many days, and they passed many of the king's ships returning from their treasure-hunt. Noel's ship was, of course, not recognized by the king's ships.

Finally they arrived at a port in a foreign land, and Noel went ashore. As he was walking along the beach, he came across an old man, who said to him, "Why, Noel! I'm glad to see you, for I am your godfather. How did you get here?"

Noel replied that he had come in a ship, seeking gold. The old man asked to see the ship, and Noel took him aboard and showed him around.

"Noel, I am surprised that you have no better ship than that," said the godfather when he had seen the craft. "I guess I'll give you a better one before you go."

Noel staid with his godfather for a few days. The old man gave him a much better ship, with silver masts and golden spars. In addition, her hold was filled with gold. Then he set sail for home.

In the mean time all the other ships had returned home, and the king inquired of each one if he had seen Noel's ship. They all replied that they had not seen it; and the king concluded that Noel had been drowned. He gave his daughter to the nobleman who had brought back the largest quantity of gold.

On the wedding-day a strange ship, flying a strange flag, dropped anchor in the harbor. It was the finest ship that had ever entered the port; and the king thought that it must surely belong to a foreign prince who had learned of his proclamation, and was trying for his daughter's hand. He was amazed to see Noel ride down in his wagon as soon as the gang-plank was put ashore.

Noel went up to the king, and said, "I want to marry your daughter. I know that I have more gold than any one else. Go and count it."

When the king went aboard and saw how much gold there was in the ship, he knew that there was no use in counting it, for it was evident that Noel had more than all the others. Still he did not want to let Noel marry his daughter.

"If you let that fool marry your daughter," said the nobles, "all the neighboring kings will make war upon you."

Then the king put Noel in prison, and determined to have him taken into a field and shot with a cannon. On the day set for the execution, Noel took out his ring and wished for a sword and uniform far better than that of the king. And when the soldiers came to lead him to execution, they were surprised to see the fine-looking young prince, for Noel had heretofore worn his old peasant garb on all occasions. Before they recovered from their surprise, Noel leaped upon them, and killed them all. Then he started out, and killed every sentry that he met.

"Forgive me, prince," said the king when he saw him. "I did not know that you were a royal personage, or I should not have treated you as I did."

"No," said Noel, "I shall not forgive you. You must fight!"

The king then drew his sword, and the two began to fence. Noel easily killed the king, and then he married the princess, and ruled the kingdom in the dead king's place.

2. MTEZA

A long time ago there lived an old man who had a son named Mteza. The young man spent most of his time in hunting, and this furnished the principal means of support for the family. But one day he left the old folks, and went away to take service under the king. He soon got himself into trouble, however; and the king, taking a dislike to him, exiled him, and threatened to execute him if he ever set foot on his land again.

Mteza departed, and was gone for some time, when he returned bringing a piece of sod with him.

"Did I not tell you that I would have you put to death if you ever set foot on my land again?" demanded the king when he saw the youth.

"King," said Mteza, stepping on the sod, "I am not on your land, but on that of another king."

"Mteza, I do not desire to see your face again," said the king, giving him what he demanded.

"Very well," answered Mteza. "You will not see my face again."

He went away, but had not been gone long before he returned with a new request to make of the king. As he entered the door of the palace, he turned his back towards the interior; and the king came out and said, "Did I not tell you that I did not want to see your face again?" Mteza replied, "That's not my face. That's my rump."

At this the king granted his request, and he departed once more. Then the king went to Mteza's father, and told the old man that he could do nothing with his son.

"I could not do anything with him myself," said the father.

"Well," said the king, "he will grow up to do a lot of harm, and some day he'll be killed. You had better send him to sea."

"I'll let him go with the pirates," said the old man.

When Mteza joined the pirates, they asked him if he knew where they might make a successful raid. He suggested the king's castle, for he was familiar with it. The freebooters liked the idea, and adopted it. When the party arrived at the castle, they lowered Mteza down the chimney, and he thus entered the building. Somewhat later he returned with considerable booty, which he tied to the rope. The pirates hauled this up, and then, instead of lowering the rope again for Mteza to escape, they went away and left him to his fate.

The young man thought that his last hour had surely come. He wandered about, seeking a way out, when he found a cow's hide which still had the legs and head on it. Into this he crawled, and, clad in this disguise, he began to run around, making a great uproar. Some of the maid-servants heard the noise, and informed the king that there were robbers in the kitchen. The king buckled on his sword, went down stairs, and demanded who was there.

"Your father," answered Mteza. "And if you don't let me out, I'll take you and your castle to Hell."

"All right, father, I'll let you out," said the king. And, calling to his guards, he ordered them to let his father out.

After this escape, Mteza went back to the pirates' ship, where the robbers were dividing the spoil.

"What we did was not right," said one of the robbers. "I am sure that things will go wrong. We shall be haunted."

As soon as Mteza heard these words, he began to jab his horns¹ about the ship. The robber who had first spoken now said that it was starting already. Then Mteza broke the cabin-windows with his horns, and peered inside. When the pirates saw him, they thought he was the Devil, and they all ran away from the ship. He then gathered up all the booty in a bag, and returned home with it.

Mteza's mother began to cry when she saw the plunder; and the next day the father took it all back to the king. His Majesty, however, would not take it, but directed the old man to give it back to Mteza, saying that he was learning his trade very quickly.

"To-morrow," said the king, "there will be a man ploughing in my field. If Mteza can steal the horses, I shall give him a fine reward; if he fails to make the theft, I shall have him beheaded."

When the old man returned home with this intelligence, Mteza asked him to go to the king and ask for two weeks' time in which to make preparations. This request was readily granted. The mother

¹ He was still in the cow's hide.

was very much afraid that her son would be killed; but he re-assured her, telling her that there was no need of crying. On the following day, Mteza went to see a witch, whom he consulted about the king's command. The witch gave him a golden rabbit, and told him to turn the animal loose near the spot where the man was ploughing. The plan was, that the man would be tempted to chase the rabbit, and so would leave his horses unguarded.

Mteza waited for a few days, and then made his way into the woods which adjoined the field in question. There he set the rabbit free. When the ploughman saw the animal, he commenced to chase it. The rabbit ran into the forest with the king's servant in hot pursuit.

Meanwhile Mteza had stolen the horses; and soon the rabbit out-distanced the servant, and returned to the young man. When the ploughman got back, the horses had disappeared, and he returned to the king, who inquired of him in what fashion he had lost the horses. The servant, however, did not tell the truth about the matter.

On the next day, Mteza's father took the horses back to the king. The latter would not accept them, however, and sent them back to the young fellow together with the promised reward.

Then the king proposed a further test of Mteza's skill. He ordered him to steal a horse and rider who would be guarded in a stable. The penalty for failure was death, as in the preceding case.

Again Mteza sought the assistance of the witch. She gave him a bottle of liquor, and directed him to go to a pig-pen near the stable where the horse and man were confined, and to lie in the pen and pretend that he was drunk.

Several days afterward, Mteza went to the pig-pen, and, making a great uproar, simulated intoxication. The guards of the stable came out, and when they found the liquor, they drank it. This liquor was a special concoction of the witch, and the effect of it was to put them all in a stupor. While they were in this condition, Mteza went into the stable, and, making sure that the horseman was well tied on the horse, led the two out of the stable and so home.

When Mteza's father went to the king to return the stolen ones, his Majesty gave them to the boy.

A third test was arranged. This time, Mteza was ordered to steal a sheet off the king's bed, and if he failed, he was to be beheaded.

Mteza did not go to the witch, but made an image of himself, in which he put a bladder filled with a red liquid to resemble blood. He took the effigy one night, and went to the wall which surrounded the king's palace. There he made a great noise, and raised the image above the top of the wall. The king awoke, seized his rifle and fired at the figure. The bullet broke the bladder, and the red fluid poured out.

The king was then sorry, thinking that he had killed some one. He decided to bury the body secretly, so that no one should discover what he had done. So he dressed himself and went out to the wall, where he buried the image.

Meanwhile Mteza stole into the palace, up into the king's room, where he discovered the queen in bed. He imitated the king's voice, and got into bed with her. She did not discover who it was, for the room was in darkness. Mteza said to her that he thought they had better wrap the body in a sheet before they buried him, and, taking the sheet, he departed. When the king returned, he was very much surprised at what had happened. He determined to make Mteza perform another feat, and promised him half his kingdom and his daughter's hand, in the event of success.

The feat was, that Mteza should get into the daughter's room and sleep with her. Mteza consented, but stipulated that he be given two weeks' time in which to do this. The king had his daughter's room carefully guarded by many soldiers.

Mteza collected all the gold which the king had given him, and took it to a goldsmith, whom he directed to make a golden calf in which he could hide himself and sing. When it was finished, Mteza got inside, and had the goldsmith take it to the fair. He ordered the man to sell it to no one but the king.

It happened that the princess passed by with her father, and took a fancy to the calf. She persuaded her father to buy it for her, and they had it brought home and placed in her room.

At night, while the princess was asleep, Mteza stole out of the calf, and got into her bed. The king came into the room on the following morning, and when he saw Mteza in bed with the princess, he grew so angry at the guards that he determined to behead them all. Mteza, however, told him the manner of his entrance, and the king let the guards go.

In fulfilment of the promise, Mteza was married to the princess, and ruled over half of the kingdom.

The nobles of the kingdom were very jealous of Mteza, and they began to plot some way of getting rid of him. On the borders of the kingdom there lived a giant and his mother. The giant had a wonderful violin. The nobles reported to the king that Mteza was bragging that he could easily steal this violin, if he cared to: so the king ordered him to do so.

The young man went away, and readily got the fiddle, but no sooner did he take it in his hands than it began to play, awakening the giant, who ran out and caught the thief.

The monster was going to kill Mteza at once; but he said to him, "Giant, why are you going to kill me now? Don't you know that

you ought to fatten me up, so that you will be able to have a good meal?"

The giant's mother at once said that this was true, and so they decided to fatten him. The giant asked him how he should know when he was fat enough, and Mteza answered that his face would become greasy at the proper time. Some time later the giant felt of Mteza's face, and discovered that it was greasy. He was about to kill him then; but Mteza cried out that he should notify his friends before he did so. The giant departed on this errand, and left his mother to get the oven ready.

While she was working, Mteza offered to help her, if she would untie his hands. At first she refused; but when she thought how small he was, she untied him. She stooped to put some wood on the fire, and Mteza struck her with an axe and killed her. Then, throwing her into the oven, he took the violin and went away.

The giant returned with his friends, and when they smelled the roasting flesh, they thought that the mother was roasting Mteza.

When Mteza returned to the king's palace, it was early in the morning. He took the violin and commenced to play on it. When the king and the nobles heard the music, they could not help dancing, and all came down stairs in their night-dresses. Nor did Mteza stop playing, in spite of the king's order to, until he was promised that he should have no more feats to perform.

This state of affairs lasted for some time, until the courtiers informed the king that Mteza was boasting that he could capture the giant himself, if he so desired. Accordingly the king summoned him into his presence, and commanded him to take the giant prisoner. Mteza reminded the king of his promise, but without avail, and, seeing that he was obdurate, he asked for a strong coach with a spring lock on the door. He was provided with this vehicle, and drove away on it.

He rode straight to the giant's home, and there he called to the monster that his brother was dying, and that he had come to take him to the sick man. The giant did not recognize Mteza, and jumped quickly into the coach. He slammed the door, and it was immediately locked, so that the giant could not get out.

Then Mteza drove back to the castle, where every one was surprised to see him coming back alive. He pretended that he was going to open the door and let the giant out; but all the courtiers begged him not to do so. He made them swear that they would not demand any further exhibitions of skill from him, and then drove the coach down to the seashore.

He unhitched the horses on the beach, and rolled the coach into the ocean. From that time on, everything went smoothly.

3. STRONG JOHN

Once there lived a boy named John who was so wayward that his parents could do nothing with him. They decided to turn him over to his godfather; but his behavior was no better under the new conditions. One day he came home, and, not finding his godfather about, began to break the dishes. He broke a hundred and fifty pieces of china with his right hand, and a hundred with his left. His godfather returned, and, when he saw what his godson had done, turned him out.

At first John did not know what to do; but he finally decided to seek service under the king. He determined to pretend that he was a great warrior: so he wrote on a piece of paper that he had killed a hundred and fifty people with his right hand, and a hundred with his left. He pinned this piece of paper on his back, and then set out for the king's palace.

When he arrived there, he lay down and feigned sleep. One of the guards happened to pass by, and, reading the notice on his back, reported the circumstance to the king, who ordered John brought into his presence. The guard returned, but, being afraid to approach and awaken the sleeper, he took a long pole and nudged him with it. John awoke with a curse, and demanded why he had been awakened, for he was having a fine time dreaming of battle. The guard said that the king wanted to see him.

"If the king wants to see me," John replied, "he can come to me."

The guard carried this message back to the king. Now, the king had among his subjects a giant whom he feared, and was anxious to be rid of. Thinking that in John he had found an instrument for his purpose, he condescended to go and see him, and he promised the young man a large sum of money if he entered his service. Since John desired nothing better than to serve the king, he readily accepted.

The king noticed soon that the giant was afraid of John; and it was not long before John became so overbearing, that his Majesty decided that it was high time to do away with him. Now, there was a lion which lived in a wood on the edge of the king's realm, and caused great havoc among the king's subjects: so the king thought he would send John to kill it, feeling very sure that the lion would kill him instead.

So John went to this wood and built a big house, inside of which he built two rooms, one with an attic above it. A ladder led up to this attic from the front room. Between the two rooms was a door, moving up and down in two grooves, which could be operated from the attic. Soon after this, the lion chased John into the house. He ran up into the attic, and pulled the ladder up after him. The lion, seeing the door to the other room open, entered; and John dropped the door

down behind him, thus caging him. Then he went and told the king that he had caught the lion.

The king set out at once with his soldiers to see it; and when he got there, John, pretending not to fear the animal, suggested that it be turned loose. The king, however, begged him not to do so, and asked him how much gold he wanted for the service he had done.

"You are not through with me so soon, are you?" asked John.

The king replied that he was not, and John said that as yet he did not desire any reward.

The king next sent John to kill another large and terrible monster which was ravaging his domains. This animal was of enormous size, had an exceedingly long neck, and a horn upon its forehead. John told the king that he wanted a gimlet, a nail, and a hammer, and with these the king supplied him. Then he started off for the woods.

It was not long after he reached the forest that he found the monster feeding upon the tops of trees. As soon as it spied John, it started to chase him. He dodged quickly behind a tree; but the animal was not able to stop and turn quickly enough, and ran its head into the tree, thrusting its horn right through the trunk. Then John took his gimlet, bored a hole in the horn, and hammered the nail through it, so that the monster could not withdraw its horn from the tree. Then he returned to notify the king.

The king was disappointed at the result of this last adventure, for he had hoped that the monster would kill John. Now he decided to send him on another quest. This time he was ordered to bring to the king the tongues of four giants — a mother and her three sons — who lived on the borders of the king's dominions. John asked for three jugs of very strong liquor to take on the journey; and this the king supplied.

When John arrived at the place where the giants lived, the three men were away in the woods, while the old woman was cooking dinner. John left one of the jugs of liquor near the giant's well, expecting the old woman soon to come down to the well for water. When she did come down, she picked up the jug, smelled it, and drank the contents. She returned to the house, and John left a second jug at the well. Not long afterward she came back for more water, and again she picked up the liquor, and, having smelled of it, drank it. After she went back to the house, John deposited the third jug. When the old woman again appeared, she was staggering, but, seeing the third jug, drank of that also. After a few minutes, John went up to the house, where he found her lying, unconscious, on the floor. He took an axe which was standing near by, broke in her skull, and cut out her tongue to take back to the king. After that, he threw her into a large cauldron of soup, which was cooking on the fire. John

went outside and selected three small stones, and, re-entering the house, hid himself behind the chimney.

Soon the three giants appeared, and, looking into the cauldron, saw their mother. That, however, did not deter them from eating the soup; and, when they had finished this meal, they all three lay down on the floor and went to sleep. When John heard them snoring, he took one of his stones and threw it at the largest of the giants, hitting him on the head. The giant awoke, and, thinking his smaller brother had struck him, became very angry. He told his brother that if he ever struck him again, he would kill him. His brother protested his innocence, but all in vain. Again they lay down and went to sleep, and again John threw a stone at the big giant. This time the giant did not waste any time threatening, but, picking up the axe, killed his brother without more ado. He then threatened the remaining brother, and went to sleep again. Then John threw the third stone at him. This time the giant jumped right up, and, thinking it was the other brother who did it this time, killed him also.

On the following morning, when the giant went out to chop wood, John followed him, and soon began to call, saying that he was lost. When the giant heard this, he answered his call; and John went where the giant was chopping wood. When the giant finished reading the notice which John had on his back, he invited the young fellow to live with him, saying that they would make a good pair in battle. He furthermore told John that he would have no work to do, other than to cook the meals. The giant told him how he had killed his two brothers, and ordered them to be cooked for supper.

John went back to the camp. First he cut out the tongues of the dead giants to take back to the king, and then he cooked the bodies. While they were cooking, he made a bag, which he put under his coat so that its mouth was right at his throat. His purpose in doing this was to provide a receptacle for the soup, in order that he might avoid eating the flesh of the giants.

When the giant came home in the evening, John and the giant seated themselves on opposite sides of the cauldron, and, taking their dishes, helped themselves to the stew. As the stew was very hot, the giant stopped to blow upon it before he ate it. John, however, poured it down into the bag; and he taunted the giant because he was not eating quickly, saying that men do not stop to cool their food. The giant did not want to let John outdo him, because he was so very much larger than John: so he poured the hot stew down his throat, and burned himself badly. John kept on eating until he had filled the bag, while the giant made vain efforts to keep up with him. When they had finished, John was swelled out to an enormous size, and the giant was suffering greatly from the burns.

John soon began to complain of pains, and said that he had eaten too much. He told the giant that he would show him how they cured themselves in his country. With that, he took a knife and thrust it into his belly, knowing that it would only puncture the bag. Of course, the soup ran out, and he was again his natural size. When he remarked to the giant how much better he felt, the latter asked if he himself could not relieve his pain in some way. John assured him that he could, but told him to strike hard, or it would do him no good. The giant took the knife and drove it up to the hilt into his chest, and he soon died. Then John cut out his tongue, and took it with the other three tongues back to the ruler.

The king was now more than ever convinced that he must get rid of John: so he told him to go to the ruler of a near-by kingdom, and collect a bushel and a half of gold which was owed him. He gave John a letter to take to the other king, in which, instead of saying that he wanted the debt paid, he asked the king to put John to death.

John went and delivered the letter to the king. He had heard reports of John, however, and was afraid to try to put him to death. He protested that he did not owe John's king anything; but John declared, that, as he had been sent to get a bushel and a half of gold, he was determined to get it. The king finally paid him, only too glad to be rid of such a man.

When John returned with the bushel and a half of gold, the king was greatly surprised, and decided to give up trying to kill the young fellow. He asked John what he wanted in payment for his past services, and he replied that he desired to marry the king's daughter. Since the ruler was afraid to refuse him, they were married in due season; but the king would give John neither favors nor mercy.

One day, while John was walking through the wood, he met a little man who said to him, "Well, John, you are having hard luck!"

"Yes," answered John. "The king does not treat me very well."

"Then," said the man, "I'll give you a little present, which will make up for the king's unkindness."

He took off his jacket and gave it to John, saying there was a little box in one of the pockets, and that inside this box was a little man. He told him that this man would obtain for him anything he needed. John thanked him profusely, and went back home.

A short time later he was walking with his wife on the edge of a lake not far from the king's palace. His wife told him how much she wanted a nice home.

"Yes," said John, "that would be fine; and here is an excellent location for a house."

The two sat down together on the grass. Soon his wife fell asleep; and John took out the box and opened it. Inside there was a little

man dancing, who immediately stopped, and asked John what he wished for. The latter told him that he wanted a palace better than the king's, to be built here; and he wanted it full of servants, one of whom should be the giant who served the king.

When his wife awoke, some time afterwards, she could not believe her eyes when she saw the house, the luxurious furniture, and the attendants: indeed, it was some time before her husband could convince her that she was not still dreaming.

The next morning the king awoke, and found that the sun was not shining into his windows as it usually did. He went to his window, and was amazed to see the palace standing there by the lake. He sent a servant over to tell the owner that he would fire upon him, unless his presence was explained. When John was informed of this, he sent back word that the king might fire away, because he, too, had guns, and if he should fire one round, there would not be even a cat alive in the king's castle. His wife, however, fearing trouble, went over to the palace, and explained everything to her father.

John's good fortune was now complete, and he could obtain anything he wanted. One day the giant, who was now serving him instead of the king, noticed that he took something out of his pocket and talked to it. He had before this remarked that John always wore the same vest, and decided that John carried something in the pocket of that vest which gave him his good fortune. He determined to secure this thing.

John, however, was aware that he had to watch this giant, and, suspecting that he would make an attempt on his life, he made an image of himself and put it in his bed: he himself slept under the bed. The same night, as John had anticipated, the giant stole in, and, mistaking the image for John, stabbed it several times. Since it did not move, and was quite stiff when he felt it, he thought that he had killed the young man, and he departed.

The next day John said to his wife, when the giant was within hearing distance, "My! but the mosquitoes were bad last night. They kept biting me all over the breast."

When the giant heard this, he thought that John had a great deal more power than he had imagined; but he did not give up hope, and determined to make another attempt.

Early one morning the giant rushed in and said, "Master, there are many ducks on the lake this morning."

Now, he knew that John was a great sportsman, and never missed an opportunity to get a shot at game. John picked up his gun and ran down to the lake, forgetting, in his hurry, to put on his vest. The giant returned quickly to the palace, put on the vest, drew the box from the pocket, and opened it, when, much to his surprise, he

saw the little man dancing. This little man stopped dancing, and asked him what he wished for. "I want this house and all the inmates transported to a lonely island in the sea," said the giant.

"All right!" the little man answered, and started dancing again.

Meanwhile John was trying to get a shot at the ducks, but he could not; and all of a sudden they disappeared, for they were only phantoms. When John looked around, lo, and behold! the palace, too, had vanished. Then he knew that the giant must have succeeded in getting hold of his talisman.

John felt terribly sad about it, and was in disgrace with the king. But one day not long after, while walking through the woods, he again met the old man who had given him the box. The old man said to him, "Well, John, you have lost your box?"

"Yes," answered John.

"Well," said the old man, "you ought to have known that those ducks were only phantoms that the giant put there to get you to leave your vest. Now there is but little I can do for you; but I will give you power to change yourself into a fox. You will have to call a large bird, and try to persuade him to take you over to the island where the giant is. When you get there, let him see you. He will give chase to you, for game is so scarce there that he will be glad to hunt anything, even a fox. When he chases you, lead him through the woods, and then double on your tracks and return to the house. Get your vest and the little man; for the giant will not wear the vest, because he thinks that there is nobody on the island."

John did as he was directed, and everything happened as the old man had foretold. John easily secured his vest and the box. When he opened the box, the little man stopped dancing, and said, "What do you want, master?"

"I want this house and everything in it transported back to its original place," John replied, "and I want the giant chained inside."

When John got back to his old home, he hitched horses to the giant's limbs and had him torn to pieces. Thereafter all went peacefully and happily.

4. CANE¹

Once there was a woman who suckled her son Huza for twenty-four years, and on the arrival of the twenty-fifth year, Huza went out and tested his strength. He attempted to pull up an elm-tree by the roots. He did not succeed in pulling it up, but he moved it somewhat. From this he knew that he had not yet gotten all his strength: so he returned to his mother and told her that she would have to suckle him fourteen years longer. At the end of that time he again tried to pull up the elm-tree, and this time he was successful.

¹ See notes on "John the Bear," in vol. xxv of this Journal, p. 257.

He returned home and said to his father, "I am now going away, and I want you to give me my patrimony. I want you to have made for me a cane large enough to hold fifty head of salted cattle."

His father ordered a cane made for him according to these specifications, and a few days later he told Huza to go and get it.

The son, however, said to his father, "No, I want you to bring it to me."

So his father went after it, and he had to take four yoke of oxen to haul it home. When he brought it back, Huza examined it and said, "Oh, what a pity! It's a little too light."

At this the father salted ten cattle, and put them into the cane, in order that it should be a little heavier.

It now suited the boy, and he started away. When his mother inquired of him whither he was bound, he replied that he was going to the South to kill the giants who were holding the princesses prisoners.

The boy continued his journey, and, coming to a farmer's house, asked the farmer if he did not want a hired man. The farmer said that he needed a man who was good at thrashing grain. He promised to pay him good wages if his work was satisfactory, and hired him. So the next morning, after breakfast, he gave Huza a flail and set him to work thrashing. When Huza took the flail, he struck one blow with it, and broke it all to pieces, whereat he pulled up a couple of elm-trees by the roots, whittled them into shape, and tied the tops of the trees together. When he began to thrash with them, he broke the barn down. The farmer came out soon after, and was surprised to see the barn demolished.

"Now you have ruined me!" said he. "That will be enough of your thrashing. I'll pay you off and send you away. How much do you want?"

The strong man answered that he wanted twenty-five head of cattle, and the farmer gave them to him. These were salted, and put away in the cane.

As he proceeded on his way, he killed a cow, and, picking it up by the tail, threw the carcass over his shoulder. Some time later he noticed that his cane was leaking, and when he came to a blacksmith shop, he stopped to get it mended. He heard the blacksmith pounding away inside, and, taking his cow off his back, he threw it on top of the blacksmith shop, and it broke the roof in.

The blacksmith rushed out, crying, "You have ruined me!"

"Oh, no!" said the strong man. "I only threw my calf on top of the shed. Never mind. I'll help you fix it."

They repaired the blacksmith's roof; and then Huza asked the smith to mend his cane. The blacksmith took it and worked on it until he got it fixed, and the strong man gave him the calf as payment.

After this incident, he proceeded on his journey and met a man who wanted to indenture him for ten years. The strong man agreed to this, but made the stipulation that the first man who got angry should be hit with the cane.

The next morning the master sent the strong man out with an axe to clear some land, and told him to leave the good trees standing, but to take all the rest away. After two or three blows, Huza smashed the axe to pieces. So then he began to pull the trees up by the roots; and he carried the good ones down to the house, and in a short time he had the house covered with a mass of trees.

His master ran out, shouting, "Now you have ruined me!"

"Are you angry?" asked Huza.

The master said he was not, for he feared a blow from the cane. He sent him to pile all the trees in a field, and Huza did it. The master now feared his helper, and began to plot some means of killing him. In a near-by lake there lived a white horse, which came out from time to time and devoured the passers-by. The master thought to send Huza down to plough a neighboring field, hoping that the horse would come out and devour him. Huza went down and began ploughing. Now, one of his horses was very lazy, but the other one was full of energy. After a time, the white horse came out of the water and charged upon his horses. Huza jumped out, and caught it before it could do any damage.

"Oh!" said he, "this will make a good mate for my energetic horse." And he killed the lazy horse, and hitched up the one from the lake beside his energetic animal.

That noon, Huza drove back to the house; and the master, seeing them coming, recognized the lake horse. Every one ran into the house to get out of danger; but when Huza got to the house, he called to his employer, saying, "Come out! Now I have a good mate for your best horse."

The master called out and said, "Take that horse away before it kills us all."

"Are you mad?" Huza asked.

"No," said the other; "but if you take that horse back to the lake, I'll give you a hat full of gold."

"No," said Huza, "don't be afraid. This horse is quite tame now, and you can handle it quite easily. Come out and put it away! It won't hurt you."

So the master came out, because he feared Huza more than he did the horse; but, much to his surprise, he found the horse quite tractable.

Although he was now at his wits' ends, he still thought it was necessary to make away with Huza. He next thought he would drown him: so he sent him to clear out a deep well. While Huza was

down in the well, his master, with the help of some of his servants, rolled a millstone into the well. The stone fell down on Huza; but his head went right through the hole in the centre, so that the stone rested on his shoulders like a collar.

Huza came out of the hole, raging, and killed all the hens, saying, "The hens scratch all the dirt back into the well as fast as I take it out."

He still had the millstone around his neck, and his master was afraid to say anything to him. He went back into the well, but did not take the stone off his neck. That evening, when he had finished his work, he went into the house, and took the millstone from his neck and hung it up on a big nail by the chimney; but it was so heavy that it pulled the fireplace down.

The master said, "Now you have ruined me!"

Huza inquired, "Are you angry?"

"No," said the master.

"I only hung up my grindstone," said Huza.

The master began again to consider how he could make away with him. He finally thought of a scheme. He showed Huza a field that had been sown with grain, and told him that he wanted to sow the same grain there that had been sown there before, but he did not know what kind that was, only his grandfather knew. And accordingly he sent him to Hell to see the grandparent.

"Well," said Huza, "I'll go. But how can I know your grandfather when I get there?"

"You'll be able to recognize him, because he will have a cross on his forehead," replied the master.

So Huza took his cane and started.

After he had gone, his master said, "I guess he'll not come back this time. They will surely keep him down there."

When Huza reached Hell, he looked around to try to recognize his master's grandfather, but was unsuccessful, because all there had crosses on their foreheads.

"The best thing I can do," he thought, "is to drive them all up to my master, and let him pick out his grandfather."

So he drove the whole gang out of Hell, and took them up to his master's house.

"Now," said Huza, "come and pick out your grandfather. They all looked alike, and I couldn't tell your grandfather."

His master looked out, saw a whole drove of devils, and screamed, "Take them back! I've found out what sort of grain was sown there."

Huza went out and told them to go back to Hell any way they wished, for he was done with them. Then Huza asked his master what he wanted him to do next.

"I have no more work for you," said his master, and, giving him some money, he sent him away.

As Huza was going along on his journey, he overtook two men. He asked them where they were going. They answered that they were on their way to liberate two princesses who were in the power of some giants.

Huza said, "That's just where I'm going: so we'll all go together."

He asked them their names. The first replied, "Iron-Mouth;" and the second, "Flood." Then they asked him his name, and he replied, "Cane."

A little later they were going up a hill, and the two men were lagging behind; but Huza was going along easily with his cane. He said to them, "You would get along much easier if you had a cane. Now, Iron-Mouth, you take my cane, and see how much easier you can walk."

Iron-Mouth took the cane; but it was so heavy that he dropped it on his toe and crushed it, and they had to rest a few days until Iron-Mouth got better.

"Flood and I will go hunting while you are cooking a meal, Iron-Mouth," said Cane; and the two departed.

While they were away, an old woman came to the camp, and asked Iron-Mouth for something to eat, claiming that she was starving.

"The food will soon be cooked," replied Iron-Mouth, "and then I'll give you something to eat."

But while Iron-Mouth was not looking, the old woman hit him from behind and knocked him over. Seizing the pot, she ran away; and when Iron-Mouth got up, the old woman had disappeared. A little later, Flood and Cane returned, bringing a duck; and they inquired of Iron-Mouth why he did not have the supper ready. Iron-Mouth told them of his adventure, saying that the old woman ran away with the food while he was gone to fetch water.

As Iron-Mouth's foot had become better by the next day, Flood said, "I'll cook to-day, and we'll see if the old woman can take the pot away from me."

So Iron-Mouth and Cane went off to hunt, and left Flood to cook. On the way, Iron-Mouth said to Cane, "Flood will fare just as I did."

Just as on the day before, while the food was being cooked, the old woman came again, and claimed to be freezing and starving. So Flood told her to come close to the fire and wait until the food was cooked, and he would give her something to eat. She approached, and, while Flood was not looking, knocked him over and ran away with the food. By the time he got up, she had disappeared. When Cane and Iron-Mouth returned, they found that the food was gone, as on the previous day. Flood claimed that the old woman had made

off with their supper while he was away; but the bruise and swelling on his face betrayed the real state of affairs.

On the next day, Cane decided to send both his companions out hunting, and to stay in camp himself to see if he could not get to the bottom of this affair. He suspected that these stories were merely bluffs to enable the others to keep all the food for themselves. So Flood and Iron-Mouth went away, expecting that the old woman would treat Cane as she had treated them. While Cane was cooking, the old woman came, and told the same story as before; but Cane threatened to kill her if she came near the camp. She persisted, however, and finally he threw his cane on her and killed her.

When Flood and Iron-Mouth returned and found the supper intact, they were very much surprised, and inquired of Cane if the old woman had not been visiting. By way of answer, he pointed to her corpse.

They ate the meal, and then started on their journey again; but Cane wished to find the two stolen pots before leaving. They had gone a little distance when they met three giants, who inquired their destination. Iron-Mouth replied that they were, in the first place, searching for two pots which they had lost, and that, when they had found these, they would try to liberate certain princesses.

"Before you do that, you will have to fight," said the giants.

There being three giants, they all began to fight, each one fighting with a giant. Cane took the largest. This enormous giant could shout loud enough to kill them all; but the moment he opened his mouth, Cane thrust his cane into it, and smothered the yell. Then he killed him.

He now watched his two friends fighting. Iron-Mouth was faring badly in his fight, and Cane said to him, "Why don't you bite him, and chew him up?"

That one acted on his advice, and soon succeeded in chewing the giant severely.

Cane next looked to see how Flood was progressing, and discovered that his adversary was getting the better of him.

"Why don't you have a flood come and drown him?" advised Cane. And the other did so, and drowned the giant.

After this affray, they proceeded on their journey, with the result that they soon encountered the mother of these three giants, whose strength was equal to the combined strength of her three sons.

"Ah! You are after your pots, and you are after the princesses," said she. "Well, you will have to fight first."

"You go and fight her," said Cane to Iron-Mouth.

So Iron-Mouth attacked the old woman; but she was more than a match for him. He tried to chew her, but he was unsuccessful. Then Cane told Flood to help him, and he vainly attempted to drown

the old woman by bringing a flood. When Cane saw that the two were unable to overcome her, he rushed to their assistance and crushed her completely with one blow of his cane.

As she died, she said, "You have killed my sons and you have killed me; but there is one ahead of you whom you cannot kill."

They discovered a large cave where the giants had lived, and there they found two princesses. This led to a quarrel over which two of themselves should marry the damsels. The princesses told them that there were three other princesses imprisoned farther on, whom they had better rescue.

"Their beauty surpasses anything that you have yet seen," said they.

They thought the matter over; and when they decided to go on, the princesses showed them the deep entrance to the under-world, where the other princesses were kept. The three companions consulted among themselves to decide who should enter the under-world; and as Cane was the strongest of the party, they persuaded him to make the attempt. They fastened a great basket to a rope. Cane got into it, and they let him down the well, promising to wait until he gave the signal to be pulled up.

When Cane reached the bottom, he found himself in another world. The first thing he saw was a city, which he entered, and was surprised to note that the whole city was in mourning. A blacksmith shop stood near by, and Cane went in. At once the blacksmith seemed to recognize him, and said, "How are you, cousin?"

Cane wondered how this man could be his cousin. The smith at once invited him to dine with him, addressing him as Huza; and while they were eating, Cane asked the blacksmith why the town was in mourning.

The smith at first refused to tell him, but finally was persuaded to. He pointed to the castle, and said, "In that castle lives a monster with seven heads. To-morrow he is going to dine on our governor's daughter. This monster has also three princesses in his possession."

"That is the very one I am after," said Cane. "He has stolen two pots from me."

"Cousin, don't do it," said the blacksmith. "He will surely kill you and eat you."

Cane was determined, however. He told the other that he wanted a sword so strong that you could tie a knot in it without its breaking. The blacksmith finally succeeded in making such a sword for him.

He left his cane with his cousin, and went up to the monster's castle. As he approached, the three princesses came out and begged him to go back, saying that he would surely be killed, and could not help them. But Cane would not be persuaded. So the princesses gave him the following advice.

"Before he fights, he will ask you how you desire to combat, and you tell him that you want to fight on horseback and with swords. He will give you a choice of horses. Take a thin, bad-looking horse; and when he shows you the swords, choose an old rusty one, though all the rest will be better-looking. If you succeed in cutting off six of his heads, you will find the seventh more difficult, because it grows back again very quickly if you do not keep it away from him. Get your horse to kick it out of the way."

While he was talking, one of the princesses saw the monster coming, and warned Cane. The girls hid the young fellow in the house, but the monster soon smelled him.

He said to the princesses, "I smell some bugs in here."

"How can that be?" asked a princess.

Then Cane stepped out, and said, "I'm the bug."

"I'll have you for dinner to-morrow," said the monster, "instead of the governor's daughter."

"You will have to fight first," said Cane.

The monster inquired what weapon he wished to use. Cane chose a broadsword combat on horseback: so he took Cane into the armory, and let him choose his sword. Cane looked over the swords, but said that he could not find one to suit him. Seeing a rusty sword standing by the fireplace, he examined it, and told the monster that this one suited him. The monster went into another room, and returned with some very fine swords. He told Cane to choose from them, asking him why he wanted an old rusty sword.

Cane refused them, saying, "No, this is plenty good enough for me."

Then he took Cane to the stables, and told him to take his pick of the horses. There were many fine horses there; but Cane chose the old gray thin one, as he had been directed. The monster was disappointed in the choice, because Cane had taken his own horse and sword.

They went forth and began to fight. Without much delay, Cane knocked six heads off the monster. The seventh one, however, gave him more difficulty; for each time he cut it off, it jumped back on again and stuck in the same place. Cane was becoming rapidly exhausted by his efforts, when one of the princesses rushed out, and told him to catch the head on the point of his sword when next he cut it off. He tried this scheme, and succeeded in catching the head, and then threw it back of his horse's hind-legs. His horse kicked the head far behind him. In his last words the monster blamed the princesses for his death.

The three princesses ran up to Cane, and each addressed him as her husband.

He said, "I can't marry you all; but I have two brothers in the

upper-world. I'll marry one of you, and the others will marry my brothers."

The following mid-day, the people of the town brought the governor's daughter up to the monster. One of the princesses rushed out, and told them that a strange young prince had killed the monster. At this the people removed at once the mourning-draperies from the houses, and, out of gratitude towards Huza, gave the town to him. He, however, felt obliged to refuse it. Each of the princesses gave him her handkerchief and locket with her name on it. They knew his name was Huza.

After some time they started for the upper-world. When they reached the place where the hole led to the upper-world, Cane pulled the rope to give his companions the signal that he was there. First he put the oldest one of the princesses into the basket and gave them the signal to pull her up. When they got her up, Flood and Iron-Mouth began to fight as to who should marry her.

The princess said to them, "Don't fight. I have a sister down there who is better-looking than I am."

So they stopped fighting, and lowered the basket again. This time, Cane put in the next oldest girl. They pulled her up; and when they got her up, Iron-Mouth and Flood began to fight over her.

The sisters said, "Don't fight. We have another sister down below who is more beautiful than we are."

They lowered the basket a second time, and hoisted up the third princess. When she got out of the basket, they thought she was far more beautiful than the other two: so they fell to fighting for her.

The youngest one said, "There is no use of your fighting, for I would not have either one of you, unless Huza decides that it shall be so. He killed the monster."

"We killed the three giants and their mother," said Iron-Mouth.

Then the two began to consider together how they might kill Cane. They decided to draw him halfway up the well and then let him drop back.

Huza had to wait a long time before the basket was again lowered, and this made him suspicious. So he thought he would put into the basket a small number of rocks equal to his weight, to see what would happen to it. Cane gave them the signal. They hoisted the rocks up halfway, and then let go of the rope.

"Oh!" said he to himself. "That's no more than I expected."

The youngest princess fainted when she thought the basket containing Huza had been dropped. Iron-Mouth and Flood said that they could not help it; that the rope had slipped.

"When we get to your castle, you must tell your father that we are the ones who killed the giants and the monster," said they.

When they got back to the castle, the girls were afraid of Flood and Iron-Mouth, and so they said that these were the two men who had killed the giants and the monster. Between them, they arranged that Iron-Mouth should marry the youngest; and Flood, the second princess. But every time they proposed to get married, the youngest princess delayed it. She had not yet given up hope that Huza was alive.

Meanwhile Cane was in the under-world. After the basket had dropped, he returned to his cousin, the blacksmith, and told him what had happened.

"Don't take it so hard," said that one. "Here you own this town, and you can marry whomever you choose."

"No," said Cane. "I don't want to."

"Well, then," said his cousin, "I will give you my ring. When you have it, you can get anything you choose. You had better wish for a fox; for you will probably be better able to get out, if you can procure one."

"I'm going to leave you now," said Huza, "and I will give you my cane. There are fifty salted steers inside, and you will have meat enough to last for a long time."

He parted with his cousin, and returned to the hole to the upper-world, where he wished for a fox. The Fox came, and asked him what he wanted. Cane said that he wanted to go to the upper-world.

"I don't think I am strong enough to do it," said the Fox, "but I will tell you whom to get. That is the big Eagle. He is strong, and will be able to take you up."

So Cane called the big Eagle; and when he came, he asked Huza what he wanted. He said that he wanted to get into the upper-world. The Eagle said that he would be able to take him up if he had a steer to eat.

Cane got the steer, and then he got on the Eagle and he started up. They had not gone far when the Eagle said to Cane, "You had better give me something to eat. I am getting pretty weak."

Cane then gave him a quarter of the steer. Twice more the bird was fed. The third time he fed the Eagle, they could just see the light.

The Eagle said to him, "I am afraid we can't make it. You feed me again."

He fed him the last quarter, and the Eagle was just able to reach the edge of the hole. Cane had to pull himself out first, and then to assist the Eagle.

Once out, he looked around, but could not see any trace of his friends. He waited there for some time trying to decide what to do. Then he thought of his ring, and he wished to wake up in the town where the princesses and his friends were. He wanted to wake up as a ragged old man. Immediately he fell asleep; and when he woke up, he was

an old man lying beside a ditch. He rose and walked some distance, when he met a man working. The man spoke to him, asking him if he wanted to work.

"Yes," said Cane; and the man told him his duties would be to make fires, and bring out manure to spread on the fields. Cane started at once to work. That evening they went back to his employer's house in the town.

When the wife of his employer saw Cane, she said, "Why do you want to bring this dirty old man here?"

But the husband replied that he was a poor old man, and would do no harm.

One day while Cane was spreading manure by the side of the road, he saw the three princesses driving along. When they came opposite him, they stopped the horse; and the youngest recognized him, and called out, "Huza!"

He would not answer, and they drove on. After some time, Cane heard that there was going to be a wedding at the palace. The king wanted to have made a golden medallion with his wife's image upon it. It was to be exactly like those the princesses had given Cane before leaving the under-world. The king sent around to the goldsmiths to see if anybody could make a replica of the ones lost. Now, it happened that Cane's employer was a goldsmith; and the king applied to him, sending the queen's medal. He said that he could not make the others. Cane saw the whole thing; and after the messengers left, he told his master to go and tell them that he had changed his mind, and could make it.

"I'm a gold-worker," said Cane, "and will guarantee to do the job for you."

He directed his master to get him a half-bushel of gold and a half-bushel of silver. The king sent him the gold and silver, and left the medal as a pattern.

"You had better go get some liquor," said Cane to his master, "because you will have to work very hard blowing the bellows."

That night they went to work, and soon smelted half of the gold and silver. By this time his master was fairly drunk; and Cane said to him, "You go to sleep, and I'll finish the work."

When his master had gone to sleep, he took the medallion of the youngest princess, polished it, and compared it with the medallion of the queen. Then Cane lay down and went to sleep.

When his master awoke, he went into the shop and saw Cane sleeping and the two medals on the table. He was unable to tell which was the new one and which was the old. Then he showed the medal to his wife, saying, "Did I not tell you to treat this man well; that he was more than he seemed?"

They awakened Cane, who stretched himself, and said that he was pretty tired after his labors. He told them on no account to tell the king's servants who had made the medal, and to charge a half-bushel of gold for the making.

"If they come back and ask you if you can make another one like it, tell them that you can," said he.

The servants of the king returned, and asked if the medal was finished. He said that it was. Then they asked the price, and he answered that it was a half-bushel of gold. They paid it and took the medals to the king. He was unable to tell the two apart; but when the youngest princess saw them, she said, "I think that's my medal, and Huza must be around."

Then the king inquired of his officers the price paid; and when they told him, he sent his officers back to have two more medals made like the first. So they returned to the goldsmith and gave the king's order.

Cane again got his master drunk, and brightened the other medals. The officers came the following day and took the medals back to the king, who again was unable to tell them apart, except for the initials on the backs. Cane's master offered him the bushel and a half of gold which the king had sent as payment, but Cane refused to take it. His master was very grateful to Cane for this, and never required him to do any more work after that.

Finally the wedding-day, when Flood and Iron-Mouth were to marry the princesses, arrived. The king said that the goldsmith who made the medals must be invited to this wedding; so he sent his coach for the smith. The goldsmith refused to go, saying that he had not made the medals, but that his hired man had made them. The officers asked to see him, so the goldsmith took them into the house and showed them the old man lying by the fireplace. When they saw how dirty he was, they were disgusted; but, since they had orders to bring the man who had made the medals, they handled him very roughly, threw him into the coach, and drove off full speed.

On the road, Huza took his ring out and said, "Let this coach be full of lice, and let me be back in my old place."

As they approached the king's castle, the coachman drove slowly; and when the coach arrived, the officers opened the door. The lice rushed out and crawled all over every one. They told the king that they had started with the old man.

"You must have handled him roughly, or else this would not have happened," said the king.

He sent two other officers after Huza; and when they arrived, they put the old man into the coach again and started off with him. Again he wished to be back in the house, and that the coach should be filled with dung.

When the door was opened, the king was standing near, and got fouled with the rest. At once the king became very angry, and said, "You must have treated this man very badly, or else this would not have happened."

Again he sent two officers with explicit directions to treat Huza well. He threatened to behead them if they did not bring the man back.

When they came, the old man requested them to wait a while, so that he might shave, and make himself presentable. He went into a room, and, taking out his ring, wished for a uniform better than the king's own. When he came out all dressed up, his master and mistress fell down on their knees, and said, "Forgive us, king!"

"Gladly do I forgive you; but I am not a king," said he.

And when the officers saw him, they, too, bowed down. He got into the coach, and they drove off slowly to the castle. The king was waiting to receive them; and when they opened the door, the king was so surprised that he almost fainted. They took Huza in, and every one bowed to him. While he was talking with the king, the youngest princess suspected that it was Huza, and told her mother, the queen, about it.

Huza now took out the princess' handkerchief and put it back in his pocket so that she could see the monogram on it. A little later she recognized it as her own, quietly pulled it out of his pocket (when he was not looking), and showed it to her mother. But her mother said, "Don't you think there may be other princesses who have the same name as you?"

Cane then pulled out the second handkerchief and left it exposed to view. The second princess was near him, and, seeing the bit of linen, recognized it. When he was not looking, she stole it and took it to her younger sister. Her younger sister said, "Don't go and tell mother, for she will not believe you."

Cane now pulled the handkerchief of the oldest princess out of his pocket so that the monogram could be seen. Not much later the oldest girl passed by, recognized it, and quietly pulled it out of his pocket. She then told her sisters, and they went to their mother and told her.

The queen was angry with them, and told them that they had insulted the king. She went to her husband, however, and, telling him about it, asked him what he thought ought to be done about it. The king was also angry, and said that there might be three other princesses with the same names as his daughters. But the girls were so sure of it, that he began to think there might be something in their point of view. He decided to question Huza, and, going to him, he asked him if he had any daughters.

"No," said Cane, "I'm not married."

The king then asked him from what kingdom he came. Cane told him everything, from the time of his leaving home; and the king thanked him from the bottom of his heart. He wanted to give him his kingdom, saying that he had promised it to the savior of his daughters. Cane refused, however, and returned to the main hall, where the wedding was to take place. He found the youngest princess sitting on Flood's knee, and the second oldest on Iron-Mouth's knee. Going up to Flood, he said, "Flood, do you know me?"

"No," said Flood, "I do not."

Then he turned to Iron-Mouth, and, asking the same question, received the same reply.

"I am Cane," said he.

But they would not believe him until he recalled incidents of his travels to them. During the recital, Iron-Mouth fell back. The youngest princess rushed to Huza, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "Huza, I knew you were alive."

Iron-Mouth and Flood begged forgiveness of Huza on bended knees. Huza refused, and told them he was going to hook a pair of horses to their arms and another pair of horses to their feet, and drive them in opposite directions. At this he had them thrown into prison.

But after a while Cane took pity on his old companions, and ordered them brought to him, when he addressed them as follows: "You tried to kill me, but now I am going to take pity on you. I'm going to set you free for old times' sake. I am going to marry the youngest princess myself, and you can marry the other two."

So they were all married together, and Huza made Flood and Iron-Mouth high officials of the kingdom.

5. LOUIS AND THE GRAY HORSE

There was once an old man that had a son named Louis who used to go hunting to support his parents, for they were very poor. One day while he was hunting, a gentleman came to visit his parents. This gentleman offered the old man a beaver hat full of gold for his son, and promised to take good care of the boy, whose only duties should be to tend the gentleman's horses.

"In about twenty years you will get your son back," said he.

The old man communicated the offer of the gentleman to his wife. She, however, was not anxious to accept it. Then the old man, goaded by the thoughts of their poverty, tried to persuade her, and he finally accepted the offer against his wife's inclinations. The gentleman waited for Louis to arrive, and then he took him away.

When he arrived at his home, he showed the boy over his house, and gave him permission to eat and drink whatever he cared to. He also showed him two pots, — one full of gold and the other full

of silver, — which he told Louis not to touch. Later he took him to the stable where he kept the horses, and showed him a black horse in the farthest stall, telling him to be very particular about caring for that horse. Among other things, he gave him orders to wash him three times, and to take him to water three times every day. Then he pointed out to him a gray horse, and ordered him to beat him three times a day, to give him very little to eat, and to water him only once in twenty-four hours. Further, he told him never to take the bridle off that gray horse. After this, he told Louis that he was going on a journey, and would not return for a few weeks.

Louis carried out the gentleman's instructions, and, when two weeks had passed, the gentleman returned. The first thing he did was to go into the stable and examine his horses. He was well pleased with the looks of his black horse, and was also pleased to note that the gray one was looking very poorly. While they were returning to the house together, the gentleman began to play with Louis, who noted that he had a knife in his hand, and was not surprised when his finger was soon cut by it. The gentleman, however, apologized, and, taking a bottle out of his pocket, rubbed a little of the liquid on Louis' finger. Louis was greatly surprised to find that his finger was at once entirely healed.

Later in the day, he told Louis that he was going away again (for a week, this time), and told him to be careful to treat the horses as he had done before. When he had gone, Louis' curiosity got the better of him. He took the cover off the pots, and dipped his finger into the golden liquid. When he pulled it out, lo, and behold! his finger was changed to gold. At once he saw that his master would know what he had done, and, to hide his finger, he wrapped it up in a piece of rag. In addition, Louis' pity overcame him, and he did not beat the gray horse.

At the end of the week, the gentleman returned and asked Louis how the horses were. He was well satisfied after his inspection of the stable. Again he began to play with Louis, his knife in his hand. While he was playing with him, he noticed that Louis' finger was wrapped up, and he inquired of Louis what was the matter with his finger. Louis replied that he had cut it. The gentleman pulled the rag off, and, seeing that Louis' finger had turned to gold, he knew that Louis had been meddling with the pots. He became very angry, and grasped Louis' finger, twisted it, pulled it off, and threw it back into the pot, warning Louis not to touch the pots again. He played with him as before, and again cut him on the hand. A second time he applied the liquid, and again the boy's hand was healed immediately.

He again told Louis that he was going away, and would be gone for three weeks, and ordered him to beat the gray horse on this occasion five times each day.

That day Louis watered the horses, and, noticing that the gray horse could hardly drink any water with the bit in his mouth, he took pity on him, removed the bridle, and gave the horse a good drink. When the horse lifted his head from the brook and looked at Louis, he had a man's face on him; and he spoke to Louis as follows: "You have saved me. If you do as I tell you, we both shall be saved. The master is not a man, but the Devil. He came to my parents as he did to yours, and bought me with a beaver hat full of money. Every time he comes and cuts you, he is trying you to see if you are fat enough to be killed. When he returns this time, he will again try you, and, if he finds that you are not fat enough, he will turn you into a horse. If you are fat enough, he will kill you. If you do as I tell you, Louis, we both shall be saved. Now feed me as well as you can for two weeks; put my bridle on the black horse, and beat him five times a day. In short, give him the treatment which was destined for me."

Louis did as the Gray Horse requested, and the animal began to recover his lost weight. The black horse lost weight rapidly. After the two weeks were up, the gray horse was in good condition; the black horse was very poorly.

"Now," said the Gray Horse, "the Devil suspects that things have not gone properly, and he is returning. Now we must prepare speedily to leave. Since his black horse is very swift, you must go and cut his legs off: cut the left fore-leg off below the knee; cut the right fore-leg off way above the knee; cut the right hind-leg off below the knee; and the left hind-leg, away above the knee. He will not then be able to travel so fast, for his legs will be short and of different lengths."

When Louis had completed his task, the Gray Horse told him to go to the house and get the pots of silver and gold; and, on Louis' return with them, the Horse told Louis to dip his tail in the silver pot, and to dip his mane and ears in the gold one.

"And you dip your hair into the gold pot," said the Horse, "and stick your little fingers into the metal. Take the saddle and put it on me, but, before we start, go into the house and get three grains of black corn which he has upon his shelf, and take his flint, steel, and punk. Take, also, an awl, that round pebble which comes from the seashore, and then take that wisp of hay which is pointed."

Louis did as the Horse bade him, and then mounted on his back and rode away.

The Devil returned two days after they had started, and, when he saw that the gray horse had gone and the black horse was mutilated, he knew what had taken place. This enraged him very much, and he at once began to think how he could outwit the fugitives. Finally he set out in pursuit.

After Louis and the Gray Horse had been gone several days, the

Gray Horse spoke to the boy, and said, "The Devil and the black horse are pretty close. You did not cut his legs short enough. Give me one of those grains of black corn, and I'll go a little faster."

Louis gave him one of the grains of black corn, and the Gray Horse travelled much faster. After a few days had passed, the Horse again said, "Louis, he is getting very close. You will have to give me another grain."

So Louis gave him a second grain, and the Gray Horse increased his speed. Three days later, the Gray Horse said to Louis, "Give me the last grain. He is getting very close."

After three more days, the Gray Horse again spoke, and said, "Louis, he is very close. Throw the awl behind you."

Louis did as he was told, and the Horse said, "Now, that awl has made a great field of thorn-bushes grow, many miles in extent."

When the Devil rode up, he was going so fast that he rode right in among the thorns, and got his horse out only after a great deal of trouble. By the time he had extricated his horse and had ridden around the field, Louis had gained a great distance over him.

"Louis, he is getting very close," said the Horse some days later. "Throw back the flint."

Louis obeyed him, with the result that, when the Devil came up, he was confronted by a high wall of bare rock, which extended for miles. He was forced to go around this, and, when he once more took up the trail, Louis had gained many more miles on him. After a couple of days, the Gray Horse said, "Louis, we have only two things left, and I am afraid that we are going to have a hard time."

"I think," said Louis, "we had better throw the punk behind." With that he threw the punk behind him. When it struck the ground, it immediately burst into flame, starting a forest fire which extended many miles.

When the Devil arrived, he was going too fast to avoid riding into the fire, and this caused him great trouble. He had to go many miles out of his way to avoid the fire, and this delay enabled the fugitives to make a material gain in distance. In two or three days the Devil had regained the distance that he had lost.

The Gray Horse now said to Louis, "I am afraid that he is going to overtake us before we can reach the sea. He is gaining rapidly upon us, and is now very close. You had better throw the pebble behind you; it is the only chance left us."

Louis threw the pebble behind them; and the result was that a great lake appeared, which extended over many square miles. The Devil rode up to the lake, and, knowing whither they had gone, he travelled around it. This manœuvre cost the Devil the loss of many valuable miles, for Louis and the Gray Horse were by this time quite close to the sea.

"He is still gaining on us," said the Gray Horse. "I'm getting very tired."

Looking ahead, Louis could see the ocean, and turning around, he could see the Devil coming, gaining on them all the time.

"Louis, I am afraid he is going to overtake us," said the Horse.

Now, Louis did not understand what advantage it would be for them to arrive at the sea; but this was soon apparent. They did manage to reach the seashore ahead of the Devil, however, when the Gray Horse said, "Louis, throw out that wisp of hay."

Louis pushed it out, and, behold! as he thrust it, the wisp of hay was converted into a bridge. They immediately rode out upon this, and as they passed over it, the bridge folded up behind them! The Devil did not reach the sea until they were a safe distance from the shore.

"It was very lucky," the Devil said, "that you took my bridge with you, or I would have eaten you two for my dinner!"

Now, Louis and his horse continued to cross the bridge until they came to the land on the other side. While travelling along through this new country, they discovered a cave.

"Now," the Gray Horse said to Louis, "you stable me in here, and go up to the king's house and see if you cannot get work. Wrap up your head in order that your hair may not be seen, and do the same to your little fingers. When you arrive there, go and lie with your face down behind the kitchen, and wait until they throw out the dish-water. They will ask you what you want. Tell them that you desire work, and that you are a good gardener. Do not forget to comb your hair once a day in the garden, where they cannot see you."

The young man did all the Gray Horse suggested, and, when one of the maids threw out some dish-water behind the kitchen, she noticed him, and straightway notified the king. His Majesty ordered the youth to be brought before him, and, when Louis had come, the king inquired into his identity and his desires. Louis told the king that he wanted work, and the king employed him as a gardener, because Louis claimed greater ability than the other gardeners. Every noon he would seclude himself to comb his hair, and then he would tie up his head again in the cloth. Although he was quite handsome, he did not look well with his head tied up in this manner. His work, moreover, was so excellent, that the king soon noticed an improvement in the garden.

One day, while he was combing his hair, the princess looked out of her window, and saw Louis' hair. She noticed that the hair was all of gold; and the light from it shone into her room as it would if reflected from a mirror. Louis did not notice her, and, when he had completed his toilet, he wrapped up his head again and went away, leaving the princess enchanted by his looks.

During the same afternoon, while he was working near the palace, the princess dropped a note down to him. Louis did not see it, and therefore did not pay any attention to it. She then dropped several more, one after another; but he paid no attention to them.

The next day, he thought he would go down and see his horse. When he arrived at the cave, the Gray Horse inquired what had happened. Louis related the few events to him; but the Gray Horse told him that that was not all, for he had not noticed the princess looking at him when he was combing his hair.

"To-morrow," said the Horse, "the king will ask you if you are descended of royal blood. You tell him that you are the child of poor parents. There is a prince who wants to marry the princess; but she does not love him. When you go back to work in the garden, the princess will drop notes to you again, but don't touch them. Louis, in time you shall marry her, but don't forget me."

Louis returned, and the princess again dropped him notes; but he ignored them.

In the mean time the prince had come to see the princess, and he made arrangements with the king to marry his daughter. The princess, however, would not look at the prince. The king demanded of his daughter why she did not want to see the prince, and she told him that she desired to marry the gardener. The king became very angry; he declared that she could not marry the poor beggar.

"Did you not always say that you would give me anything I wanted?" she asked of the king.

"Yes," answered he; "but you must marry a prince."

She again refused to marry the prince. At this, the king became very angry, and went out to tell his wife what the princess had said.

"I think the gardener is a prince in disguise," the queen said to the king.

The king summoned Louis into his presence; and the young man, obeying, came into the midst of the royalty and nobility of the palace, with his head still covered. The king asked him if he was of royal blood.

"No," he replied. "I am the son of poor parents."

The king then dismissed him.

The princess, however, contrived a means to marry Louis, and, when the ceremony was over, they went back to the king. She told her father what she had done, and asked for her dowry. He told her that her dowry should be the pig-pen in which he fattened his hogs; and he drove them from the palace with nothing more. The queen was in tears at the way the king treated their daughter; but he was obdurate.

The princess and Louis had to subsist on what little the queen

could send them. Soon the princess said to Louis, "We had better go to the place where your parents live."

"No," said Louis, "we must go where the king sends us, for his will is my pleasure."

So they went to the pig-pen and fixed up a place to sleep. Every day the princess went to the palace, and the servants there would give her what was left from the table. This continued for several weeks, until, one day, Louis thought of his Horse. He went over to the cave to find out how he was doing.

"Well, Louis, I see that you are married, and that your father-in-law is treating you pretty badly," the Horse said to him. "Now you look in my left ear, and you will see a cloth folded up."

Louis did as directed; and the Gray Horse continued, "Take the cloth. At meal-time unfold it, and you will find inside all sorts of food of the finest kind. Come back and see me to-morrow."

Louis returned to his hog-pen, where his wife had the leavings from the palace table arranged for supper.

"Take this cloth and unfold it," said he.

And when she unfolded it, she was amazed to see delicious food and fine wines all ready to eat and drink. This was the first decent meal that they had eaten since they were married. The next day he again went back to see the Horse, who asked Louis if he had heard any news. Louis said that he had not.

"Well," said the Gray Horse, "I did. Your father-in-law is going to war to-morrow, because his daughter did not marry the prince to whom she was betrothed. Louis, you had better go too. Send your wife up to borrow a horse and arms, and you go with him."

On returning to his hog-pen, Louis told his wife what he had heard and what he wished her to do. So she went up to the castle to borrow a horse and armor. The king at first refused to give it; but the queen finally persuaded him to loan his son-in-law a horse. Thus Louis was equipped with a gray mare and an old sword. Louis accepted this; and the next morning, when the king started with his followers, Louis went forth mounted on the gray mare. He found, however, that she was too old to carry him: so he rode her down to the cave. There the Gray Horse told him to look in his right ear for a little box. Louis did so, and found the article. On opening this box, he found a ring inside it. The Horse told him that he could now get anything he wished for, and directed him to wish for arms and armor better than the king's own. Louis did so, and the armor immediately appeared. When Louis had donned it, the Gray Horse told him to comb his mane and tail; and after this was done, they started, quite resplendent. While they were passing the pig-pen, Louis' wife, mistaking him for a foreign king, begged him not to kill her father, and Louis promised not to hurt the old gentleman.

The fight was already raging when Louis arrived, and the enemy was pressing the king hard; but he came at just the right time, and turned the tide of the battle. Not recognizing him, the king thanked him (a strange prince, as he thought) for his assistance; and the two rode back together. On the way they began to race; for the king was proud of his steed, and was fond of showing him off. Louis, however, far outdistanced him, and rode on to the cave, where he unsaddled his horse, resumed his old clothes, and tied up his head.

Before he departed, the Gray Horse told him that the king would go to war again on the morrow, and that he, Louis, should once more borrow the horse and sword. He took the old gray mare and the sword back to the pig-pen. His wife inquired eagerly how her father had fared. Louis answered that the king had been successful, and told her to take the horse and the sword back to the palace.

When she arrived, she told her father that her husband wished her to thank him for the horse and the sword. Whereupon the king inquired if Louis had been present at the battle, for, he said, he had not seen him. The princess replied that he had indeed been there; and truly, if it had not been for Louis, the king would not have won the battle. The king replied that he was sure that Louis was not there, or else he would have seen him; and he persisted in this view.

The princess, being unable to convince her father, returned to the pig-pen.

When the princess had left, the queen said that Louis must have been in the fight, for, if he had not been there, he would not have known about it.

"Was there no stranger there?" she asked.

"Yes," returned the king. "There was a strange prince there, who helped me."

"Well," said the queen, "that must have been your son-in-law."

Back in the pig-pen, the princess told her husband that the king was saying that he had not been at the battle.

"If it had not been for me," Louis replied, "the king would not have won the battle." And so the matter was dropped.

The next morning he sent his wife up to borrow the horse and equipment again. The king gave his daughter the same outfit. Again Louis went to the cave, where he again changed horses and armor. Once more, when he passed his hovel, his wife did not recognize him. When Louis arrived, the battle was going against the king, as on the former occasion; but the young man a second time turned the tide in favor of his father-in-law.

After the battle was over, Louis and the king rode back together. The king wished to find out who this prince might be, and he determined to put a mark on him, so that he would recognize him again.

He took out his sword to show how he had overcome one of his adversaries in battle, and stabbed his son-in-law in the leg. A piece of the king's sword had broken off, and was left in the wound. The king pretended to be very sorry, and tied up the wound. When they started off again, Louis put spurs to his horse, and when he reached the cave he again changed horses. Then he returned to the pig-pen with the old gray mare.

He was cut so badly, that he could walk only with difficulty. When his wife inquired if he had been wounded, he explained how her father had done it. Thereupon his wife took the handkerchief off, took out the piece of sword, and rebound the wound. Then she took the horse and sword, together with the broken piece of the king's sword and his handkerchief, to her father.

She told her father that her husband sent back the handkerchief and the piece of sword, and also his thanks for stabbing him after he had won the battle. The king was so much surprised that he almost fainted. The queen began to scold the king, saying, "Did I not tell you that he was a prince?"

The king sent his daughter to the pig-pen to get her husband, so that he could ask his forgiveness. Louis refused to go, saying that the king's word was law, and was not to be altered. He was confined to his bed on account of the wound which he had received. The princess returned, and told her father what her husband had said. He then sent down his chief men to coax Louis, but they were refused every time. Finally, the king and the queen themselves went down and asked Louis' forgiveness; but Louis repeated his refusal. The king rushed up, but he was mired in the mud which surrounded the pig-pen. The queen, however, was able to cross on top of the mud, leaving the king, who returned alone to his palace.

The same night, Louis took his ring and wished that he and his wife should wake in the morning in a beautiful castle; and when the day came, lo, and behold! it was as he desired. In surprise, the king saw the castle, and sent Louis a note, saying that he desired to wage war with him. The young man sent a reply, that, by the time he fired his second shot, there would not be even a cat left in the king's city. This note he sent by his wife, and requested her to bring her mother back with her.

The king's daughter obeyed, and brought her mother back.

That afternoon, the king fired on his son-in-law's castle, but did no damage. Louis then warned the king that he was going to begin his cannonade, and straightway fired. His first shot carried away half of the city, and the second swept away all that was left of it.

6. THE STORY OF THE PENITENT TO WHOM OUR LORD APPEARED

A young man who was a great hunter saw, one day while he was hunting, a white caribou. In order to get a good shot at it, he crawled up close; but when he took aim, he found something in the way, which spoiled his shot. So he changed his position, but again found something in between him and the caribou; and again he changed his position.

When he finally got what he thought was a good shot, the Caribou spoke to him, saying, "You will not be so slow in taking aim at your own father." When he heard this, he did not fire, but became so frightened that he ran home to leave his gun; for he wanted to avoid the danger of shooting his father, by having no fire-arms. Then he went away, with the intention of going as far as possible from his parents, so as to avoid all danger of shooting them.

He journeyed about for some time, but finally came to the king's palace, where he remained, and became the king's hunter. He rose rapidly in the king's favor, married, and was given a house.

Meanwhile his parents wondered where their son had gone, for on leaving he thought there would be less likelihood of his parents meeting him again, if he did not acquaint them with his intention, and reasons for leaving.

At last his parents decided to go in search of their son. They wandered about for some time, but finally found out where he lived. When they arrived at his house, their son was away, but his wife was at home: so they made their identity known to her. She welcomed them to her home, and, out of respect for them, when bed-time came, she gave them her own room, for it was the best in the house.

Their son came home late that night, and, finding people in his bed, imagined they were robbers, who had killed his wife and taken possession of the house. So he got his crossbow and shot them both. When his wife heard their death-screams, she ran down stairs, and told her husband what he had done.

The poor man was so overcome with grief that he went immediately in search of a priest who would absolve him of his terrible crime. The first priest that he found sent him to another; and the second did likewise; and so did many more. In fact, it was a year before he found a priest who would shrive him. This priest assigned to him as penance a certain ferry. He was to ferry across the stream every one who came by that road, without receiving a farthing's recompense. This he was to do for the space of seven years. To this the poor man gladly consented, and set out at once for the river.

His wife waited for some time at their old house; but when she found that her husband did not return, she followed him. She did

not find her husband until he had been ferrying for some time, and had built a hut to live in, for there was none when he first came there. His wife did what work she could get, to pay for the little food they ate, and thus they kept alive.

Many people came by that way, and kept the ferryman busy day and night. The work was so tedious and tiring, that many a time the poor ferryman was tempted to be unfaithful to his vow, and disregard his trust; but he kept steadfastly on, until finally the seven years were over.

It was evening when he had finished his penance, and he was eating his evening meal, supremely glad to be his own master for the first time in seven years, when he heard an old man calling on the other side of the river. For a moment he hesitated, but, looking a second time at the old man, he was touched with pity, and left his supper to ferry him across.

When they landed, the old man said, "I am old and feeble and hungry, and can go no farther; canst thou not give me some food and a night's lodging?" The penitent replied, "Alas, father! I have but little; but what I have is thine." So he led him to his hut, and gave him food to eat, and his own bed to sleep upon. After the old man had finished his meal, and was talking with the penitent, a bright light shone round him, and he was taken up into heaven, for it was our Lord.

7. THE THREE WISHES

[The following story of the three wishes is distinctly European in origin; but the treatment seems to be native. It was related by Jim Paul of St. Mary's, July, 1910.]

A poor Indian was camping with his wife and mother near a river-bank. One day he was walking near the river, when he saw a water-spirit. He chased her, but she jumped into the river. He wanted to catch her: so he dug a hole in the sand, and covered himself up.¹ Soon the fairy came out of the river to play again, and, when she got near enough to him, he jumped up out of the sand and caught her. Then he took her home.

After a few days, the fairy pined to get away: so she offered to give the Indian three wishes if he would let her go. The Indian consented. Now, they were poor, and did not have any food in their wigwam: so he thought it would be the best thing to give his wife one wish, and send her to town to get plenty of provisions with it.

When she got to town, the first thing she saw was a broom. Not

¹ This incident of a man covering himself up in the sand to catch a water-spirit occurs frequently in the myths of this region. See Leland, *Algonquin Legends of New England*.

having one at home, she carelessly said, "I wish I had that broom!" As soon as she said this, the broom was in her hand. She had used up her one wish: so she had to take the broom home to her husband. When her husband saw what she had brought home with her, he was so angry that he said, "I wish that broom were stuck up your anus!" As soon as he said it, the broom was in the desired place, and he had to use the third wish to get it out.

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THE PRINCIPLE OF LIMITED POSSIBILITIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CULTURE

BY A. A. GOLDENWEISER

THE concept of convergence, long familiar to biologists, has recently been applied to ethnological phenomena. The history of the term in ethnology is brief. Without ever giving a definite theoretical formulation of the concept, Professor Boas has applied it in a number of his writings dealing with general topics.¹ Professor Ehrenreich refers to the use of the term by Thilenius and Von Luschan.² Ehrenreich himself gave the concept its first clear expression in a signally illuminating address read before the German Anthropological Society, at Worms, in 1903.³ An instance of the application of the concept to the solution of theoretical ethnological problems is represented by my "Totemism, an Analytical Study."⁴ The mechanism and psychology of the process, however, have only been hinted at in that work.⁵

Graebner, in his "Methode der Ethnologie,"⁶ has dealt with the principle of convergence in a high-handed fashion. Without theoretically denying the possibility of convergence, Graebner practically rejects it, together with the wider concept of independent development. Graebner's arguments have been met by Dr. Robert H. Lowie in his article "On the Principle of Convergence in Ethnology,"⁷ to which we must now turn.

SOME INTERPRETATIONS OF CONVERGENCE

It will be well to consider some of the instances cited by Dr. Lowie under the heading of "Premature Classification." He notes the various

¹ See, for instance, his "The Limitations of the Comparative Method of Anthropology," in *Science*, N. S., vol. iv (1896), pp. 901-908; and "The Mind of Primitive Man," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xiv (1901), pp. 1-11.

² I have not been able to ascertain the character of Thilenius' and Von Luschan's contributions to the subject.

³ "Zur Frage der Beurtheilung und Bewerthung ethnographischer Analogien," *Korrespondenzblatt der deutschen Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*, 1903, pp. 176-180 (to be referred to as *Ethnographische Analogien*).

⁴ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii (1910), pp. 178 et seq.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 270-273. See also Lowie, "A New Conception of Totemism," *American Anthropologist*, vol. xiii (1911); and Goldenweiser, "Exogamy and Totemism defined: a Rejoinder," *Ibid.*, pp. 596-597.

⁶ Heidelberg, 1911, Carl Winter.

⁷ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), pp. 24-42. See also Boas' review of Graebner in *Science*, N. S., vol. xxxiv (1911), pp. 804-810; and Dixon's "The Independence of the Culture of the American Indian," *Science*, vol. xxxv (1912), pp. 46-55.

forms of exogamy where apparently similar marital regulations are found, on analysis, to depend on entirely different psychological conditions. The exogamy may be local, or it may refer to the clan or a relationship group. Here "the identity of the facts compared is logical, while the facts we are really interested in studying are psychological."¹ The author then adduces the interesting case among the Poda, where an approximation to a dual division has resulted from the numerical preponderance of one clan the members of which intermarried with almost all the available individuals of the other clans, leaving very few to intermarry with one another.² The instance of the Crow and Gros Ventre is even more striking. The Foxes and Lumpwoods of the Crow prove to be the remnants of a larger number of societies, while among the Gros Ventre one of the two organizations is a recent importation from the Sioux. "In the two cases under discussion, then, a dual grouping is beyond a doubt the result of convergent development."³ Then the author contrasts the "hour-glass drums" of Africa and New Guinea, only to find that "the geometrical abstraction defined by the term corresponds to no cultural reality: it develops in different areas by convergent evolution."⁴

In the following section, on "The Possibility of Genuine Convergence," Dr. Lowie correctly observes that even absolute objective identity of two articles or ornaments need not justify the classification of such articles or ornaments as actually identical, for they may belong to different cultural settings, and, in so far, stand for vastly different psychological facts.⁵ Here are adduced the instances of the eye-ornament of America and Melanesia, the "rejects" of American archæology, the Central Australian "neoliths" and "palæoliths." The concluding paragraph of the section deserves being quoted in full: "We are not always, indeed we are very rarely, in the fortunate position of knowing most of the determining conditions of an ethnological phenomenon. In the case of the rejects, of the Central Australian 'neoliths,' and of the eye-ornament, we happen to be in possession of the facts; and from these instances we learn that morphological identity may give presumptive, but does not give conclusive, evidence of genetic relationship. It is conceivable that if we could determine the history of the South American paddles, which Graebner connects with Indonesian and Melanesian patterns, we should find them to be genetically related; but we cannot bar the other logical possibility of independent origin, for it is likewise conceivable that each of the homologous features of the paddles originated from distinct motives

¹ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), p. 34.

² *Ibid.*, p. 35.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 36.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 37.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 39-40.

and distinct conditions.”¹ It will be seen from these quotations that Dr. Lowie favors the psychological point of view in ethnology as against a purely objective consideration of data, and champions the cause of independent development as against diffusion or historical contact. As to convergence, Dr. Lowie's main concern seems to be the elucidation of the concept of false convergence. While he deserves credit for his forcible treatment of the facts of premature classification, his article will prove disappointing to all those who, with the present writer, believe in the reality of convergence, and are eager to see the principle of convergence applied as a methodological tool in ethnology.

A new principle always finds itself on the firing line of scientific controversy. An awkward move may mean the loss of a tactical advantage. It is therefore to be regretted that Dr. Lowie's formulation of his argument is not always such as to exclude misapprehension. Surely he is aware of the distinction between the principle of independent development and that of convergence, yet he concludes his discussion of independent development *vs.* historical contact with the words, “If there is any difference in the value of the two theories, it must rest on the alleged absence of historical proofs for independent development, in the face of the universally admitted existence of such proofs for historical connection. It remains to be shown that this allegation is erroneous, that there exist unexceptionable instances of convergent evolution. For this purpose it is necessary to examine somewhat more closely the concept of convergence.”² Here Dr. Lowie passes from a discussion of independent development to one of convergence, without as much as a word of explanation; and the unwary reader may easily be misled into identifying the two principles. There is vagueness also in Dr. Lowie's treatment of another and more important point. When the critical ethnologist finds that two similar features in two different cultural complexes are genetically distinct, he refuses to treat them as comparable; for, from the historical point of view, the individuality of a cultural trait is defined by its history. When we deal with convergence, on the other hand, where genetic relationship is by definition excluded, objectively similar phenomena become comparable if they are also similar psychologically. That in Dr. Lowie's treatment the two kinds of similarities between cultural traits are not clearly differentiated, may be gathered from the passage where, having introduced Ehrenreich's concept of “false analogies,” Dr. Lowie remarks, “The observation of similarities, especially in the absence of obvious paths of diffusion, then leads directly to the query whether the similarities are not purely classificatory, and hence,

¹ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), p. 41.

² *Ibid.*, p. 29.

from the standpoint of genetic relationship, illusory."¹ But the "similarities" may well be illusory "from the standpoint of genetic relationship," and yet constitute either false or genuine convergence, according to the character of their psychological relationship. Again, in the concluding paragraph of the section on "The Possibility of Genuine Convergence," quoted above, Dr. Lowie speaks of "morphological identity," which "may give presumptive, but does not give conclusive, evidence of genetic relationship."² But morphological identity without genetic relationship may constitute an instance of either false or genuine convergence.

Two features of the situation, in particular, seem to worry Dr. Lowie: the arguments in favor of convergence are sorely deficient in historical instances, while the process itself seems far from plausible psychologically. "Granted the existence of identities, they are inexplicable."³ True, Dr. Lowie attempts to adduce some "unexceptionable instances of convergent evolution;"⁴ but all his illustrations prove, after all, to be merely instances of false convergence, of illusory similarities due to premature classification. In one instance only does Dr. Lowie admit the possibility of a genuine convergence. He writes, "If we discover that the *manang bali* of the Sea Dyaks corresponds in the most striking manner to the *berdache* of the Plains Indians, we should not straightway identify the two institutions and invoke the principle of psychic unity or that of historical connection. . . . The advocate of convergence in the sense here proposed will simply await a fuller determination of the facts. If closer investigation should establish an absolute identity, the fact of identity would stand, but would stand unexplained."⁵ While deploring with Dr. Lowie that an historical proof of convergence has not so far been furnished, I hope to show, in what follows, that sufficient theoretical grounds can be adduced to justify the application of the concept to ethnic phenomena. As to the psychological side of convergence, let us note for the present that parallelism and diffusion present psychological problems of equal difficulty.⁶

Dr. Lowie's evident reluctance to admit the existence of genuine convergence may in part be due to the fact that, under genuine convergences, he seems to understand, not similarities in cultural traits, but identities. In this he professes to follow Ehrenreich, whose conception of genuine convergence he interprets as "a belief in an absolute identity derived from heterogeneous sources."⁶ In justification of his interpretation, Dr. Lowie gives a quotation from

¹ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), p. 31.

² *Ibid.*, p. 41.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 29.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

⁵ See pp. 283 et seq.

⁶ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), pp. 31-32.

Ehrenreich, which I reproduce: "Wo gleiche Geistesanlage sich vereint mit Gleichheit der Wirtschaftsform und der gesellschaftlichen Stufe, wird die *Cultur im Allgemeinen überall einen gleichen Character, einen gleichen Typus tragen, und wir dürfen uns nicht wundern, wenn solche gleiche Typen auch in Einzelheiten grosse Übereinstimmung zeigen und Convergenzen hervorbringen.*"¹ I confess I fail to detect in this statement any belief in identities. At different times in the course of his remarks, Ehrenreich speaks of "Aehnlichkeiten," "Analogien," even of "überraschende Aehnlichkeiten," and "auffallendste Uebereinstimmungen;" but he nowhere refers to identities.

The concept of identity, if applied to cultural, or more generally to any psychological traits, would, indeed, smack of mysticism.² Granted that such identities occur, we lack the means, either objective or subjective, of discovering the fact. Thus, whenever psychic factors are involved in the terms of our comparison, we may speak of similarities, but not of identities. But the existence of similarities, of varying degrees and under certain conditions, suffices to justify the concept of convergence.

Thus it comes that Dr. Lowie, shunning the mystical flavor of cultural identities, seeks refuge in the plausible illusion of "false analogies." Says Dr. Lowie, "But the entire aspect of the question changes if we do not interpret the given parallels as identical or homologous, but merely as analogous." And again, "It is merely necessary to conceive all parallels of any degree of complexity as 'false analogies,' . . . and the mystical element in the theory of convergence disappears."³ But it will, I trust, be seen that this mystical aspect of convergence is of Dr. Lowie's own making; it need, therefore, not concern us any further.⁴

¹ "Ethnographische Parallelen," pp. 177-178. The italics are mine.

² This, of course, does not hold for material culture, where objective identity may be demonstrated.

³ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), p. 31.

⁴ I am under the impression that some of those who frown upon the concept of convergence tend to ascribe to it a mystical setting of a totally different order. The responsibility for this may rest on the term "convergent evolution" employed interchangeably with "convergence;" for "convergent evolution" invites comparison with "evolution" as ordinarily used, or "divergent evolution." Now, evolution, of course, refers to an organically unified process, hence this trait is also ascribed to convergent evolution, which thus acquires a mystical content; for the processes leading to convergence, while on the one hand conceived as independent of one another, are on the other hand believed to be co-operating harmoniously in the production of similar cultural traits. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind is implied in the concept of convergence, which is merely a term for certain cultural similarities brought about by processes that are neither historically connected nor parallel. A confusion of concepts not unlike the above occurred in the field of biology when the fact that the cephalic indices of American-born Hebrews and Sicilians were much more alike than those of their foreign-born congeners, was interpreted as a tendency of the American environment to mould Europeans into a common

Curiously enough, it did not occur to Dr. Lowie to utilize the psychological point of view in favor of convergence in the same way in which he utilized it to disclose the illusory character of false convergences. He speaks of exogamous units that differ in their historical antecedents as well as in their psychological setting. The first trait justifies the conception of the units as convergences; the second, their classification with false convergences. But suppose the units are also similar in their functions or psychological setting; suppose the dual divisions that developed independently and in dissimilar ways in two cultural groups become associated with similar functions, such as reciprocal activities, or rivalry in games, and we have genuine convergence. Similarly in the case of exogamy. In two historically unrelated cultures, exogamous groups have developed. If the psychic setting of the two sets of exogamous regulations is different; if it is, say, in one case determined by locality and in the other by clanship (the resemblance between the two exogamous groups is merely a classificatory one), — we have an instance of false convergence. On the other hand, if both groups display the same kind of exogamy, of locality, clan, or relationship group, we again have an instance of genuine convergence.

It is of interest to note here that Graebner, some of whose views have been so vigorously attacked by Dr. Lowie, himself admits the theoretical possibility of convergence. He writes, "Es ist ferner mindestens theoretisch wohl denkbar, dass ursprünglich ganz heterogene Erscheinungen durch Konvergenz oder durch Kombination mit gleichartigen Elementen weitgehende Annäherungen erfahren . . . ;"¹ and again, " . . . Konvergenz: danach können, was a priori nicht zu bestreiten ist, gleichartige Erscheinungen ausser durch die gleichartige psychische Anlage des Menschen — den Elementargedanken — und ausser durch Wanderung oder Entlehnung auch durch Angleich ursprünglich verschiedener Erscheinungen unter dem Einfluss gleicher Natur- oder Kulturumgebung zustande kommen."² Also on p. 106 of his "Methode" we read, "Nur Entwicklungsreihen lassen Schlüsse auf grössere oder geringere Gleichartigkeit der Entwicklung zu, nicht die blosse Gleichheit der Endglieder; das verhindert schon die Möglichkeit der Konvergenz als gleicher Ergebnisse ungleicher Entwicklungsreihen."³ These apparent admissions of convergence on the

"American type," — an interpretation in no way justified by the results of the investigation (see Boas, *Changes in Bodily Form of Descendants of Immigrants*, New York, 1912, pp. 5-7).

¹ *Methods*, p. 64.

² *Ibid.*, p. 94.

³ It must be noted here that Graebner's interpretation of these for him only theoretically possible convergences is altogether inadequate. Having referred to the similarity of cultural setting and of physical environment as the causes of convergence, he proceeds to the following argument: "Da eine spezifisch gleiche Kulturumgebung ausser durch

part of Graebner are, however, not altogether sincere; for we presently find that he denies the existence of positive criteria for all independent developments of similarities.¹ It is on this aspect of Graebner's position that Dr. Lowie has concentrated the fire of his attack. In the section on the "Logical Standing of the Rival Theories" he has succeeded in showing that wherever positive proof of genetic relationship is not forthcoming, the criteria of historic connection are no less dependent upon the subjective attitude of the investigator than are those of independent development.²

Thus Dr. Lowie's critique has sapped the very foundations of Graebner's theoretical objections to the independent development of similarities. Nor is Graebner more successful in his attempt to justify his negative attitude by a consideration of a set of empirical data, drawn from the historic cultures of Europe.³ The fairness of the entire argument may well be doubted, for all similarities within a cultural area which admittedly constitutes an organic whole, will, of course, be ascribed to the homogeneity of the cultural setting. No inference may therefore be drawn from these considerations, of any bearing on the problem of the existence of similar but historically unrelated cultural traits in different groups. Graebner goes still further, and asserts that, even within the same cultural medium, parallel developments are rare ("Trotzdem ist deren Zahl recht gering"),—a proposition so palpably opposed to our experience as to require no refutation. Graebner also refers to the fact that, in many instances of similar ideas originated by different individuals, their existence is only revealed by subsequent historical research,—a proof that, of several similar ideas, only one or two take root in the

Kulturverwandtschaft aber ihrerseits nur als durch gleiche Naturumgebung hervorgerufen denkbar ist, bleibt diese allein als primäre Ursache von Konvergenzen übrig" (*Methode*, pp. 94-95). This exceedingly unsatisfactory conception is vigorously repudiated by Boas, who writes, "Is not in every problem of interaction the character of each of the interacting phenomena of equal importance? In the particular case here discussed we may say that our whole experience does not exhibit a single case in which two distinct tribal groups are so much alike in their mental characteristics that when they are subjected to the same modifying causes, these mental differences could be disregarded, and it is an entirely hypothetical and improbable assumption that in earlier periods absolute mental uniformity ever existed in distinct groups" (*Science*, vol. xxxiv, pp. 805-806). The problem is discussed with admirable clearness by Bernheim (*Lehrbuch der historischer Methode*, 1903, pp. 94-96), who emphasizes the complexity of cultural processes, and points out the importance of considering the psychic factor and the historical past of a group, if its re-actions to the physical environment are to be correctly interpreted. For a somewhat novel and suggestive treatment of the psychic factor, see also Clark Wissler, "The Psychological Aspect of the Culture-Environment Relation," *American Anthropologist*, vol. xiv (1912), pp. 217-225.

¹ *Methode*, p. 107.

² *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), pp. 26-31.

³ *Methode*, p. 113.

psychic *milieu* of a particular period, and bear fruit. A correct interpretation of this phenomenon, however, is given, not by Graebner, but by Boas, who writes, "The very fact that in modern civilization a new idea is frequently discovered independently by several individuals seems to me a proof of parallel lines of thought; and Mr. Graebner's statement that the thought of only one man becomes socially active, i. e., is adopted, seems to me to demonstrate just the reverse from what he claims. For an idea expressed at a time that is not ready for it remains barren of results; pronounced at a period when many think on similar, convergent lines, it is fruitful, and may revolutionize human thought."¹

The entire subject of convergent phenomena within the same culture must, however, be clearly differentiated from convergence in the accepted sense: for one of the essentials of convergence is the origin of similarities through independent development; whereas, in the instances referred to above, the similarities must probably be ascribed to imitation, the reproduction of a precedent that becomes a pattern, or to the assimilating or levelling influence of a homogeneous psychic setting. It does not follow, therefore, that the similar results are reached by identical or even very similar processes. In so far as the processes are different, we have convergence; but these convergences do not develop independently of one another, and their psychology may well be different from that of independent convergences. I therefore propose to apply to convergence of this type the somewhat cumbersome term "dependent convergence."²

The positive interpretation of convergence given by Professor Boas is not altogether satisfactory in point of clearness. "Ethnic phenomena," writes Professor Boas, "are, on the whole, exceedingly complex, and apparently similar ones may embrace quite distinct complexes of ideas, and may be due to distinct causes. To take a definite example: Taboos may be arbitrarily forbidden actions; they may be actions that are not performed because associated with religious or other concepts. Thus a trail may be forbidden because the owner does not allow trespassing, or it may have a sacred character, or it may be feared. All ethnic units separated from their cultural setting are artificial units, and we always omit in our comparisons certain groups of distinctive characteristics — no matter whether the comparisons are made from the point of view of cultural transmission, or of evolutionary series. Thus, in our case, the forbidden action stands out clearly as a unit, that of the taboo, although its psychological sources are entirely distinct — and this is one of the essential features of convergence."¹ I doubt whether this pres-

¹ *Science*, vol. xxxiv, p. 806.

² Compare p. 269.

entation is apt to make clear the idea of convergence as held even by Professor Boas himself. The discussion of the varying psychological settings of taboos merely emphasizes the importance of the psychological factor for a correct estimation of cultural phenomena, and serves as a warning that, unless proper weight be given to that factor, one might classify together phenomena that are essentially distinct. Professor Boas here fails to make clear the distinction, so often emphasized by himself, between the psychological setting of a custom and the psychological sources of its origin. Taboos which in different areas may have sprung from similar psychological motives, may in each area acquire a distinct significance, and one totally at variance with the original motive. On the other hand, taboos of multiple psychic origins may, under similar cultural conditions found in several distinct areas, develop similar psychic settings.¹

It is to this latter type of instances that Professor Boas refers when he speaks of taboos the "psychological sources" of which "are entirely distinct." But again the situation is not fully analyzed; for when we speak of the results of the different psychological processes as taboos, as "forbidden actions" that "stand out clearly as a unit," these taboos may either be psychologically distinct, thus constituting an instance of false convergence; or some of the taboos may also be similar psychologically. If, in the latter case, we can make sure that the psychological or historical origins of such taboos were distinct, the instance would be one of genuine convergence. In the following passage, however, quoted also by Dr. Lowie, Professor Boas states his position quite definitely. He writes, "We have ample proof to show that the most diverse ethnic phenomena, when subject to similar psychical conditions, or when referring to similar activities, will give similar results (not equal results), which we group naturally under the same category when viewed, not from an historical standpoint, but from that of psychology, technology, or other similar standpoints. The problem of convergence lies in the correct interpretation of the significance of ethnic phenomena that are apparently identical, but in many respects distinct; and also in the tendency of distinct phenomena to become psychologically similar, due to the shifting of some of their concomitant elements."² The statement of the problem of convergence in this form perhaps errs, in so far as it draws no distinction between the problem of genuine convergence and that of false convergence, but it compares, in my opinion, favorably with the position taken by Dr. Lowie, in two respects: Professor Boas recognizes the

¹ Compare Ehrenreich: "Die psychologische theorie endlich hat mit der Thatsache zu rechnen, dass bisweilen ähnliche Erscheinungen ganz verschiedenen Ideen entsprungen sind, während gleiche Grundgedanken zu ganz verschiedenen Ergebnissen führen können" (*Ethnographische Analogien*, p. 177).

² *Science*, vol. xxxiv, pp. 806-807.

reality of genuine convergence, whereas Dr. Lowie refuses to regard it as anything but a remote theoretical possibility; Professor Boas also leaves no doubt that false convergence must be regarded as a distinct ethnological problem, while Dr. Lowie seems to hold that whenever a supposed case of genuine convergence proves, on analysis, to be false convergence due to premature classification, not only does "the mystical element in the theory of convergence disappear,"¹ but the entire problem resolves itself into a *Scheinproblem* requiring no further attention.²

We must now turn to Ehrenreich, who may be designated as the "father of convergence;" for, while the formulation of this concept antedates his brief but highly suggestive remarks, he was the first to give it tangible form, and thereby forced upon ethnologists the realization that hereafter the concept of convergence will have to be counted with in ethnological discussion. As to his belief in the actuality of convergent developments there can be no doubt: "Die Thatsache des Bestehens solcher Convergenzen auch zwischen den einzelnen menschlichen Gruppen ist unleugbar, wenn auch noch nicht exact analysirt und erklärt."³ After a brief reference to convergence in material culture, he passes to more complicated and striking instances of convergence, such as the far-reaching resemblances between the cultures of the Papuans of New Guinea and the Indians of Central Brazil. Ehrenreich would expect convergences wherever "gleiche Geistesanlage sich vereint mit Gleichheit der Wirtschaftsform und der gesellschaftlichen Stufe." While it is doubtless true that "psychic unity" coupled with similarity of economic and social conditions would constitute a congenial medium for convergence, these conditions do not suffice for a psychological interpretation of convergence, as Dr. Lowie has shown.⁴ What a liberal use Ehrenreich proposes to make of the convergence principle appears from the following passage: "Brasilianer und Papuas sind Repräsentanten solcher gleichartiger Culturtypen. Auf primitiver Stufe sind Botokuden, Veddahs, Buschmänner, überhaupt wohl die afrikanischen Pygmäen als convergent aufzufassen, während die Australier, die man oft mit ihnen in Parallele setzt, nur in ergologischer Hinsicht damit vergleichbar sind, aber in ihren sociologischen Charakteren eine ganz eigenartige Entwicklung eingeschlagen haben. Im Reiche der höheren Culturwelt bilden die alten Civilisationen Babyloniens, Aegyptens und Chinas ähnliche Typen mit oft frappanten Convergenzen. Ihnen gegenüber stehen die unter einander ähnlichen Culturen Amerikas, die, als ganzes

¹ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, p. 31.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 41-42, "Conclusion."

³ *Ethnographische Analogien*, p. 177.

⁴ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, pp. 30-31.

betrachtet, wieder den altweltlichen Culturen convergent sind. Die moderne Cultur endlich als Trägerin der Civilisation im engsten Sinne hat die Tendenz, alle Typenunterschiede zu verwischen, an Stelle der Convergenz tritt hier die allgemeine Acculturation." ¹ I am afraid that, in this wide application, the concept of convergence becomes so vague and general, that one is tempted to regard it rather as a more or less fortunate expression of the fact that even the most heterogeneous cultures display certain most general similarities, than as a fundamental principle of development, which, together with the principles of cultural diffusion and of evolutionary parallelism, ought to constitute the methodological basis of ethnological research. It is indeed not easy to see what could be meant by the convergence of two cultures in their totality over and above the specific convergences embraced in these cultures. Still greater difficulties arise when one tries to interpret the concept of convergence applied to a complex of cultures with reference to another complex of cultures. It may, of course, be admitted that certain similarities as well as differences, in the interrelations of cultures within such complexes, will always be found; but the term "convergence," when applied to these similarities, becomes elusive in proportion to its generality, and ceases to represent a tangible reality.

In the following pages I shall designate as "convergence" or "genuine convergence" the independent development of psychologically similar cultural traits from dissimilar or less similar sources, in two or more cultural complexes.

When the similarities between the cultural traits are not psychological, but merely objective or classificatory, I shall speak of "false convergence."

"Dependent convergence," finally, will be used of those similarities that develop from different sources, but under the influence of a common cultural medium.

No attempt will be made in what follows to deal with the problem of convergence in an exhaustive way, nor to assign even speculatively the limits of applicability of the principle of convergence; nor do I propose to present historically verifiable instances of convergence.

The following remarks are strictly theoretical, and were born of the desire to formulate a theoretical justification of the principle of convergence.

Some may doubt the wisdom, nay the propriety, of such a discussion, in the absence of concrete demonstrations of convergence. But does not this lack of historical evidence rather suggest the need of a theoretical vindication of convergence? When that is achieved,

¹ *Ethnographische Analogien*, p. 178.

many will doubtless still refuse to accept the principle, unless demonstrated historically; but there will no longer be any justification in rejecting its use as a methodological principle on a par with the principles of parallelism and diffusion.

THE LIMITATION OF POSSIBILITIES AND CONVERGENCE ¹

A superficial acquaintance with the culture of a group usually leads to the impression of great complexity. One is confronted with a maze of heterogeneous facts, — beliefs, customs, ceremonies, industrial activities, peculiarities of dress. But a relatively brief familiarization with the same culture suffices to radically modify that first impression. The chaos of cultural traits, so bewildering at first, easily yields to certain obvious forms of classification; the multiplicity of customs and beliefs is found to follow certain patterns, usually few in number and well defined; industrial and artistic activities resolve themselves into a number of characteristic processes, deviations from which are found to be exceedingly rare. No sooner are these traits of a culture discovered than the task of describing it, apparently hopeless at first, becomes feasible. It is indeed obvious that, unless the fundamental traits of a culture were well defined and limited in number, a description of the culture would be well-nigh impossible, for it would have to consist in an endless enumeration of happenings, customs, beliefs.²

¹ The central thought of this section was first expounded in a paper read before The Pearson Circle of New York, in 1910. Since then, the "principle of limited possibilities" has been made a frequent subject for discussion with a number of friends, of whom I shall name Professor Boas, Dr. Robert H. Lowie, and Dr. Paul Radin. Although I am not able to discern any specific contribution to the subject made by these gentlemen, I here express my thanks to them for their assistance in the clarification of my own ideas.

² This limitation of the objective, and, as will presently appear, of the psychic, manifestations of a culture, must not be regarded as without parallel in other groups of facts. Language is a case in point, with reference to two of its aspects, phonetics and grammar. The number of sounds that can be articulated is practically unlimited; but in a language, only a definite and relatively small number of sounds is used. Obviously, this is not an incidental but a necessary condition of language; for, if the sounds articulated by the members of a group tended to vary all the time, no associations between clusters of sound and definite meanings could be formed, and there would be no language. Language as a means of communication of thought requires an automatic co-ordination between "ideas" and "words," which cannot exist unless the sounds used are fixed, and limited in number. The same applies to grammar. Of the unlimited possibilities of classification of experience that find expression in grammatical categories, a fixed and limited set is utilized in a language; and, if this were not the case, there could be no grammar. (Compare Boas, in *Handbook of American Indian Languages*, part I, Introduction, pp. 15-16 and 24.)

Now, the same limitation in fundamental classifications and in the number and character of cultural features was shown above to apply to a culture. To point out a situation is, of course, not to solve it, but merely to direct attention to a problem, — a problem which in this case has scarcely been broached. I shall here merely refer to two factors which furnish a partial explanation. A culture does not merely comprise certain of the

When several cultures thus resolved into their component units are compared, a further fact comes to light. The classification of cultural traits which proved so helpful in the first instance is found to apply in other instances also, although not without certain variations. One discovers that any of the cultures under discussion can be described in a treatise containing sections with similar headings, more or less. All comprise a social and ceremonial organization, a religious system, a mythology, an art, etc. The fact that a description of all human cultures according to a uniform plan is possible, the fact that we can have ethnographic monographs the general table of contents of which can be foreseen before the book is opened, — this fact alone suffices to establish the fundamental and far-reaching psychic unity of man.

Several further facts presently appear. The observation made on the culture first noted, that each phase of the culture is characterized by a few well-defined traits, is supported by the evidence from other cultures. Not only do we find in each instance a social organization, a ritualistic system, an art, a body of myths, but we also find that the social organization resolves itself into a set of social or local units with definite functions, and standing to one another in definite relations; that the ceremonial system consists of a number of rituals which all follow the same pattern, or at most of a number of such sets of rituals

outer activities and psychic states of a people: it also involves a co-ordination between the outward activities and accompanying inner states. This co-ordination is to a large extent automatic. Indeed, unless this were so, every individual of the group would find himself in the position of a globe-trotter who visits a totally strange country, or of an ethnologist who for the first time comes in contact with an aboriginal culture. In fact, his position would be more precarious than either that of the globe-trotter or that of the ethnologist. He could not comprehend the activities of his surroundings: the motives of action, the standards of judgment and of values applied by others, would to him appear as a maze of tantalizing puzzles.

This consideration, however, cannot properly be regarded as an explanation of the automatism of culture. It merely tends to indicate that this character of culture is not incidental, but, as in the case of grammatical structure and phonetics, essential to the existence itself of culture.

A principle of greater explanatory value is the importance of precedent in determining the course of culture. When a special form of social organization, style of art or mythology, develops in an area, not only does it tend to perpetuate itself, but it also becomes operative in checking other developments in the same sphere of culture. While the bearing of this factor ought not to be overestimated, in view of the undoubted tendency toward the differentiation of culture, it remains of the highest importance as a partial explanatory principle of the fixity and numerical limitation of the characteristic forms belonging to the various aspects of a culture. I made use of this principle in the *pattern theory* of the origin of totemism (*American Anthropologist*, 1912, pp. 600-607); Lowie applied it in an interpretation of the development of societies among the Plains Indians ("Some Problems in the Ethnology of the Crow and Village Indians," *American Anthropologist*, vol. xiv [1912], pp. 68-71); Wislser expounded the principle in a chapter on the "Origins of Rituals" among the Blackfoot ("Ceremonial Bundles of the Blackfoot Indians," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. vii, part 2 [1912], pp. 100-106).

with similar patterns; that the art has a definite style, that is, consists of a certain technique, represents a certain more or less restricted class of objects, or, without representing any objects, consists of certain motives, quite definite in character and definitely correlated; and so on.¹

Thus the impression of uniformity derived from the fact that all

¹ A word of warning is due here. The representation of cultures as given above may easily produce an exaggerated impression of the simplicity of culture. While it is doubtless true that in every culture the characteristic and essential framework of the culture consists of a set of well-defined and numerically limited features; while it is no less true that the vast majority of cultural re-actions proceed and must proceed unconsciously and automatically,—it must nevertheless not be forgotten that culture changes, and that certain at least of the cultural elements constantly tend to rise into consciousness. If a culture consisted only of a set of perfectly fixed features, and if, within that culture, all associations and responses were thoroughly automatic, there could, of course, be no change, no advancement. The fact that the reverse is true indicates the presence of a cultural fringe, which, like the perceptual fringe, is less clearly defined than the essential nucleus of the culture, but which, unlike the perceptual fringe, lies more within the domain of conscious deliberation than the cultural nucleus itself. The presence of such a fringe, moreover, need not be merely postulated on theoretical grounds, for its presence is well attested by our experience.

These remarks apply even to the most primitive cultures. In the case of higher and more complex cultures, the application of the argument propounded in the text becomes increasingly difficult. In a primitive group consisting, as it always does, of a relatively small number of individuals, every individual represents almost the whole of the culture of the group, and the best individuals represent the whole of it. But with increasing complexity, with division of labor, specialization of classes, religious, ceremonial, industrial, etc., it becomes more and more difficult for an individual, or small set of individuals, to be thoroughly representative of the culture of the group. The man, even in most primitive conditions, cannot do all the woman does, and *vice versa*; nor does he know all she knows, and *vice versa*. The priest, the medicine-man, the basket-maker, the potter, tend to monopolize certain phases of culture with their concomitant knowledge, ability, emotional associations, which, to that extent, cease to be common possessions of the group. What we find in these still relatively primitive stages is more emphatically true of the higher civilizations. The gulf between what is called the "culture of a group" and the amount of it carried by any individual, or set of individuals, has grown to enormous proportions. Each one of us is thoroughly saturated with, and automatically responds to, but a very small fraction of the totality of our culture. Certain ideas and emotions—as, for instance, the moral ones—are shared by a relatively large number of people; although even here the variations from class to class, from group to group, are often considerable, sometimes radical. As to knowledge, even the most "cultured" among us would have to confess to a total ignorance of many intellectual and material acquisitions of what they call "their" culture. A culture, psychically considered, may thus be visualized as a large series of partly overlapping circles, which stand for the actual cultural participation of individuals and sets of individuals, and which, together with their objective correlates, constitute the totality of the culture.

These reflections do not invalidate the argument in the text referring to the definiteness and fixity of a culture and the numerical limitation of its features; but, to use again the analogy of the psychology of perception, while we may well choose as the object of our study the image which lies in the main line of vision and in the focus of attention, it may be of importance to consider the perceptual fringe, and it is always dangerous to ignore it.

cultures are resolvable into a number of factors or phases which are practically fixed, begins to waver. As soon as we go beyond the formal classification, the similarities between the cultures seem to cease: each phase of culture in a group shows certain definite characteristics which are readily recognizable. The sum of such characteristics constitutes the individuality of the culture which thus becomes distinguishable from other cultures.

With further analysis, however, this observation also is found to represent but part of the truth; for, as culture after culture passes in review, one fails to discover that multiplicity of elementary styles and patterns of social organization, myths, ceremonies, etc., which one might expect if the elementary factors into which the phases of a culture are resolvable differed for each culture. Instead, one soon observes that certain fundamental cultural forms occur again and again; and, if the number of cultures under observation is large, one presently becomes aware that the recurrences of such fundamental forms are exceedingly frequent, that the forms lend themselves to a classification into a fairly small number of types, which constantly recur as one passes from culture to culture. Thus one finds that a social organization consists of social units (in the limited sense), or of families, or of local groups, or of various combinations of these units; that an art consists of carving, or drawing, or painting, or of a combination of these; that the form of it is realistic, or semi-conventionalized, or purely geometrical; that, if it is geometrical, either curves or straight lines predominate or are used one to the exclusion of the other; that a mythology comprises epics, or animal stories with explanatory features, or nature myths, or traditional accounts of historical happenings, or creation legends, or several of these types together; and so on, through the entire series of cultural forms.¹

Still deeper study would not fail to reveal a much larger set of similarities, — similarities more detailed, but scarcely more significant, than those discussed above. I refer to the countless, often most striking, similarities in custom, ritual, belief, myth, which fill the scholarly volumes of a Tylor, a Lang, a Hartland, a Frazer, a Farnell.

¹ A plausible objection to the argument must be met here. Are not the classifications referred to in the text artificial? Are they not altogether determined by the point of view from which we analyze culture? Is not, therefore, the limitation of features in a culture, resulting from such classification, illusory, and the entire argument purely formal? These remarks are justified in so far as our classification of cultural features is certainly determined by a definite point of view. It is also true that other conceivable view-points would lead to different forms of classification. The argument in the text, however, is not invalidated by these considerations; for, whatever the point of view, whatever the resulting classification of cultural features, the characterization of a culture as outlined above would hold true. A culture would always embrace a limited set of features definite in type. If so much is granted, we may safely pursue our argument.

We have now established the following facts that have a bearing on the problem of convergence. The objective manifestations of a culture are limited in number, and are readily amenable to classification into a set of types. The different phases of a culture are characterized by certain definite features, the sum of which constitute the individuality of the culture. Practically the same classification of cultural traits applies to all cultures. The characteristic features which distinguish the different phases of a culture are not specific in each culture, but show marked similarities, and can be classified into a number of fundamental cultural traits which are found again and again in different cultures.

Of the above generalizations, the two of greatest importance for our immediate problem are, the one that which refers to the limitation in number, and definiteness in type, of the concrete manifestations of a culture; the other, that which speaks of the similarities obtaining between such concrete manifestations of different cultures.

If, now, we leave the descriptive aspects of culture; if we turn from a consideration of cultural features as ascertainable by modern experience, or by cross-sections of cultural developments by means of historical reconstructions of certain definite periods or stages, and fix our attention upon the historical antecedents of culture, — the aspect of the observed phenomena changes. It becomes at once apparent that the historical and psychological sources of cultural traits — some that are objectively verifiable, and some that are merely probable or possible — are much more multiple and multiform than the cultural features that face us in an individual culture. This multiplicity and multiformity of sources of development is, of course, nothing but the cumulative result of the multiple possibilities of origin and development of any individual cultural feature.

As this observation is of crucial importance for the subject at hand, we must dwell on it for some time. The oft-quoted instance of taboos may again serve as an example. The prohibition to eat or kill certain animals, a cultural feature almost universal in its distribution, may develop from, for instance, the following sources:¹ the animal, as such, is sacred, as, for instance, snakes in India, and cats in Egypt; the animals are believed to be incarnations of ancestors, as again in Egypt, or among the South African Bantu; the animal is a totem, as in innumerable instances; the animal is a guardian spirit, as commonly among North American Indians, in the Banks Islands, etc.; the animal is associated with evil spirits, as among the Aranda in the case of some

¹ In the absence of data as to historical origins of animal taboos, the above examples are adduced to suggest the wide range of psychological settings of such taboos. It is highly probable, however, that most of the psychological connotations of taboos here given have at different times and places figured as the psychological sources of taboos.

few animals that are not totems; certain animals must not be killed or eaten during a particular season, as among the Eskimo, where caribou must not be killed, eaten, handled, during the season when sea-animals are hunted, and *vice versa*;¹ the animal is regarded as an ancestor, as in many totemic communities where the taboo applies to a clan or a family, as well as in some non-totemic groups where the idea of descent refers to the entire tribe; the animal is unclean, as the pig among the Jews; the animal is too closely akin to man, as in modern ethical vegetarianism;² the animal is too closely associated with man, as the dog or other pets; pregnant women, boys before initiation, women after first child-birth, etc., must not eat certain animals for various reasons; the animal is a sacred symbol, as the dove in Christianity; and so on.

The possible origins of a clan system or of individual clans may furnish another illustration. A clan may arise as a subdivision of a tribe through migration due to excess of numbers in the tribe, or internal strife, or the quest of new hunting-grounds, etc. Evidence of such origins of new clans is plentiful, — on the Northwest coast, among the Iroquois tribes, and elsewhere. Or a phratry organization, comprising two or more major subdivisions of a tribe, may already be in existence, and the clans may arise as subdivisions of the phratries. That such was the origin of clans in more than one tribe in Australia seems, at least, highly probable. Or a clan may be formed by the fusion of fragments of depleted clans, of which process, again, the Northwest coast people, the Iroquois, the Siouan tribes, offer abundant evidence. Or a clan system may spring up on the basis of a group of villages, which, by assuming various social and ceremonial functions and becoming closely associated with one another, become socialized, and assume the rôle of clans in a clan system. That such was the history of the clan systems of the Coast Salish and Bella Coola can scarcely be doubted, unless, indeed, among the latter the formation of a clan system out of an original tribal association of villages antedated their migration to Bentinck Arm. The same type of development must be assumed also for the Lillooet, Shuswap, perhaps also the Athapaskan Tahltan, among all of whom the first impetus and continued stimulation in the direction of such development were given by the suggestive influence of the coast culture. An alternative possibility of the development of a clan system out of a group of villages must also be mentioned. As I have referred to this process on another occasion, the passage may be reproduced here: "In the

¹ The source of these taboos, as Professor Boas suggests, was probably the habitual separation of the two forms of activity, which became standardized, and assumed the form of a taboo.

² This and similar instances do not, of course, have the character of absolute taboos; but the instances may be cited here as psychologically cognate phenomena.

course of social evolution the transformation of such loose local groups into a clan system must have occurred innumerable times. With increasing solidarity the local groups would gradually assume the character of at first vague social units. Through intercourse and intermarriage between the groups, with or without exogamy, the individuals would become distributed in the different localities. Thus a foundation would be laid for a clan system, which in time would become fixed and rigid."¹ We need not repeat here the arguments for the multiple origin of exogamy.²

The field of art supplies plentiful illustrations of similar nature. One will suffice. A realistic design may originate as an attempt to represent an animal in life-like form; or it may be part of a pictograph designed to convey the content of a myth or an occurrence; or it may result from a process of reading a realistic significance into a geometric design, which process, in its turn, leads to a modification of the design in a realistic sense. In groups, on the other hand, where realistic designs are already in vogue, the execution of realistic figures in each generation is due to a reproduction of the precedents of the preceding generation.³

Examples like the above could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but it will probably be admitted without further specification of the argument, that the historical and psychological sources of cultural traits are much more multiform than the traits themselves, objectively considered, in any one culture, or in several cultures that are being compared. Taboos, clans, realistic designs, are found among many peoples; but the origins, both historical and psychological, of all these features, are multiform. It thus appears that *the cultural features, as they occur in*

¹ *American Anthropologist*, vol. xiv (1912), p. 605, footnote 1.

² Compare *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii (1910), pp. 245-247.

³ It is, of course, apparent that very few of the "origins" here suggested are historically verifiable. The procedure adopted in the text may thus be objected to as altogether hypothetical. Now, it must at once be granted that, in individual instances, the possible or plausible development is no criterion of the historic event. This, however, does not apply when the possibilities of origin and development of ethnic features are considered from a more general standpoint. The study of sociological phenomena and historic experience have revealed, with varying degrees of clearness and certainty, a large number of tendencies and developments resulting in certain cultural features. With these fairly well understood processes as guidance, a much larger number of possible processes of development may be constructed. We must, of course, allow for the fact that some of the processes regarded as possible on theoretical grounds may never have occurred; but, on the general theory of probability, a large majority of the processes suggested as possible or probable by theoretical study or concrete experience, must actually have occurred in the course of cultural development. Moreover, the origins and processes that have occurred must, in number and variety, vastly exceed our hypothetical reconstructions; for, whereas some of the latter may never have been realized, many developments must have taken place in the course of the historic process, which never occur to us as possible, on account of the limitation of our knowledge and experience. I trust that these considerations fully vindicate the methodology of the foregoing pages.

concrete cultural complexes, constitute, when compared to the multiplicity of their sources, a limitation in the possibilities of development. In other words, there is convergence, for convergence is the development of cultural similarities which arise from different sources. Considering the relatively small number of aspects that the different phases of culture assume, the number of such convergences must be exceedingly great. But so far, we have only referred to phenomena of a generalized character, such as clans, taboos, realistic designs. If, now, we turn to cultural features as actually found in existing cultures, we observe that they are always more complex than the generalized features referred to above. The complexity consists in the elaboration of the feature itself through various functions, specifications, etc., as well as in the co-ordination between separate features. Now, a survey of cultures shows notable similarities also between such complex features and combinations of features. The more complex a feature, either in itself or through association with other features, the greater the number of its possible historical and psychological sources; for every definite aspect, every function of a feature, may itself have multiple origins; and, similarly, the association of several features may proceed along quite different lines, — different in origin, in mechanism, in the chronological succession of individual events. Any attempt to correlate the similarities between different cultures in such complex features imposes the principle of convergence with even greater force than in the case of the more simple and general cultural traits.

It will be observed that so far the objective manifestations of cultures alone have been considered: in other words, the convergences invoked to account for the similarities may, after all, prove to be false convergences. We may have clans that have sprung from different sources and also remain different in their functions; one clan may regulate marriage and the election of chiefs, the other may be associated with ceremonial and religious or mythological ideas and practices. The resemblance, then, would be of that superficial, formal kind characteristic of false convergences. Similarly with taboos: animal taboos of heterogeneous origin and development may also differ in their psychological connotations; the one may emanate at a given time from the conscious prescription of a chief, the other may be based on the totemic character of the animal. Again the convergence would be purely objective. But if, in these or similar instances, the cultural features, while of different derivation, acquire a similar psychological content, or, in case of social divisions, similar functions, the case is one of genuine convergence.

Another circumstance must here be invoked to show that convergences of this latter type, genuine convergences, are more likely to arise than would at first sight appear.

We have so far spoken of the objective manifestations of cultures; that is, of cultural manifestations as viewed by the investigator who is satisfied to describe what he sees without following up the precise cultural setting or psychological content of the observed phenomenon. Now, when these latter aspects of culture engage one's attention, he finds what we have already established for the objective cultural manifestations: the psychic settings of cultural traits are also limited in number in each culture, and to a considerable extent similar in different cultures. We find that social divisions (whether clans, phratries, families, villages) regulate marriage, figure as ceremonial, religious, political units, exercise reciprocal functions at burial, games, feasts, contests, etc. These functions, either in isolation or in different combinations, occur everywhere in connection with social divisions; and often in quite different cultures the same individual functions, or even combinations of functions, occur in connection with the same kind of social divisions. These facts are too well known to require specification. But the same also applies to other customs, activities, functions, ideas. The functions of religious and military societies, clubs, age classes, are limited in number, and recur in different groups. The varieties of interpretations of designs, realistic and geometrical, are strictly limited in each cultural area, and similar interpretations occur in distinct areas. The forms and psychic contents of initiation ceremonies, of all *rites de passage*, are no less similar within separate cultures, and, to a high degree, between cultures. The ceremonial cycles attending birth, marriage, death, burial, are quite as characteristic of cultural areas; and many of the ceremonial details, with their concomitant interpretations, are facts of wide distribution. Mechanisms of trade and barter, legal procedure and magical rite, behave in no different manner. Thus *the psychic aspects of culture, when compared to the multiplicity of their possible psychological and historical origins, constitute a further limitation in the possibilities of development.*

The set of facts just referred to, when correlated with the limitation of forms in the objective manifestations of culture, constitute irrefutable evidence of genuine convergence. The evidence, in fact, points not merely toward the reality of genuine convergence, but toward its inevitableness and frequency.¹ But the case of convergence does not rest there.

¹ In his "On the Principle of Convergence in Ethnology" (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, pp. 37-38), Dr. Lowie refers to the principle of limited possibilities, and illustrates it by a number of examples. An analysis of these examples will show that a physical or logical limitation of possibilities is involved in each instance. Descent can be either maternal or paternal; there must be either evolution or permanence of species; the number of ways in which a skin membrane can be fastened to a drum is limited; etc. The same idea is expressed by A. Haberlandt in his

Of the more involved manifestations of convergence, I propose to deal briefly with one, — the totemic complex. It has been shown that the separate features entering into the composition of a totemic organization are cultural traits which in no sense may be regarded as derived from totemism. Clan exogamy, animal names of social groups, beliefs in descent from an animal, are features of complex historical and psychological derivation, which, under certain psychosociological conditions, enter into intimate association with one another, thus constituting a totemic complex.¹ Now, when totemic complexes in different cultural areas are compared, one finds certain rather marked similarities in the component features of the complexes, as well as a much more striking similarity in certain forms of socialization, by means of which the totemic features become consolidated into a morphologically integral system.² But over and above these resemblances there occurs in totemic complexes a psychic re-interpretation and assimilation of cultural features which transforms these totemic organizations into strictly comparable cultural complexes lying, as it were, on the same psychic plane. This re-interpretation of features through their assimilation by the totemic medium, finds expression in the fact that the features are conceived and felt as totemic features by the totemites. Whatever the derivation of British Columbia carvings, whatever the sources of their clan myths and ceremonies, these traits are for them expressions of their totemism. The magical ceremonies of the Central Australian are for him indissolubly fused in his totemic circle of participation. And so with other features and other totemic complexes. The real comparability of totemic organizations is thus seen to be based on these two facts: on the one hand, the consolidation of totemic features through the merging with a definite form of social organization, — *the totemic asso-*

"Prähistorisch-ethnographische Parallelen" (*Archiv für Anthropologie*, vol. xii [1913] pp. 1-25), where he speaks, for example, of the limited possibilities in the development of arrow-points, most of which have been realized at some time or other (*Ibid.*, p. 10), or of the conditions that must be satisfied by every sword-handle (*Ibid.*, pp. 7-8). How wide an application can be made of this principle may be gathered from its use by Dilthey, who believes in a logical limitation of possible systems of philosophy (cf. also Boas, "Anthropology," *Columbia University Press*, 1908, p. 24).

The principle of limited possibilities as formulated by these authors must, from the point of view of convergence, be regarded as a special instance of the principle expounded in the text. Wherever the sources of development are many, and the possibilities of the results are limited through the operation of logical, objective, or cultural factors, there must be convergence; and the greater the possible number of sources of development, and the smaller the possible number of results, the stronger is the case for convergence.

¹ See "Totemism, an Analytical Study," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii (1910), pp. 264 *et seq.*

² See "The Origin of Totemism," *American Anthropologist*, vol. xiv (1912), p. 603; and "Andrew Lang on Method in the Study of Totemism," *Ibid.*, p. 384.

ciation; on the other, the re-interpretation of the features in the spirit of the totemic medium, — *the totemic assimilation*.

Totemic complexes must, then, be conceived as products of convergent developments in three distinct respects: the separate features in the different complexes involve convergence; the typical totemic social structures with their features, which in different complexes develop in different ways, involve convergence;¹ the totemic atmosphere, finally, with its psychically transformed features, involves convergence.

Similar psychic transformations, of a more or less temporary character, and leading to convergence, could be studied in feudal systems, revolutionary periods, wars, financial panics.

CONVERGENCE *vs.* PARALLELISM

The argument of the preceding section, while primarily designed to establish a firm theoretical foundation for the principle of convergence, does not in the least militate against the principle of parallelism. The two principles must share the task of interpreting those similarities in cultures that are not due to historical contact. It may be stated at the outset that, whereas no proof has been forthcoming of at all significant parallelisms in the development of integral historical complexes, parallelisms of relatively limited duration and content have been revealed by historical, and, to a less degree, ethnological research; the obvious disadvantage of the ethnologist in such problems being, of course, the lack of consecutive historical or otherwise well-authenticated data referring to one cultural group, and covering a considerable period of time. Here a question arises which may not be devoid of interest in its bearing on ethnological research. Apart from the merits of individual cases where, of course, specific data will decide in favor of parallelism or convergence, are there not theoretical grounds of a more general character for the preferential application of one of the two principles? One ground for comparison would be the extent to which hypothetical elements enter in the application of the two principles. Here the balance points clearly in favor of convergence, for the assumption of only one stage at which the antecedents of two cultural traits were dissimilar, or less similar than the traits themselves, would substantiate the claim for convergence; whereas parallelism involves the assumption of a more or less extended series of similar stages, the probability of which varies inversely with the number of stages. Here Graebner is doubtlessly right when he says with reference to convergence, "In der Hauptsache und der

¹ The socio-psychological factor responsible for this association of the social system with totemic features has been referred to before as the tendency for specific socialization ("Exogamy and Totemism defined: A Rejoinder," *American Anthropologist*, vol. xiii [1911], pp. 596-597). The tendency itself, then, is not the product of convergence.

Meinung nach steht diese Auffassung als Ergänzung der Lehre vom Elementargedanken zweifellos auf dem Boden der evolutionistischen Richtung. In einer Beziehung steht sie jedoch auch den spezifisch kulturgeschichtlichen Bestrebungen nahe, nämlich in ihrer Tendenz zu absoluter Wertung der Einzelercheinung. Wenn gleichartige Erscheinungen nicht ohne weiteres Endglieder gleicher Entwicklungsreihen sind, sondern ganz verschiedene Vorgeschichte haben können, so muss eben jede einzelne Tatsache auf ihre besonderen Ursachen und die besonderen Zusammenhänge, in denen sie steht, untersucht werden. Ob die Untersuchung dann zuletzt ein Zusammenlaufen nach rückwärts oder eine Beziehungslosigkeit der einzelnen Kausalreihen feststellt ist ja im Grunde ein Unterschied des Ergebnisses, nicht eigentlich der Methode."¹

Another argument in favor of convergence arises from a consideration of cultural traits in their relation to historical processes. Since the time of Spencer, Tylor, Frazer, the resemblances of cultural traits in different cultural complexes have become commonplaces of ethnology. The orthodox evolutionist correlated these similarities with parallel series of developments rooted ultimately in the psychic unity of man; but the results of historic and ethnologic research proved fatal to that conception. While parallelisms of a certain kind were shown to occur, this does not hold for parallelisms of any degree of complexity and duration, nor for integral historic processes, the individuality of which seems so conspicuous that doubt prevails in the highest quarters as to whether anything like historic laws in the strict sense will ever become more than a *desideratum*. The realization of the individuality of historic processes became a stimulus towards more intensive analysis of cultural traits; and presently results were obtained to the effect that many so-called similarities in cultures were largely illusory, and resulted partly from lack of definite information, partly from perfectly artificial classifications of cultural phenomena. The rigorous application of the psychological point of view led to similar conclusions; for many objectively similar cultural features, when studied in their cultural settings, were easily shown to resolve themselves into thoroughly different contents. This destructive research notwithstanding, a wide domain of genuine cultural similarities survived the onslaught of critical analysis. Thus arose a peculiar situation: similarities in cultural traits had to be correlated with diversities in historic processes. The principle of convergence seems admirably fitted for this task. If similar origins and processes of development are not necessary antecedents of cultural similarities, the apparently contradictory situation finds its solution. Thus the concept of convergence is firmly based on that tremendous array of

¹ *Methode*, p. 95.

ethnological similarities, both objective and psychological, also embraced by evolutionism; but whereas the latter conception becomes top-heavy through its attempts to harness all similarities into the frame of parallel developments, convergence simply accepts the two equally impressive series of facts; the one representing the heterogeneity and individuality of historic successions of events, the other recording the conspicuous and no less significant similarities in the objective and psychological manifestations of cultures among many peoples and at different times and places.

Moreover, it can, I think, be shown that every instance of parallelism involves, of necessity, convergence. This appears if one tries to reconstruct in general terms the processes by which two similar and genetically unrelated cultural traits may have arisen. The immediate antecedents of the traits may have been either to the same degree similar, or less similar: parallelism or convergence would obtain. In the reconstruction of further antecedents the probability of finding traits just as similar would be less, and the probability of finding less similar traits would be proportionately greater. With every step backward the probability of equal similarity would decrease, that of less similarity increase. This circumstance is simply the expression of the principle that the probability of a parallel series is, roughly speaking, inversely proportionate to the length of the series. Obviously, after a more or less prolonged series of stages in our reconstruction, we shall find antecedents that will be less similar or dissimilar. At this stage, then, in the historical development of the series, there was convergence. The only alternative assumption is that of two parallel series which, from their very inception, started as similar features, and continued parallel throughout the entire extent of the historical process. But this assumption is contradicted by our historical and ethnological experience.

Thus convergence, methodologically considered, has several points in its favor, when compared to parallelism; parallelism itself, moreover, involves convergence.

THE HEURISTIC VALUE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF PARALLELISM, DIFFUSION, AND CONVERGENCE

While the fight rages over the principles of parallelism, diffusion, convergence, the temptation lies near to identify the problem of the interpretation of culture with the successful application of one or all of these principles. Nothing could be further from the truth, however.

We have heard of many different kinds of parallelisms. The classical evolutionist believes in practically uniform series of developments not only of separate phases of culture, but of entire historic complexes. Lamprecht constructs his culture eras that are psycho-

logically definable and repeat themselves at different times and places.¹ Breysig heralds a lengthy series of what he calls "historical laws," but which are really parallelisms of certain cultural developments, limited in content and complexity, which repeat themselves in the course of the historic process.² Wundt's "Völkerpsychologie" presents another example of an elaborate and much more critical attempt to represent the uniformity of cultural developments. Ehrenreich repeatedly voices his faith in the essential similarity of cultural processes which differ mainly in the chronological succession of their stages.³ Interpretative attempts aiming at biologically or psychologically inspired explanations are not lacking. They need not here concern us. Amidst this maze of theories and opinions, one fact stands out with great clearness, — the fact that parallel series do not in themselves furnish a *rationale* of culture. Whether the parallelisms refer to entire historical complexes and embrace centuries and millenniums, or more modestly comprise parallel developments of less extent and duration, when demonstrated they do not constitute a solution, but a problem which has not so far been successfully attacked.

While the majority of investigators would probably admit the truth of the above considerations, Foy and Graebner have recently voiced opinions which reveal a far less critical attitude on their part toward the principle of diffusion or historical relationship of which they make a universal interpretative principle. A full comprehension of culture for them means human history objectively reconstructed.⁴

But even the most superficial analysis would suffice to show how little we know about a cultural situation when all we know about it is that a feature belonging to a culture has been borrowed by another culture. How often does such a feature remain a foreign body in its new cultural environment! Instance the *art nouveau* of western Europe, which, toward the end of the past century, spread through the domain of the plastic and decorative arts, and, from a modest beginning in its application to small decorative objects, rose to the level of a new artistic style, and all but created a novel form of architecture. Eventually the *art nouveau* crossed the Atlantic, but, in its new surroundings, proved most ineffective. After languishing for a number of years in the show-windows of fashionable stationery and art stores, it vanished without leaving any apparent trace on any form of American art.

A somewhat striking example of a cultural feature which, notwith-

¹ Compare his *Moderne Geschichtswissenschaft*, especially pp. 77-130.

² Breysig, *Der Stufen-Bau und die Gesetze der Weltgeschichte*, pp. 107-123.

³ Ehrenreich, *Ethnographische Analogien*, p. 178; and *Allgemeine Mythologie*, pp. 59-60.

⁴ See Foy's Introduction to Graebner's *Methode*, p. xvi, and his "Begriff, Aufgabe und Geschichte der Völkerkunde," in *Führer durch das Rautenstrauch-Joest-Museum* (Cöln, 1910), pp. 16-17; also Graebner, *Methode*, p. 107.

standing a prolonged objective association with a cultural medium, failed to be psychologically assimilated by that medium, is furnished by the history of classical education in the public schools of the Russian Empire. Engrafted upon the Russian school curriculum by an indiscriminative government, taught by teachers of foreign birth, radically at variance with the intellectual interests and the practical needs of the Russian educated classes, classicism in Russia never became an integral part either of the culture of the people or of their educational system.

If further instances be sought, they may be readily found wherever "civilized" nations have come in contact with primitive tribes, whether through colonization, trade, or scientific expeditions. In all such instances we find that our material culture, customs, habits of dress and behavior, even religious and moral notions, are often adopted by the nations in a formal way, as it were, without, for long periods of time, radically affecting the intellectual or emotional content of their culture, or even their essential habits of action.

Instances of partial assimilation of borrowed cultural features can as readily be given. The American university with its college and schools is one. Modelled after mediæval and more recent European patterns, the American university has to a large extent become assimilated and transformed by American life, with its peculiar ideals and requirements. The process, however, cannot be regarded as completed, and evidence is plentiful of the varied maladjustments of our universities and colleges to the practical, moral, intellectual, requirements of to-day.¹

The failure of the policy of Russianization in Poland and Finland is another case in point. Both Russian Poland and Finland have certainly absorbed much of Russian culture, but these acquired traits were but partly assimilated by the historic cultures of the two countries; and in both cases the well co-ordinated organism of an autonomous culture is but superficially hidden behind the outward guise of Russian institutions.

Among the Kwakiutl of the Northwest coast the institution of maternal descent, no doubt derived from the northern tribes, without becoming the dominant form, was assimilated by the prevailing institutions to a sufficient extent to result in a highly characteristic hybrid organization which combines features of maternal and paternal descent;² in the ghost-dance religions of the American Indians one easily discerns partly transformed features of Christian belief and

¹ Compare the discussions in Professor Cattell's *University Control*, which has just appeared as Volume III of the Science and Education Series.

² F. Boas, *The Social Organisation and the Secret Societies of the Kwakiutl Indians* (Washington, 1897), p. 334, and elsewhere.

dogma; in Iroquoian and other cosmologies, biblical incidents appear in transparent guise; in innumerable Indian stories and myths, elements of European folk-lore are but partly co-ordinated with the genuine Indian content.¹

In other cases, perfect assimilation of imported elements has taken place. In modern civilization, numerous cultural traits originally belonging to disparate cultures have become so thoroughly acclimatized in their new media as to lay the foundation of that ever-progressing uniformity in many essentials of culture called "internationalism."

The European horse has been made their own by the Plains Indians, even to the extent of becoming one of the most characteristic traits of their culture. The Salish Bella Coola have borrowed so much and so well of the social organization, religion, ceremonies, material culture, of the coast peoples, as to become practically identical culturally with those peoples.²

The mechanism and psychology of the borrowing processes exemplified above would, if properly understood, certainly reveal profound and significant differences.³ By embracing all of these processes in the general terms of diffusion or genetic relationship, no more is achieved than to suggest the initial direction for further research.⁴

As mentioned before, Graebner does not in theory deny the applicability of the psychological point of view, but he fails to apply it. This, and his failure to concentrate on the study of a real (not reconstructed) cultural complex, constitute the conspicuous limitations of his work. It is thus that he permitted himself to be misled into the acceptance of three cardinal principles which became the cornerstones of the entire theory of culture-waves and culture-strata,—the principle of interpretation at a distance (*Ferninterpretation*),

¹ See the recent discussion by F. Boas, "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv (1912), pp. 247-260.

² F. Boas, "The Mythology of the Bella Coola Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. i, pp. 120-127.

³ The state of our knowledge with reference to these phenomena is well illustrated by the fact that upon one point, at least, in connection with borrowing, Boas and Graebner voice diametrically opposite views. Graebner represents a widely held standpoint when he says that "wo eine Erscheinung unorganisch in ihrem Zusammenhange steht, liegt Übertragung vor" (*Methode*, p. 96); whereas Boas remarks, "The opinion expressed by Dr. Graebner seems to me so little true, that I rather incline towards the reverse opinion. It seems at least plausible, although it has never been proved, that on the whole only such ethnic features are transmitted that in some way conform to the character of some feature of the life of the people that adopt them" (*Science* [1911], p. 808).

⁴ While more extensive investigations of diffusion and the assimilation of borrowed traits still remain to be made, much credit is due to Dr. Paul Radin for his illuminating study of the peyote cult among the Winnebago (*American Anthropologist*, 1913), in which he has disclosed highly instructive examples of the borrowing, assimilation, and transformation of ideas.

which totally disregards the geographical, and in so far the historical, factor in the diffusion of culture;¹ the principle of the permanent comparability of genetically related cultures, which fails to take into account the psychic transformations of cultural traits;² and the principle of the integral diffusion of cultures, which is contradicted by all we know of the individuality of the different phases of a culture as well as by our entire historical experience.³ A detailed critique of these principles, however, would carry us beyond the scope of this article.⁴

Another consideration must be adduced here to show the intimate relationship between the problem of diffusion and those problems which arise in the study of a concrete cultural complex. In discussions of cultural origins, and in other connections, it is customary to contrast the processes within a culture conceived of as "inner growth" with the processes involved in cultural contact. Now, in addition to the differences displayed by the two sets of phenomena, there are also fundamental psychological similarities. Ideas or customs that come from another culture may be totally rejected, or, as indicated before, they may either remain essentially foreign to the new medium or become partly or thoroughly assimilated. These ideas or customs are first introduced by individuals or groups of individuals, and spread

¹ *Methode*, pp. 62-70; also pp. 110, 115, 119, 143.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 104-125. The fact that Graebner pursues his argument so largely in the domain of material culture is here responsible for his position.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 116.

⁴ Graebner has applied his theoretical standpoint in a series of special studies (see his "Kulturkreise und Kulturschichten in Ozeanien," *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, vol. xxxvii [1905], pp. 28 et seq.; "Wanderung und Entwicklung sozialer Systeme in Australien," *Globus*, vol. xc [1906], pp. 181-186, 207-210, 220-224, 237-241; "Die sozialen Systeme in der Südpazifik," *Zeitschrift für Sozialwissenschaft*, vol. xi [1908]; "Die Melanesische Bogenkultur und ihre Verwandten," *Anthropos*, vol. iv [1909]; also several recent publications in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* and the *Baessler Archiv*). In all of these works, as well as in his theoretical position, Graebner builds on the foundation laid by Ratzel. This standpoint is shared by Frobenius, an earlier representative of this ethnological school, in his "Der Ursprung der Afrikanischen Kulturen" (1898), and "Die Kulturformen Ozeaniens," *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, vol. xlii (1900); Ankermann, "Die Lehre von den Kulturkreisen," *Archiv für Anthropologie* (1911), *Korrespondenz-Blatt*, whose position, however, is more critical; Foy, "Zur Geschichte der Eisentechnik, insbesondere des Gebläses," *Ethnologica*, I. Compare also P. W. Schmidt, "Die Kulturhistorische Methode in der Ethnologie," *Anthropos*, vol. vi (1911), pp. 1010-1036. Among English students, Rivers has shown marked sympathy with Graebner's position (see his "The Ethnological Analysis of Culture," *Science*, vol. xxxiv [1911], and "The Sociological Significance of Myth," *Folk-Lore*, 1912). Graebner has been attacked in this country by Boas, Dixon, and Lowie, in the articles referred to before; but the only systematic attempt at an analysis of Graebner's work so far has been made by Haberlandt, in his brief article "Zur Kritik der Lehre von den Kulturkreisen und Kulturschichten," *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, vol. 57 (1911), pp. 113-118. For Graebner's and Foy's answers and Haberlandt's final note, see *Ibid.*, pp. 228 et seq., 230 et seq., 234.

through the cultural area by a more or less rapid process of diffusion. Now, all of these traits apply also to ideas or customs which spring up within the group. They also may be rejected, partly or wholly assimilated, and they spread in essentially the same way. The mechanism and psychology of the processes are strikingly similar. Of course, there is an important difference: the ideas and customs of indigenous origin are more likely to prove acceptable and become assimilated than those coming from without. This is obviously due to the fact that the ideas and customs that spring up within a culture are in part determined by that culture, while those that come from without are independent of the recipient cultural medium. The main difference, then, seems to lie, not in the processes of moulding and assimilation to which the two sets of ideas and customs are subjected in a cultural medium, but to the fact that the range and character of the two sets of ideas and customs are to a greater or less extent different. Clearly, also, this difference will be the less, the greater the similarity between the two cultures in contact.

It thus appears that not only are the phenomena of diffusion replete with psychological problems, but the character of those problems is in many ways related to that of the problems arising in the study of concrete cultural complexes.¹

Similar difficulties arise in connection with the principle of convergence. No more than in the case of parallelism and diffusion is there a psychological interpretation of similarities in culture when they are ascribed to convergent developments. The phenomena of what we called "dependent" convergence may first be cited in this connection. The facts embraced in that category belong to the domain of convergence as well as to that of diffusion or genetic relationship. They represent convergences in so far as the sources from which they develop may be different; but whereas in genuine convergences the development of similarities proceeds in two or more independent series belonging to different cultures, in the case of "dependent" convergence the similarities are due to a common psychic setting, to ideas that are "in the air," or to the suggestion of a pre-existing pattern. An interesting study could be made to show that the pragmatisms of a Mach, a James, a Schiller, a Dewey, or a Bergson, have developed from

¹ Of the few contributions to the solution of this and related problems, Wissler's recent article deserves mention. See his "The North American Indians of the Plains," *Popular Science Monthly* (May, 1913), pp. 436-444, where, at the end of an all too brief but pregnant discussion, the author concludes, "In general, we believe that the facts warrant the assumption that the typical Plains culture was developed in the heart of the area, and was the composite result of independent invention and the adaptation of intrusive cultural traits from the east, south, and west." It is to be hoped that Dr. Wissler will not long withhold a much more detailed discussion of the same problem than the one he has given us.

different sources, and often through strikingly dissimilar processes of thought. On the other hand, it is plain that the thinking of these authors along pragmatic lines was to a large extent determined by certain widely spread tendencies in modern thinking.

On a similar plane lies the objective tendency in modern psychology and sociology, — the so-called "psychology of behavior." While hints and theories pointing in this direction may be found in books on psychology, sociology, religion, the psychic motivation of these convergent processes of thought is discernibly variable. The lure of statistics has done its share; the discouraging results of the introspective method constitute another factor; still another is represented by the desire to equate the methods of human and animal psychology;¹ while the essentially similar position recently taken by Durkheim in his "La Vie Religieuse" has a psychological history of a much more involved character.

Genuine convergence, finally, is by no means obvious psychologically, and practically no advance has so far been made towards the clearing-up of the problems involved.² The principle of limited possibilities advocated in this study may suggest the reality of convergence, but it does not touch the psychological aspect of the situation. Pending specific investigation of convergences and their psychic mechanisms, a few theoretically plausible sources of convergence may at least be indicated. Accident will always claim its share of instances,³ meaning by that the operation of a multiplicity of factors which in their complexity will ever defy attempts to reduce them to any kind of law, and which will always be operative in producing convergences as well as divergences. Convergences of this type may fitly be compared to those at times striking physiognomic convergences which occur in genetically unrelated persons. General psychological similarity of two cultures or cultural stages must certainly constitute a favorable

¹ Compare McDougall's *Introduction to Social Psychology*; Max Meyer's *The Fundamental Laws of Human Behavior*, Boston, 1911; Thorndike's *Animal Intelligence* (last two chapters); also Leuba's *A Psychological Study of Religion*, 1912. The most dogmatic and uncompromising stand in this connection has been taken by J. B. Watson ("Psychology as the Behaviorist views it," *Psychological Review*, vol. xx [1913], pp. 158-177), who, with enviable optimism, unflinchingly accepts even the most absurd consequences of the doctrine of behavior.

² Thus, while exception must be taken to Dr. Lowie's dictum, "granted the existence of identities, they are inexplicable," for reasons indicated before (see p. 268), he is certainly right in insisting that neither the psychic unity of man, nor similarity in physical or cultural environment, is in itself sufficient to *explain* genuine convergence.

³ Graebner is certainly wrong in categorically rejecting R. M. Meyer's utilization of the concept of accident (*Methode*, p. 95). Of course, the concept must not be understood to imply the negation of cause, but rather as expressed above. In all questions of origins, for instance, origins of inventions in particular, the concept of accident or chance will ever do excellent service. For a judicious utilization of the concept in this connection, see Wundt, "Elemente der Völkerpsychologie," pp. 24, 27-30, 31-32.

soil for the germination of convergences. This also applies to similar phases in economic, juridical, religious, social, development. Still another source, as shown before, may be seen in the assimilating influence of special psychic situations, such as are constituted by totemic complexes, religious societies, feudal systems, revolutionary periods, etc. Concrete research must be relied upon to reveal the explanatory value of the above and other factors, as well as the relation between genuine and false convergences.¹

Meanwhile, enough has been said to show that parallelism, diffusion, convergence, must be regarded solely in the light of heuristic principles, which cannot be directly utilized for an interpretation of culture, but the application of which may be expected to result in a re-arrangement of cultural material which will lend itself more readily to such interpretation.

SUMMARY

A critical analysis of the use of the concept of convergence by various authors leads to the distinction of three types of convergence,—false convergence, genuine convergence, and dependent convergence.

Pending the concrete demonstration of instances of convergence which may be expected from further research, a theoretical vindication of the principle seems desirable.

Analysis of individual cultures shows that every culture is characterized by a limited number of cultural traits, both objective and psycho-

¹ While the principle of limited possibilities as here enunciated applies to all phases of culture, material culture as such has scarcely been touched upon in this study. This was due to two reasons. Graebner's conclusions and theories obviously have been derived from his intensive studies of the material culture of certain areas, and he has largely relied upon these data in his *Methode* as well as in his concrete investigations. Dr. Lowie, in his capacity of critic, was induced to follow Graebner's lead in selecting his examples mainly in the domain of material culture. The same is true of Haberlandt's interesting study ("Prähistorisch-ethnographische Parallelen," *Archiv für Anthropologie*, Band XII, 1913). Thus it seemed desirable to concentrate on the other aspects of culture which had remained relatively neglected in the discussion of convergence. On the other hand, certain problems arise in connection with material culture which have not been satisfactorily treated, but which are so specific as to fall outside the limits of the present article. To give only one illustration. In the domain of material culture, and there alone, identities of independent origin are known to occur. These, it would seem, surely constitute genuine convergences. But the objectively identical features may have different psychological settings, in which case, in accordance with the psychological connotations of the concept of convergence, the identities ought to be classed as false convergences. This is only one of the difficulties which cannot be satisfactorily disposed of in the absence of a thorough analytical study of cultural similarities and of the concept of similarity itself in its application to cultural traits. Such a study, again, can only be made at the hand of a series of concrete examples. This, then, may well be regarded as the immediate task of the ethnologist, which must be accomplished before much further progress in the theoretical elaboration of the concept of convergence can be expected.

logical, the character of which is also clearly defined. Marked similarities exist between such traits in different cultures. On the other hand, an analysis of the historical and psychological sources of such cultural traits reveals a much greater possible variety of origins and processes. This limitation in number and character of cultural traits, when compared to the multiplicity of possible historical and psychological sources, constitutes a limitation in the possibilities of development, and necessitates convergence. *The principle of limited possibilities in cultural development is thus constituted an a priori argument in favor of convergence.*

Convergence and parallelism do not exclude each other. On the other hand, the preferential application of the principle of convergence seems justifiable: for convergence involves less hypothetical elements than parallelism; convergence reconciles the similarity in cultural traits with the diversity of historical processes; moreover, every instance of parallelism of necessity involves an initial convergence.

Parallelism, diffusion, convergence, are not principles of psychological interpretation, and cannot in themselves furnish a *rationale* of culture. They must be regarded as heuristic principles the critical application of which will result in a grouping and classification of cultural data facilitating the psychological interpretation of culture.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK CITY.

LOCAL MEETINGS

NORTH CAROLINA BRANCH

At a meeting called in Raleigh, N. C., on March 24, approximately forty prospective members of a North Carolina Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society were present, and about ten or fifteen others.

A permanent organization, called the North Carolina Folk-Lore Society, was effected; a constitution, reported by the organizing committee, which had been at work since December, was adopted; about eighty charter members were enrolled; and the following officers elected:—

President, Dr. James F. Royster, University of North Carolina.

Vice-Presidents, Col. Haywood Porter, Asheville, N. C.; Rev. George W. Lay, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.; Mr. O. W. Blacknall, Kittrell, N. C.

Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Frank C. Brown, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Professor Kittredge, of Harvard University, had expected to be present, but was unable to reach the State in time for the meeting. The following literary programme was carried out:—

Mr. T. M. Pittman, of Henderson, "The Uses of Words in Different Sections of the State."

Professor Benjamin Sledd, of Wake Forest College, "Witchcraft in the Mountains of Virginia."

Professor Tom Peete Cross, University of North Carolina, "Magic."

Professor Collier Cobb, University of North Carolina, "Legends of the Carolina Coast and Some Early Foreigners."

FRANK C. BROWN, *Secretary*.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
DURHAM, N. C.

NOTES AND QUERIES

· **EUROPEAN TALES AMONG THE CHICKASAW INDIANS.** — The following tale was recorded in Oklahoma. The narrator was Josiah Mikey (*Ca'bi'tci*, "clearing"), a Chickasaw, who furnished other ethnological data, particularly on social organization, head-flattening, ceremonies, and folk-lore, which were published in a short paper in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (Vol. xx [1907], pp. 50-58). It was claimed by the informant that these old stories (*cikono^mpaⁿ*) relate to a former period when animals and men had a common language. Though interesting as an example of the borrowed European motive, this story belongs to a class which has the additional force of having been appropriated by one of the bands in praise of its totemic animal. In the words of the narrator, it was "told by the Fox band to make fun of the wolf, and get the Wolf band to hurrah for the Fox band." I must confess, however, that my list of bands from the Chickasaw did not include either the Fox or Wolf band.

The Fox and the Wolf. — The Fox and the Wolf were friends. One time they agreed to go hunting. The Fox went off in one direction, and so did the Wolf in another direction. The Fox travelled in a circle, and by and by ran across the Wolf. He asked him what luck he had had. The Wolf told him that he had met with a Dog, and asked the Dog why he liked to stay around human beings. Said the Dog, "I like them because they defend me." Then he asked the Dog how they defended him. Said he, "Look behind that tree!" Now, there stood a man with a gun. Then the Wolf was terrified, ran off, and forgot about hunting until he met the Fox.

Now, the Fox told what luck he had had. He had had good luck. He told the Wolf that he found a dead horse; but the horse was lying very near a road, and he was afraid to tackle him alone. He told the Wolf, however, that if he would help him carry the horse off, they would have a feast. The Wolf agreed, and they went to where the dead horse was. They stopped near by. The Wolf wouldn't believe the horse was dead. He told the Fox to bring him a handful of hair. The Fox brought him a handful of hair, and the Wolf smelled it. Said he, "Yes, he's been dead quite a while."

So now the Wolf and Fox consulted how to carry the dead horse away. The Wolf allowed the Fox to tie his tail to the dead horse's tail, and the Fox took hold of his head to pull him off. When the Wolf was securely tied to the horse's tail, the Fox went over to his place near the head to get hold. Then suddenly he scratched the horse on the nose; and being, in truth, only asleep, the horse woke up, and dashed away, dragging the Wolf. Then the Fox shouted to the Wolf, "Hurrah for me, my friend!" but the Wolf cried in despair, "How can I hurrah, when I'm up in the air?"

F. G. SPECK

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXVI.—OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1913—No. CII

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A WINNEBAGO INDIAN

BY PAUL RADIN

VERY many laymen and ethnologists have frequently brought against ethnological memoirs the indictment that they represented but the skeleton and bones of the culture they sought to portray; that what was needed, if we were ever to understand the Indian, was an interpretation of his life and emotions from within; which was what, for the most part, ethnological memoirs did not do.

To a very large extent, I think, this general indictment is quite correct, although issue might be taken with the manner in which it has been brought forward, especially with the lack of specific details as to how, indeed, an inside view of the Indian was to be obtained.

The answer to the "dry-as-bones" memoirs has taken two forms; either an attempt has been made to interpret such memoirs, or a "civilized" Indian has interpreted, as best he could, the memories of his childhood and his youth, and presented them in poetic English. The general criticism that might be applied to both these methods of procedure is, that they do not really give that which the critics of the ordinary descriptive memoir insist is vital, — an inside view of the Indian's emotional life. For to do that, it is a primary requisite that the Indian be a real Indian, and not a Christian looking back upon a "romantic" past.

In my studies among the Winnebago Indians, I happened to run across one of those serious and sedate middle-aged individuals whom one is likely to meet in almost every civilization, and who, if they chose to speak in a natural and detached manner about the culture to which they belonged, could throw more light upon the workings of an Indian's brain than any mass of information systematically and carefully obtained by an outsider.

Realizing that here was an excellent instrument for obtaining just what was so urgently needed, an inside view of an Indian's thoughts, I approached him with the idea of relating to me — whenever he

chose, in any manner he chose — something about that culture of which he had formed an integral part up to the time of my coming among the Winnebago. I told him I wanted something about his beliefs and about the people he had met; but beyond that I did not guide him in any respect. Of course, one difficulty was encountered, one that is encountered everywhere, but most characteristically among the Indians, — the difficulty of presenting to a stranger memories, feelings, and facts that he had never been accustomed to arrange.

✓ From this point of view, then, this inside view partakes of the artificial, and is most assuredly selective. Fortunately, my informant did very little arranging. The facts he chose to discuss were those, of course, that had impressed him most strongly during his forty-eight years of life. Everything he told me was told in Indian, and he was present when the English translation was made. Surely, no better opportunity for obtaining an "inside" view could be given.

There is still one danger lurking in the following pages. The language in which they were told is not literary or chosen Winnebago. The informant changes frequently from past to present tense, from direct to indirect discourse, etc. It is generally too concise and syncopated, and leaves much to be inferred by the reader. Add to this the ordinary difficulties of translating Indian into English, and it will easily be seen that the English rendering is liable to an interpretation, at the hands of "interpretative" minds, which may be utterly unjustified by the Winnebago itself. I cannot very well advocate the learning of Winnebago as an essential preliminary to the interpretation of the above pages; but that is, of course, what must be demanded of all those who refuse to accept approximations. The Winnebago original of this English account is printed below the rule. Words given in parentheses have been inserted to complete the sense. For explanation of alphabet see "Handbook of American Indian Languages," Bulletin 40, Part I, Bureau of American Ethnology, pp. 880 *et seq.*

I. HOW ONE OF MY ANCESTORS WAS BLESSED BY EARTH-MAKER¹

Wēgícēga they called him. A Winnebago he was. When he was grown up, his father coaxed him to fast; (saying) that when Earth-Maker created the various spirits, as many good spirits as he made, all of them did he place in control of something. (The gift of) life, (of victory) in war, he put in control of some. Others were to be

Wēgícēga higalrēgi. Hotcāñgija^a herejē. Tcēkxēdēhugi hi-āntchigi hā^adāginantc hak'arajfjē; mā^au^a wāxopłni warātcirē wā'ūñgi, djānañga wāxopłni p'f^ana 'ūñgfji, hanā^atcinxdji^a wāji^añuk'ōno wagigfjē. Ūāñkcl-go-ł^a, wonājirē, kiruk'ōnō wagigfjē. Hodā wā'tēhik'ē hirekdjē, jēske

¹ This is really a version of a favorite story among the Winnebago. I believe that the only reason Blowsnake has associated it with one of his ancestors is because his father possessed a cane such as is mentioned at the end of the legend (cf. p. 298).

great hunters; that is what he blessed them with, what he gave to them. Again, some of the various spirits were to become very powerful. That is what they were put in control of; that is what he told them to fast for. Whatever practices and blessings the Indians (needed) to live, he placed in the hands of all the different and diverse spirits. These different things he gave them (the spirits). This is what he (the father) told him (the son) to try to find out (from the spirits). Thus he did.

When he (the young man) was fasting, he tried to find out something from the spirits. As he was fasting thus, he kept thinking, "Long ago Earth-Maker created the different spirits, and put every one of them in control of something, so people say. Earth-Maker, then, must truly be in control of everything. He must, then, be much more powerful (than the spirits). The different spirits, Earth-Maker created. He put them in charge of these (blessings); he gave them these gifts. Now, even as holy as these (spirits) are, so, assuredly, Earth-Maker must be mightier, holier," he thought. He tried to dream of him (Earth-Maker). "What kind of a being is he?" he thought. As he was doing (fasting), he thought to himself, "Not any one of the different spirits have known him (Earth-Maker) as he was (that is, has he appeared to, in fasting); not even one of the different spirits has he blessed. I wonder if Earth-Maker would bless me; that is what I am thinking of." So he thought, and, putting himself in a pitiable condition,¹ he cried.² He could not stop. "Earth-Maker, forsooth, I wish to obtain knowledge from," he thought; "so that, if he does not bless me during the fasting, I shall assuredly die," he thought. So to the utmost, with all his power, did

nāntcwirodjā hāniwagigijē. Jigé hodá wāxopni worátcirera hidadjē-rekdjē. Jēskē hipuk'ónō wagigigi, jēskē haginá'tccijē. Ūāñkcigenāñgrē hoixkó'na djāgúcana' 'ūnāñk'i wāxopni warátcirera hok'irátcera haná'tci' nā'tcwiródjā. Hok'irátci hāniwagigijē. Jēē jējēske hip'érezēna'ñ'cijē. Gíji 'ūjē.

Hā'dāgināntcgi wāxopni hip'érezēna'ñ' wa'ū'jē. Gíji hā'dāgināntcgi wawew'wi'āñks'ājē, "Gíji hagárēja' wāxopni warátcirera má'ū'na e wa'ū'jē haná'tciñdxji' wajanijá'cana' hiruk'ónō wagigijē, ānāñk'-a. Mā'ū'nañk'a ēxdji' wajō'nāñtciñdxji' hiruk'ónōnañk'icni. Hiraicera-xdji'nañk'ūni. Wāxopni warátcirenāñgrērēcke. Má'ū'na ēwawa'ūñgi. Jēske hiruk'onaf'nekdjē wogára. Deréckera wák'a'tcañkdjinañk'ādja', má'ū'na wája' hekdjinañk'i, wak'a'tcāñgēra," hiregtji. Hihā'dē ná'ñgi. "Djaskéxdji'nañgi," hirejē. 'uāñk'ū' k'iwew'wīñgādja', "Hañk'é wāxopni warátcirera hijai'perézēni, wā'ū'nañk'i; wāxopni warátcirerāčekē hañk'íja' ná'djūdjanigādja'. Djagūāna mā'ū'nañk'a ná'djūdjána, méjēske p'ew'imoñk'." Hiregtji, ná'djok'idjá'jē, γākgíji. Hañk'é ná'cdja' nuxúrukēñijē. "Má'ū'na, tcak'ó, yap'érezēna'ñkdjē," hirejē; "gíji hañk'é ná'djūdjá'nickē jēgū' hā'dāginantcīrēgi tcekdjē," hirejē. Gíji

¹ A ritualistic manner of saying that he fasted.

² Crying refers to the ceremonial wail.

he fast. Earth-Maker only he fasted for. At first, four days would he sleep;¹ then six days he would sleep; then eight days he would sleep; then ten days he would sleep; and then twelve days he would sleep.² After he had gotten thus far, he would eat. Yet (it was) quite positive that he had obtained no knowledge; that never (once) had he been blessed. Then he gave up (his fasting). As soon as he had reached the age of early manhood, he gave it up, and married.

He took his wife with him, and together they moved away to an out-of-the-way place. There they lived, he alone with his wife.

Then, again they commenced to fast, he with her. Earth-Maker he wished to dream of³ before, and he felt that this time most assuredly would he die (if he did not appear to him) in the fasting. "Never had it been told that such a thing, that is, a blessing from Earth-Maker (has happened). I shall die during the fasting," he thought.

After a while, a child they had. It was a boy. He addressed his wife (and) asked her advice, saying that they ought to sacrifice their child to Earth-Maker. She consented. To Earth-Maker they will sacrifice it. They constructed a platform,⁴ and they placed (the child) upon it. And then both of them wept bitterly. In the night-time, when they slept, Earth-Maker took pity on them, he said. He came to them, and they looked at him. He most certainly is the one; a soldier's uniform he wears; a high cocked-hat he carries on his head.

ep'á hāⁿdaginántcera māⁿcdjaⁿ 'úⁿjé. Māⁿ'unācānāⁿ haginántccē. Tcē-gédja djobóhaⁿ, naⁿs'ájé; hahí hak'éwehaⁿ naⁿs'ájé; jigiahí haruwōngohaⁿ naⁿs'ájé; hahí k'erēpōnohaíjaⁿ naⁿs'ájé; hahí nūⁿbacanáhaⁿ naŋgtji. Ep'á jédjaífxdjiⁿ p'á hiⁿpga égi waruts'ájé. Hiské'xdjiⁿ jégūaŋk'ē wajíⁿ-p'érēzenjé haŋk'agá wajaⁿnijaⁿ naⁿdjodjaⁿntjé. Hahíⁿk'ūngljé. Jédjūŋga xēdē wogizōkdjaŋgi, rucdjānaŋga hinūŋk kanāŋkcē.

Égi hitcáwina hak'arak'íju gixōnaⁿŋejé māⁿwotcaⁿnaífxdjiⁿ. Hahí tcirejé hitcáwinacānāⁿ hak'arak'íju.

Égi jigé haⁿdaginántcirejé hok'ik'íju. Māⁿ'uŋa hihaⁿdé rogúⁿnihera jédjūŋga édja hisgēxdjiⁿ t'ēkdjirejé hāⁿdáginandjedja. "Haŋk'agá hijaⁿ jéskē horágirani. Hāⁿdáginandjērēgl, tcēkdjé," hirejé.

Hagárējaⁿ hahí nīŋkdjōŋŋentlūgi-aⁿ haníneje. Ūaŋŋentlūgi-aⁿ herejé. Hitcáwina wagéjé hihók'aragljé, nīŋkdjōŋŋentlūgra māⁿ'uŋa naⁿpigiruxātc hirekdjé, ejé. Giji hitcáwina k'araxúruk'i. Māⁿ'uŋa naⁿbigiruxādjirejé. Hazadjijaⁿ 'úŋānaŋga hihagédja hat'úⁿpirejé. Égi jédjūŋga hinúⁿwiŋk'ē māⁿcdjaⁿ 'yágirejé. Haⁿhegádjaⁿ naⁿŋejé māⁿ'uŋa nāndjwodjáⁿjé ejé. Wiradjí-ānaŋga horuxúdjuregádjaⁿ. Hiskenaⁿdjēxdjiⁿjé manaⁿp'e wafni

¹ Ritualistic expression for fasting. I believe that, after the first or second day of complete abstinence, the fasters, probably from weakness, really slept the greater portion of the day.

² That is, he would sleep a certain number of days, and break his fast, then a longer period, and then another break, etc.

³ To be blessed by.

⁴ As the father belonged to the upper phratry, the child was buried on a scaffold.

His appearance was pleasing. He (the man) looked at him. "I wonder whether it is Earth-Maker," he thought. Then he (the apparition) took a step. "He it must be, I was thinking," he thought.¹ Then another step he took. That far now he moved. (Again) a step he took, and as he disappeared, moving, he uttered a cry. That one not Earth-Maker he was; a pigeon he was. They (the bad spirits) had fooled him.

Again, even more did his heart ache; even more was he wound up (in the desire to be blessed by Earth-Maker). Now, again he slept (fasted), and, indeed, Earth-Maker came to him. "Human, I bless you. Long have you wept to be blessed. Earth-Maker I am he," he said. When he looked at him, pleasing in appearance he looked. He (looked) was fine, and his clothing was pleasant to look at. "I wonder whether this is really Earth-Maker," he thought. He looked at him, and as he looked, he grew smaller, he thought. The fourth time he looked, a bird² it was.

Then his heart ached even more. Bitterly did he cry. Now, for the third time, did Earth-Maker bless him, (saying), "Earth-Maker have you tried to dream of, and caused yourself great suffering. Earth-Maker I am he, and I bless you. Nothing will you be in want of; you will be able to understand the languages of your different neighbors; a long life you will not have to wish for; indeed, with every thing I bless you." Now, however, from the very first, his appearance did not inspire confidence,³ so that again (the man) he

*úánaŋga; wok'ónōŋk' sták' haŋkcija^a hok'ónōŋgánaŋga. Hádjara k'arap'iesk'exdjí^ajê. Horuxútccê. "Djagúánackê má^auŋa heréna^a," hirejê gadja^a. Nu^ahaldjejê. "Jeskegúni yaréjarê," hiregádja^a. Jigê ruhái-djejê Ép'a dédjaŋk'i. Ruhaidjê dowê árejê gádja^a. Dê haŋk'ê má^auŋa wa^aunidjêjê; djedjédjija^a wa^aú^adjêjê Gicdjōŋk'e'régi.

Jigê idjaíra nantcgera dékcê; jigidjaíra hogirúdjase. Ègi jigê naŋgádja^a jédjūŋga má^auŋa hidjádijê, "Uaŋkcik'ê na^adjonidjána. S'i ragákcana^a. Má^auŋa newinéna^a," ejê. Horuxitcgádja^a k'arap'ieskejê. Horuxúdjera p'í^ajê, waíniŋa k'arap'ieske 'ú^ajê. "Djagúánacke déê má^auŋa wa^aú^a-djána^a," hirejê-gadja^a. Horuxúdjera hok'ugági, hirána^aí^ajê. Hidjobóhō^ana horuxutcgádja^a, stastak'éja^a wa^aú^adjêjê.

Nantcgera hidjaíra dékcê. Má^acdjá^a yakcê. Hidaníhō^ana jigê má^a-ú^ana jédjūŋga na^adjodjájê, "Má^auŋa hirahádê na^aŋac'íánaŋga hawera-k'icáwaŋgra. Má^auŋa newinéna^a, na^adjonidjána. Haŋké 'wajá^ani^ana^a ŋoragúnikdjōnēna^a; tcinōŋgijá^a hit'e djagúrackê hanántc wananáŋxgūŋk-djōnēna^a; úaŋkciŋgo^aŋa haŋk'ê roráguntkdjōnēna^a; djagurana^atcíŋxdjít^a na^adjironidjána^a." Ègê tcégédja djaski-ádjera haŋk'ê horuxúdjera, jěskê haní^adjê^ajê, édjaíxdjít^a jigê déê, "wají^adjaí^aí^ajê híngicdjōŋk'édjegūni,"

¹ The change from indirect to direct discourse is very confusing here, and is probably due to forgetfulness on the part of the informant.

² I do not know the English equivalent of the bird.

³ A free translation is impossible here.

thought, "somebody must be fooling me." A bird¹ it was. "Now, indeed, I will not eat, but I wish to die," he thought. "As many bad birds (as there are, that many) have made sport of me." They were, indeed, doing it.

Earth-Maker on high, where he sat, knew of (all this). (The man's) voice he heard. "Wecgícega, you are crying. To the earth I am coming," he said to him. "Your father, O Wecgícega! has told me." When he (Wecgícega) looked, he saw a ray of light extending very clearly from above to the earth. To his camp it extended. "Wecgícega, you will see me, you said. That, however, I cannot do. Yet this (the ray of light) is I. You have seen me."

Not any war-powers was he blessed with, only with life was Wecgícega blessed. The light came from Earth-Maker. To the earth it reached. He made a copy of it on a cane. To this he would offer tobacco. As they approached it, life they would ask from it; and at the present time they are still doing it.

2. REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD

When I was a very small child, the first thing that has staid in my memory (is how) my father carried me (to some place), where, looking around, I saw a long lodge full of Indians. And there was an old man with very gray hair, drumming and singing. Near the man who was singing, we took our seats. There my father carried me. Closely and intently did I look at the man who was singing. I liked it very much, and I wondered to myself whether, at some

hirejê gadja^a. Ctñk'ok'ogtja^a wa'ú^adjêjê. "Jédjũnga jédja, tcak'ô, hañk'ê wahádjeñi, jégú^a tcékdjê," hirejê. "Djánaŋga wantñk' cictgerági htñkcakcafrê." Hirejê gadja^a.

Mã^auŋa 'űaŋgerêgináñk'i hip'érésê gadja^a. Hit'éra nañxgú^ajê. "Wecgícera, rajagerádjegê ma^aŋégi adjfna^a," higé'jê. "Higú^a hi-ándjina, Wecgícera," htñgêjê. Horuxitcgádja^a 'űaŋgerêgi hadak'átc p'fñxdjñja^a ma^aŋégi hirak'erêdjejê. Yotcra êdjaxdjñ hirak'érê wa'ú^adjêjê. "Wecgícera hi^acdja'kdjê hicéra. Hañk'ê jêskê haduxúrugenina^a. Mêê newinéna^a hi^acdjana^a," higéjê.

Hañk'ê wonávirê na^adjirodjá^anijê; űañkctgo^añácana^axdjñ na^adjirodjá^ajê Wecgicega. Ha^abera mã^auŋa êdjowádji. Ma^aŋégi hirak'erêdjêga. Hirok'f'ú^a hisagútñja^a 'ú^ajê. Jêê dani-ogtju hahúirêgi űañkctgo^añ gidanáñkcana^a; higú^a mejêgunegíckê higú^a wa'unañkcana^a.

Hixónóxdjñŋgerêgi tcékdjñ wana^añtcú^a hadjinógera, djádjiga hiñu-ónóñkcana^a woduzuzútcgadjá^a tcísêrêdjija^a, űañkctgeroíxdji-ññkcana^a. Êgi űaŋgenuna^adju sañxdjñja^a reyodji-ánaŋga na^awá^anañkcana^a. Na^awá^anañk'a êdja ackéniñk' mianáŋganafgwna^a. Djádjiga hiñu-ánaŋga. űaŋgenúññk na^awá^anaŋgrê hoduxútcina^a wogfzokdjñ. Hagip'fna^a, dja-

¹ English equivalent unknown, probably a species of timber-quail.

later time, I, too, would be able to say what he was saying. Thus I was thinking. How I yearned and prayed to be able to say what he was saying! Thus I thought.

As I grew up into manhood, all the desires that I had then remained with me; and at all times I knew (that all these desires) were still uppermost in my heart. Never did they stop agitating me. I knew that at all times I wished to learn the songs that I had heard this old man sing when I was a small child, and that I had liked so much. This was the desire that was very strong within me at all times. All the old customs of the Indians I wished to practise thoroughly. I know that it was this thought that I used very much;¹ and that is why, from the very first time I killed deer, I enjoyed it so much.² From that time on, sometimes I would be in charge of the ceremonial deer-hunts; for the feasts I was able to obtain the deer.³ As many deer as were used, that many I myself would kill. For the feast we gave (sometimes) twelve deer. (I would kill) sometimes only eight; (while sometimes) I could not get any more than six for me to put into the kettles.

My uncles, all of them, said to me that I was doing well, and that the war-bundle would surely be mine. That they told me. "You will have full charge of it (the bundle), and whatever speeches your ancestors have delivered, they will be yours. May we be there then (with you)! If you will utter your thankfulness to the spirits, whatever speeches our parents and ancestors delivered in connection with

gūāna hahí déjěskě eduxúrugēna^a. Yaréna^a. Ēnañxđjī^a jěskě hihe duxúrgcějě! Yaréna^a.

Ēgi jigě hagărēja^a hñxědé hiwusúntc hahína^a, hoicłp djagu ro-ágú^a hanihéga hoicłpdjī^a na^atcgi-ánłnegi yap'érěsdi^a hanihéna^a. Higūāñk'aga hiñucđjánina^a. Na^awa^a yap'erězsějě jěskě ro-ágú^ana^a hoicłpdja^a hñx-đónúñłngěrěgi yap'erězgádja^a uañgēnúnłñgla^a na^awá^anañgēra hagłp'ina^a. Wowéwi^a jěě hoicłp ma^acdjāñxđjina^a hicína^a. Ūañkclł wocgāñgěrě haná^atcł^a yap'erězdłñkdjě. Yaréra wowéwi^a jěě ya^aúñxđjī^ana^a, ěskě djadjañxđjī^a tca t'éhi hak'ip'ina^a. Jěđjañxđjī^a wana^aséra hagamracgě i^anék'i ha^auá^adja^aú^a; wogłgára duxúrukcanúna^a. Tcára djānañga hi^a úinecanúna^a, jěnúnga t'éhaga. Ēgi wagigára ha^aú^awicanúna^a tcára kerěp'óna^aja^a nú^abácana^a; haruwóñk duc^aákdjłñga, hak'ěwě waha^acanúna^a.

Hagărēja^a hiándjwahára haná^atcł^a waigafrena^a p'ł^ahádjegě waruyáBera nēáni^ajě hñgaifrena^a. "Nerak'úruk'ónđna^a hoit'ět'éra djagú ádjłrěgi uañgēnúnłñgēra nēacłfina^a. Hidja nañgwłcgě. Wāxop'łni wa-ináñgina^a-bikđjěgi hicěkdjēna^a, ěskě hoit'ět'e'ra c'agi-ahłwigi djagú waruyápdjaně

¹ He means that the thoughts and desires were as much the cause of his success in attaining his ambition as any of his actions. To the Winnebago (as I understand them), thoughts, desires, hopes, etc., are as real and as efficacious as any data acquired directly through the senses.

² He is referring to the deer killed for some religious feast.

³ A very great honor for a young man.

the war-bundle, these all will be yours. Those who do all these things carefully will be like a set of brothers." All this they will do for that one (who observes all these customs); and I was the one, they told me.

And now if in a family they think highly of some one person, they would give the means of life. If they thought highly of us, our lives they would select for us. Thus my uncles informed me how we (human beings) first came into the world. And if any one in our family had a child named, it was my father who did it. From now on, he gave that right to me. Our clan, as many as there were, for that many I would have the right to give a name, if they wished it. I would go through the ceremony. That work was mine. At any time I could perform it.

Four men Earth-Maker sent here from above; and when they came, all their various characteristics were used for making proper names. Thus at the present day, the characteristics of the thunder-birds, all of their actions, are used as proper names. Thus my father told me. (At the beginning), four men came from above. And from that fact there is a name, He-who-comes-from-Above; and for a woman there is the name She-who-comes-from-Above. From above, four men Earth-Maker sent down. And since they came like spirits, there is a name, Spirit-Man; and for a woman, Spirit-Woman. And as there was a drizzling fog when the four men came from above, so there are names, Walking-in-Mist, Comes-in-Mist; and a woman they would call Drizzling-Rain-Woman. It is said that when they first came to Dérôk,¹ they alit upon some brushes, and bent them

édja adjîrêgi hanâ^atcîñxdjî^a nê-âctîna^a. Uânîgonihêra hijérega hijâ^awocgô^a dêê harucêrêtcga." Ê déjêskê gîgîres^aâgi; nêwînéjê, hîngafrena^a.

Êgi jigê uânîgonihêra hijêrêgi hijâ^a p^ahiranâ^anegâ eyoik^aûnê^asâjê. Uânîkclgo^a hanîwîna hijâ^a p^aîna na^anegâ earadjîres^aâjê. Hiandjwahâra uânîkelgo^aîna djagû wak'ik'awa^aûwîgi ne p'eres^aûînenâ^a. Êgi jigê uânîgonihêra hijêrêgi hijâ^aîk'îra nîñkdjîñk rac^aûs^aâjê. Gîji djâdjîga erêdja^aûwêrêgi hûñk^aûna^a. Ê'p'a uânîgoni haniwîna djânaîga haniwîngi hijâ^arac tcû^arogîgûînegi. Ne raja^aûñkdjê, hîngafîrêgi. Hîhanâna. Worê jêê nîanîérêgi. Djâdjânaîgi hîhananâna^a.

Uânîgêra djop'îwi mâ^aûna édja huwagîgîra uânîgêdja hahûîrega ép'a hoîxgô^aîna djagû ûînejê hanâ^atcîñxdjî^a jêê rajêra erêrêna^a. Higû^a ha^ap dêê wak'andjâra hoîxgôñxgôîna djagu ûnaîngêrê hanâ^atcîñxdjî^a jêê rajêra erêrêna^a djâdjîga hîngêna^a. Uânîgêra djop'îwi uânîgêrêgi hahûîrega jêê rajîja^a herêna^a *Uânîgêdjâhuga*; êgi hîñûngêra hijêrêgi rajêra *Uânîgêdja-hûwînga*. Êgi uânîgêra djop'îwi uânîgêrêgi mâ^aûna huwagîgîra waxop'îni hik'îskê hahûîrega êskê rajîja^a jêêrêna^a, *Uânîgwâxop'înîga*; êgi hîñûngêra hijêrêgi hîñûng *Wâxop'îniwînga*. Êgi uânîgêra djop'îwi uânîgêrêgi mâ^aûna édja huwagîgîra nijuxotcgura xî hahûîrejê êskê rajîja^a jêêrêna^a *Ximânînga*, *Xîgûga*; êgi hîñûngêra *Nijuxotcgêwînga* airanâna^a. Êgi

¹ The name of the place where the Winnebago are supposed to have originated. It is near the city of Green Bay, Wis.

down; and from this fact there is a name, She-who-bends-the-Brushes. On the limb of an oak-tree that stood there, they alit; and they bent it down as they alit on its branches. From this there is a name, She-who-bends-the-Branches-down. And since they alit on the tree, there is a name, He-who-alights-on-a-Tree and She-who-alights-on-a-Tree; and from the tree itself there is the name Oak-Woman. Thus they would say. And because they stepped from the oak-tree to the ground, from the fact of their stepping on the ground, there is a name, He-who-alights-on-the-Ground; and the woman they would call She-who-alights-on-the-Ground. And since they came with the thunder-birds, there is a name, Thunder-bird; and for a woman, Thunder-bird-Woman, and White-Thunder-bird and White-Thunder-bird-Woman, and Black-Thunder-bird and Black-Thunder-bird-Woman. And since the thunder-birds thunder, there is a name, He-who-thunders; and for a woman, She-who-thunders. And since they make the noise *tci^wwa*, people are called He-who-makes-*Tci^wwa*, and some are called He-who-comes-making-*Tci^wwa*; for it is said that the thunder-birds come making the sound *tci^wwa*. When the thunder-birds walk, rain accompanies them; and from this fact we have a name, He-who-walks-with-Rain, while the woman would be called She-who-walks-with-Rain. And since the thunder-birds come walking, we have a name, Walking-Thunder; and since the thunder-birds walk with a mighty tread when they start out, there is a name, He-who-comes-walking-with-a-Mighty-Tread, and for a woman, (the name) She-who-comes-walking-with-a-Mighty-Tread; and since the earth shakes when they commence walking, there is a name, He-who-shakes-the-earth-with-force, and for a woman, She-who-shakes-the-

tcēkdjina derōk airēgi ēdja djidjērēgi xoxawāldja hadjidjéréjē gadjaⁿ hanōⁿzōgirejē, jēē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ, Xaⁿwiānōⁿzōgewiⁿga. Ēgi jigē tca-cgēgūijaⁿ ēdjādjeji akⁿarctcgēdja hadjidjēregadjaⁿ akⁿaratcgēra hanōⁿzōgirejē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ Naⁿnazōgēwiⁿga; ēgi jigē nādjeja ēdja hadjidjērenaⁿ ēskē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ Nāⁿdjidjega, Naⁿdjidjēwiⁿga; ēgi nādjeja rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ Tcagēgūwiⁿga. Airanānaⁿ. Nādjeja tcagēgūijaⁿ heregē ēskē ēgi maⁿndja hidjéréjē maⁿdjidjērega jēē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ, Maⁿdjidjēga, ēgi hīnūngēra Maⁿdjidjēwiⁿga wigairesⁿājē. Ēgi jigē wakⁿandja wakⁿlju hadjirega jēē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ, Wakⁿandjāga, ēgi jigē hīnūngēra Wakⁿandjā-wiⁿga; ēgi jigē Wakⁿandjāskaga, hīnūngēra Wakⁿandjāskāwiⁿga; ēgi jigē Wakⁿandjāseppa, hīnūngēra Wakⁿandjāsebtīga; ēgi jigē wakⁿandjānañgrē kⁿōnañkⁿē, jēē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ, Kⁿōnihēga, ēgi hīnūngēra Kⁿōnihēwiⁿga; ēgi jigē kⁿōfrega tciⁿwiⁿhīrañkⁿē Tciⁿwiⁿdjikⁿerēhiga, airesⁿājē ēgi jigē hodā. Tciⁿwiⁿgūga rajera airesⁿājē, wakⁿandjāra hagūirega tciⁿwiⁿañgūnañkⁿē. Ēgi jigē wakⁿandjānañgrē nīj manīnañkⁿē rajljaⁿ je-ērenaⁿ Nijumāniga, hīnūngēra Nijumantwiⁿga wigairesⁿājē; ēgi wakⁿandjānoñkⁿa mani-añgūirēgi, jēē rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ, Wakⁿandjāmanīga; ēgi jigē wakⁿandjāra mani-añgūirēgi maⁿcdjāⁿ mani-añgūirēgi rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ, Maⁿcdjaⁿmānīga, hīnūngēra Maⁿcdjaⁿmanīwiⁿga wigairesⁿājē; ēgi jigē wakⁿandjāra maⁿni-añgūirega maⁿqā giksūntc hagūnōñkⁿa rajljaⁿ herēnaⁿ Mañgīksūntcga,

earth-with-force. So they would say. Now, when the thunder-birds walk, they shake the earth, and thus there is a name, He-who-shakes-the-Earth-by-Walking; and for a woman, She-who-shakes-the-Earth-by-Walking. And since there is always wind and hail when the thunder-birds come, we have a name, He-who-comes-with-Wind-and-Hail. Now, since one of the thunder-birds (i.e., of the first four from which all the others have sprung) came first, there is a name, He-who-walks-First; and since one of them was the leader, therefore there is the name Thunder-bird-Leader, and for the woman, Thunder-bird-Female-Leader. Now, since the thunder-birds flash (their eyes) in every direction, so we have the name Flashes-in-every-Direction, and there is a woman's name (like the above). Now, we don't see the thunder-birds, but we see their flashes only; and thus there is a female name, Only-a-flash-of-Lightning-Woman; and since the thunder-birds (flash) streaks of lightning, there is a name, Streak-of-Lightning; and since cloudiness is caused by the thunder-birds walking in the clouds, there is a name, He-who-walks-in-the-Clouds. Now, since the thunder-birds have long wings, there is a name, He-who-has-Long-Wings. And, again, since a thunder-bird in a flash of lightning will (at times) strike a tree, there is a name, He-who-strikes-a-Tree; and, again, for the action of hitting a tree, there is a name, He-who-hits-a-Tree, and for a woman, She-who-hits-a-Tree. So they would say, it is said. Now, when the thunder-birds come, they come with terrible thunder-crashes, it is said; and as many people as there are on this earth, and as many animals as there are on the earth, and as many plants as there

hínúñgEra Mañgiksúntcwñga. Wigafres'ajê. Êgi wak'andjára hagúirega maⁿna nañksúntc hagúires'ajê gñji jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ, Maⁿnañksúntcga hínúñgEra Maⁿnañksúndjêwñga; êgi jigê wak'andjára hagúirega maⁿé hagúirecanúnaⁿ jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ Maⁿemantñga. Êgi jigê wak'andjánañk'i hijáⁿ tconi djéjê hagúirega êskê jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ Tconimániñga; wak'andjánañk'a hijáⁿ tconídjega hawáⁿú jígê jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ, wak'andjâtconñga, hínúñgEra wák'andjatconñwñga. Wak'andjánañgrê djáⁿ-birega wákcañkcaⁿ djirêhñnañgrê jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ, Djaⁿbwakcáñkcañga, êgi hínúñk rájEra. Wak'andjánañgrê hañk'ê hiwadjáwini-ánañga djaⁿ-bera-canaⁿtcaⁿt'íⁿnañk'ê jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ, hínúñk rajljaⁿ Djaⁿberácanatcaⁿt'íⁿwñga; êgi wak'andjánañgrê djaⁿp djicêhñnañk'a rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ Djaⁿpádjirêhñga; êgi jigê wak'andjánañgrê mañxiwi manñnañkcaⁿ mañxiwíxdjñgácanⁿ édja máni-añgunañkcaⁿ, jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ Mañxiwimániñga; êgi jigê wak'andjánañgrê ahúra seretcináñkcaⁿ jêê rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ Ahúseretcga; êgi jigê wak'andjánañgrê djáⁿbirega naⁿna hijáⁿ édja djidjêhñranánaⁿ êskê rajljaⁿ jeérenaⁿ Nodjôⁿpga; êgi jigê wak'andjánañgrê naⁿnijodjñega naⁿhodjñnóñk'a rajljaⁿ herénaⁿ Nódjñga, êgi jigê hínúñgEra Nodjñwñga. Wigafres'ajê, afrrera. Êgi jigê wak'andjánañgrê hagúirega rudjáxera rok'ónó waⁿúipenaⁿ afrecanúnaⁿ; uañkclgEra djánañga maⁿégi-añk'i é jêê hereránañga djánañga wani-oftcgera maⁿégi-añk'i here-ánañga xawinanánaⁿ djánañgák'a hanáⁿtciñdxjñⁿ niyu hiránañga wak'andjánañgrê

are on the earth, indeed, everything, the earth itself, they deluge with rain, and thunder-crashes (are heard), — for all this they have a name; they call him Warudjâxega.¹

3. THUNDER-CLOUD AND MY FATHER

There is a man named Thunder-Cloud, whom the white people also call Thunder-Cloud. It is said that he is living his third life as a human being.² He had lived once long ago, had joined the Medicine Dance and had strictly adhered to all its precepts. A good man he was; no one did he dislike; never did he steal; and never did he fight. He did everything in connection with the Medicine Dance carefully. This ceremony he performed well, they told him. He thought it was true, and that is why he did it.³ Offerings of tobacco he made; and he would always be giving feasts; and sacrificial soup he would prepare, they say. Just as they expected, so he always did.

Once, long ago, he had reached old age and had died. The sacred affair (the Medicine Dance) he had finished, it is said. That he had done; so up above, where all those who have heeded the injunctions of the Medicine Dance go, there he went.⁴ There (in the heavens) he lived, and there he took a wife, and there he lived with her.

In the early time the Medicine Dance was not as it is now. Some

ma^anañgrê é jêê wárudjax^aEnañkca^a ãskê wánañkca^a warudjâxega
ánañgrê rajtja^a heréna^a, *Warudjâxega*.

Uañgtja^a Mañxíwiga higafrena^a, ma^añfñxêdê hit^aê rajera Thunder-Cloud higafrena^a. Jêê wéna^a uañkcílg ak^aíha^a ánañgrê jéskeja^añena^a. Hagaré-ja^a s^airedjáñxdj^a uañkcig^aí^ajê giji mañk^aáni wocgó^a ú^ajê wocgó^a p^aíhi á-nañgrê jéskej^a herejê. Uañkcik p^aíánañga hañk^aé uañkcik hoc^aiginis^aájê; háñk^aaga wak^aizáni-anañga hañk^aaga wamañúnijê. Ègi mañk^aó^auñga haizóxdj^ajê. Wocgó^ajêê p^aíjê hogirágirêgi. Hiskêraná^añgi ú^ajê. Dani wogtjura p^aíhi^ajê wagigára hoictp wagigos^aájê, waxop^aini ni^adák^aatc gigi, ánañk^aa. Djaskêxdj^a wagánañk^aiji jêskêxdj^a hoictp híjê.

Ègi hagaréja^a c^aokdjíñigánañga t^aéjê. Wocgó^a p^aíñga hijédja^ahi ánañgrê. Jêskê híjê; giji úañoerêgi mañk^aáni wocgó^a p^aíhíra hatcíndja nañk^aíji édj^a gíjê. Édj^a tci^ajê hijá^a hitcáwí^a hijê hak^aaralk^aitci édjanañkcê.

Giji mañkó^aúañgrê tcégédja djaskê gú^azirêgi jégúñegi jêskê áni-añk^aê. Hijá^a p^aíñga hukdjê afrejê; ha-éhiregádj^a écana^a p^aíhíjê afrejê.

¹ This is the narrator's name. It signifies "terrible thunder-crash."

² Thunder-Cloud is one of the few individuals still found among the Winnebago, who claim they are living their third life on earth. I was fortunate enough to obtain his own account of his lives; and this will be published in a different connection.

³ It must be remembered that the narrator was no longer a pagan when he dictated these texts, and the old beliefs seem false to him.

⁴ It is one of the cardinal doctrines of the Medicine Dance, that whosoever observes all its teachings will, after death, reside up above with Earth-Maker, and will be given the choice of living on earth again in whatsoever form he desires.

one had been sent to put (the world) in order, it is said; and he alone had arranged it after they had counselled about it.¹

He (Thunder-Cloud) is to come on earth again, so he fasted; only once a month did he eat. All the different spirits that are above, they all blessed him; all those who live on earth blessed him; and all those who live under the earth blessed him: indeed, all the different spirits whom Earth-Maker had created, blessed him. Up above he fasted, and thus it was. Then he came to this earth. As a human being he was born again. When he arrived here, he fasted again; but he didn't fast much. He fasted only once in a while, and at night. The different spirits blessed him every once in a while; with some (power) they blessed him. Then he would sleep (i.e., fast) for two or three days at a time, and some one of the different spirits would come and bless him. Then four days he fasted; and now, as many as there were who had blessed him, these different spirits did it again. The different spirits, all of them (dwelling) above where Earth-Maker sits, came and blessed him who was now fasting on earth for the second time. Thus he became a holy man, and because he was holy, he became a bad shaman.² When he came, he became a shaman, for he was very holy: indeed, he was a North-Spirit.³

Indeed, he was my brother-in-law. When he went around doctoring, I would go along with him. Very holy I used to think he was.

Ėskĕ maⁿĕgi howáhukdjegi, ědja haⁿdáginantcĕ gtji wijōñgácanāⁿ waruts^aájĕ waxopⁱni warádjirera djánañga ^uañgĕrĕgi ákⁱ hanáⁿtclñxdjⁿ naⁿdjodjaⁿĕjĕ, ĕgi maⁿĕgi djánañgakⁱ hanáⁿtclⁿ naⁿdjodjaⁿĕjĕ mañk^uhaⁿĕgi jigĕ djánañgakⁱ hanáⁿtclñxdjⁿ naⁿdjodjaⁿĕjĕ; waxopⁱni warádjirera wajañgúⁿzera djánañga ^uñgtji hanáⁿtclñxdjⁿ naⁿdjodjaⁿĕjĕ. ^uañgĕrĕgi haⁿdáginantcgi je jégúⁿ hijĕ. Ėgi maⁿĕgi howáhugi. Uañkĕgĕrĕgi hadjĭ hakdjá uañkcikⁱĭjĕ. Ėgi jigĕ hadjĭ ^undjá^u naⁿdáginantcĕ; hañk^é haⁿdáginandjĕra rok^uñōxdjⁿ wa^uniĭjĕ. Higúⁿ hagafracgĕ háhaⁿhe hi-ánañga nañga. Waxopⁱni warádjire naⁿdjodjaⁿĕs^aájĕ hagakⁱrahaⁿ nañga; jigĕ nñgĕ naⁿdjodjaⁿĕs^aájĕ. Hahi núⁿbáhaⁿ daniháñxdjⁿ nañga jigĕ waxopⁱni warádjirera ědja hij^a hagúádjiranañga naⁿdjodjaⁿĕs^aájĕ hagafracgĕ hiradjiránañga naⁿdjodjaⁿĕs^aájĕ. Hahi djóbóhaⁿ naⁿjĕ ĕgi jĕdjñga waxopⁱni warádjirera djánañga naⁿdjodjanihera ědja jigĕ hanáⁿtclⁿ pⁱhi naⁿdjodjaⁿĕjĕ. ^uañgĕrĕgi māⁿúna hominōñgĕdja haⁿdáginandjĕra waxopⁱni warádjirĕ naⁿdjodjáⁿanihera hanáⁿtclñxdjⁿ jigĕ hakⁱhaⁿ maⁿĕgi hadjĭ naⁿdjodjaⁿĕjĕ. Ėskĕ uañgwak^atcáñgij^a herejĕ. Hokⁱāⁿ wañxk^éjaⁿ herejĕ wakⁱatcáñkdjegĕ. Ėgi hagárejaⁿ hadjĭ uañkdócĕwejĕ giji wak^atcáñkcĕ hisgĕdja warazfjaⁿ herejĕ.

Ėgi hagárejaⁿ hitcáⁿhara. Ėskĕ uañkdócĕwĕ legácgĕ, hakⁱtju hahicanúnaⁿ. Hisgĕdja wák^atcáñk hiranáⁿcanúnaⁿ. Hagárejaⁿ hap^a-

¹ He refers to the four culture-heroes despatched by Earth-Maker to rid the world of evil spirits and protect the human beings. Hare, the last one, succeeded, and before returning, with the aid of the other three, instituted the Medicine Dance.

² Literally, a poisoner.

³ That is, the re-incarnation of the North-Spirit.

Once when I was sick, he treated me. As soon as he came, my father arose with his tobacco and made him an offering, greeting him as follows:—

"My son-in-law, tobacco do I offer you, and I make offerings to your spirits. You have made your hat¹ become holy, for the various spirits made the hat holy for you. I greet you."

Speaking thus, he arose, crying. Then the one they were pouring tobacco for blessed us all.

My father used to preach to me, to this effect:—

"Never overdo anything," he told me.² "The war-bundle bearers practise in the same way" (as the professional shaman),³ he said. "The carrying of the war-bundle makes a weakling of nobody (i.e., it makes one strong). Those who carry the war-bundle will not be killed, the spirits would see to that," he told me. "If an Indian who is held in great honor falls ill, and you cure him, the people will consider you a holy man (shaman), and they will greet you with the ceremonial greeting. Not anything (of social standing) will you obtain, (unless you do this). An honored Indian is about to die, and it is up to you (to show your skill). Thus thinking, they will greet you: 'You won't do well in anything, if you don't succeed in this.' The people will make fun of you publicly. 'A holy man, indeed!'

jána^a, égi híñk'icerèna^a. Tcëkdjína^a hidjádjira, djadjiga dani hánit^aa^a-pdjiránaña daniogtju ruhíntccána^a wagéna^a.

"Wadohótçira danióníngijùra waxop'íni waratcábèra wáníngiduhíntccána^a wok'ónóñgra wák'a^atcañk rák'aragicónóñk'i. Égi waxop'íni warádjirera wok'ónóñgra wák'a^atcañk níngigírégi níngiduhíntccána^a."

γágèna^aji-ánaña higéna^a. Égi dani-ogtjuiránañk'a híñk'úruhíndjwína^a. Djádjiga hoík'una^a wéna^a. "Hañk'è waja^a ñok'ónó huni-ádjè," híngéna^a.

"Sak'ina uañkdocèwèdja^añè hík'ík'iskairejè," e'na^a. "Sarak'íñgi hañk'è wahehé wa'úí^añanijè. Sak'í^anañgrè waxop'íni warádjirera gitcgú^azirega wa'úíges'ajè," híngéna^a. "Uáñkctk hík'oracícígirèra híja^a howajánaña uañk-do'cèwèjè wac'úpádjegè wák'a^atcañk ranjè ánañgrè, ní^añuhíndjiregádja^a. Hañk'è waja^anija^a curucúruníkdjanèna^a. Uañkctk p'íñxdj^aja^a t'ekáro hogédjèni wina^ajíñxdj^añè. Ní^añuhíntc hiregádja^a. 'Hañk'è wají^añaníñk-íragèníkdjanèna^a curuc'ák'i.' Íñíngíxdjairekdjanèna^a hátca^at'í^a. Hícgè waníñgaífrekdjanèna^a. 'Uañg wak'a^atcáñkdja^añè' níñgaífrekdjanèna^a. Giji

¹ Probably the object given to him by the spirits, and with which his especial blessing of doctoring was associated.

² This and what follows constitute the teachings inculcated in the minds of all children, but particularly of the boys. They appear rather vague and brusque as given here; but each precept was in all probability accompanied by illustrations and explanations. Part of the brusqueness is unquestionably due to the extreme conciseness with which the narrator expressed himself.

³ What is really meant here is not war-bundle bearer, but war-bundle owner. The reason so much stress is laid on possessing a war-bundle, is because the narrator's father possessed one, and wished to leave it to his son, if he showed himself worthy of it.

they will call you.¹ Those who are in mourning,² whose heart is sore, will make you burn like a blaze,³ when you are least aware of them. 'You amount to nothing,' they will say to you. And if at any time you carry the war-bundle (lead a war-party) when you are not authorized to do so, you will be really throwing away (killing) your followers; and all those whom you have placed in mourning, they may at any time use their knife and slash you to pieces, and they will take burning stakes and torture you with cinders. They'll make fun of you, and call you a real shaman, a real war-leader.

"Now be careful in heeding the warnings enjoined by your father."

Then he (Thunder-Cloud) told of his fasting experience. "At the very beginning, those above taught me (the following). A doctor's village existed there; and all the various spirits that lived up in the clouds came after me, and instructed me in what I was to do.⁴ In the beginning they taught me, and did the following for me. 'Human, let us try it,' they said to me. There, in the middle of the lodge, lay a dead, rotting log, almost completely covered with weeds.⁵ There they tried to make me treat (the sick person). Then once he breathed, and all those that were in the lodge also breathed; then the second time he breathed, and all breathed with him; then for the third time he breathed; and then for the fourth time he breathed. As a young

wagit⁶énañk'a na⁷tcgéra degirégi keskê cewéwiniconóñk'⁸úñ p'édjéni wasó-sótc hírekđjanàna⁹. 'Níñgégé waja¹⁰ ranija¹¹nána¹²' híñgaírekđjanena¹³. Égi jigé sarak¹⁴íñgi hiniñúdjisgáđja¹⁵ wac¹⁶úñgtji uañgérat¹⁷úñ cerekđjanèna¹⁸ giji djánañga wagit¹⁹érak²⁰íji haná²¹tcíñxdj²² honic²³igirekđjanèna²⁴ hahícgé ma²⁵hí²⁶uíñánañga manik²⁷únuk²⁸únukícgirekđjanèna²⁹ jigécgé na³⁰ú³¹sterij³²í³³uíñánañga daxúxunirekđjanèna³⁴. Hahícgé iníñgíxdjairekđjanèna³⁵ uañg-wák³⁶a³⁷tcañk dótcá³⁸watcojùdjera hiniñgaírekđjanèna³⁹.

"Waja⁴⁰ djadji⁴¹ga waroigíyixdjína⁴² dèé yaréna⁴³."

Égi ha⁴⁴dé hok⁴⁵árakcúna⁴⁶. "Tcékdjína⁴⁷ uañgérégi uañkdócèwé tciñañk⁴⁸í⁴⁹ éđja híñgùadji⁵⁰frena⁵¹ waxop⁵²íni djánañga mañí⁵³ uañgérégi-ák⁵⁴í haná⁵⁵tcíñxdj⁵⁶í wajíñgígú⁵⁷zire⁵⁸, djáskê haktjéra híñgígú⁵⁹zirena⁶⁰. Tcékdjína waigi⁶¹úinena⁶². Uañkcigé hí⁶³ú⁶⁴djakdjèna⁶⁵, híñgaírena⁶⁶. Nañxat⁶⁷égia⁶⁸ má⁶⁹iñk xa⁷⁰dji-áni yíyik tciok⁷¹íságédjakcê. Éđja uañkdócèwé hík⁷²ítcga híñgígírena⁷³. Tcékdjína honihát⁷⁴ú⁷⁵p gadja⁷⁶ djánañga tci-óju-ak⁷⁷a haná⁷⁸tcíñxdj⁷⁹í níñgihafrena⁸⁰; hinu⁸¹bóhó⁸²ña jigiop⁸³éyúñgáđja⁸⁴ haná⁸⁵tcíñxdj⁸⁶í níñgihafrena⁸⁷; hidanfóhó⁸⁸ña jigiop⁸⁹éyuna, hidjobóhó⁹⁰ña hop⁹¹éyogáđja⁹².

¹ This is, of course, meant satirically.

² Those who are in mourning because some one who is not holy has presumed to lead a war-party, and sacrificed some of his followers. In any case where it could be shown that an unauthorized individual led a war-party, the relatives of any person who had lost his life on such an occasion could demand the same redress as in cases of actual murder.

³ Metaphorical manner of saying, "They will kill you."

⁴ This is the fasting-experience told by all those who have been blessed with shamanistic powers.

⁵ The log represents a sick person.

man he, the dead log, arose and walked away. After the fourth breathing, he arose and walked away. 'Human, very holy he is,' they said to me.

"There, from the middle of the ocean, they (the spirits) came after me, for there, in the middle of the ocean, is a shamans' village. There they blessed me, — as many (spirits) as there are in the middle of the ocean, they all blessed me. There they made me try my power. As many waves as there are, all of them as large as the ocean, they asked me to blow upon; and as I blew upon them everything became (as quiet) as (water) in a small saucer. So it became. Then I blew for the third time, and again it was that way. The fourth time they made the ocean choppy, and had it (the waves) piled one upon the other; and they told me to blow again and show my power. And I blew, and the ocean, mighty as it was, became quiet again.

"This, Human, is the way you will have to do,' they said to me. 'Not anything will there be that you can't accomplish. Whatever illness all (the people) may have, you will be able to cure it,' they told me. All those who are on earth (the spirits) blessed me. 'If any human being who has suffered pours tobacco for you, then, whatever you demand, that we will do for you,' they said to me. At Blue-Clay-Bank (St. Paul) there is one who is a dancing grizzly-bear (spirit), and there they came and blessed me. If ever I should meet with some great trouble, they will help me, they said. I should pour as much tobacco as I think (necessary) for them, and they will smoke it, they told me. Songs they gave to me; and the power of beholding them, a holy thing, they permitted me, they told me; and their claws,

Uaŋgɛra watcegija^a hik'áwa^aú^a k'irik'érehana^a nañxat'égôñk'a. Djobôha^a honihat'ôpgadja^a uañkciɟja^a k'ik'áwa^aú^a k'irik'eréna^a. Uañkciɟê wák'a^a tcañgádja^a hñgaírena^a.

"Égi jigê dedjónadjedja hñgüadjirena^a dedjónatck'isakdji-édja uañkdôcêwê tciɟaŋk'i édja ná^adjú^adjoïnéna^a djánaŋga dedjóju-ak'iji haná^atciñxdjít^a na^adjú^adjaí^anena^a. Édja hik'ik'úñkdja hñgigírena^a dedjóna djasgêxdje^a-nôñk'a haná^atciñxdjít^a tcacdjóna rok'ônôxdjiniñk'ú^a howéyú^a hicífrera. Ha'úna^a hop'éyûñgadja^a, hadákdjít^a k'iridjéhána. Waskêxônúñk hoju^a-k'erereniskê^a k'iridjéna^a. Jigê hidanñhó^ana hop'éyûñgadja^a, jigê jéeréna^a. Hidjobôhó^ana dedjóna wak'unuk'unók hak'iwuxóna^a hñgik'ônôñgiránaŋga, jigê howéyú^aciréna^a hik'ik'úñkdjarê hñgaírena^a. Hop'êxûñgadja^a dédjóna djaskêxdjiniñk'a honá^atciñxdjít^a hadák k'iridjéhána^a.

"Uañkciɟê, dejeskê waragŋgiranicekdjéna^a, hñgaírena^a. K'ê waja^anija^a curuc'ágénlñkdjanéna^a. Howaja^a djagúra haná^atciñxdjít^a rucdjá^a warak-djanéna^a, hñgaírena^a. Égi jigê má^anegêrêra djanañgák'i haná^atciñxdjít^a na^adjú^adjaí^anena^a. Uañkcigeríja^a ha^abaixáwanaŋga dani-ônñgijùrêgi dja-gúrija^a hiegiíji nñgíwanikêkdjanáwina^a, hñgaírena^a. Manitcórós ánañgrê égi ma^atçowacija^anañgre édja hñgüadjirena^a na^adjú^adjaírena^a. Hagaréja^a waja^anija^a tçexi-áwigi hñgidjiraírekjdjanéna^a, hñgaírena^a. Daníŋa djána-aŋga wiraná^añgi wagip'axúñgi harak'í^añanihek'djanéna^a, hñgaírena^a.

which are holy, they gave to me, they told me. Then the grizzly-bears danced, performing while they danced. Their abdomen they would tear open, and making themselves holy, they would then heal themselves. Then they did it again, and shot bear-claws at each other, and they were badly choking with blood. Then they made themselves holy, and cured themselves. Now, again, they did the following; they made a front paw disappear in the dirt, and after a while they pulled out a prairie-turnip.¹ Then, again, they grabbed a hold of a small plum-tree that stood there, and breathed upon it, and shook it, and many plums began to fall.

"Then all sorts of 'shells'² they gave, so they were not visible. 'All of this, Human, we bless you with; and if you do (what we desire), you will obtain (what you desire),' they said. Then he sang, and breathed (upon me), and squirted some water on my chest. 'Very true this is; very holy it is, I believe,' he said. 'You will get well,' he said to me."³

And all the good medicine that exists, all of it, he knew and used in order to make me well; and thus doing I recovered from my illness. I got well. He (Thunder-Cloud) was holy. From sickness I have been cured, I knew.

Then, again, once as he (Thunder-Cloud) was sleeping, he dreamed the following.⁴ He met a man looking very much like a white man.

Honihára 'úñk'úinená hodjá'béra wak'á'tcañgēnañk'i hūñk'úinejē hlīgairena. Ēgi ná'béra wak'a'tcāñgēnañk'i hūñk'úinejē hlīgairena. Ēgi ma'tcōnañk'a wacirena wa'úipena wicgatc 'úinera wacirānañga. Nlīxára k'irup'árac hohe-agúirānañga Ēgi yōp k'íá'dji-aralrega rucdjōñk'ínicanūna. Ēgi jigē wa'úinecanūna ma'tcōcak hik'igúdjiranañga wa-íra irak'ík'íninegācgē ma'cdjá xōp k'í-á'dji-aralrega rucdjá k'ínes'ájē. Ēgi jigē hoda wa'úinejē mañk'ájedjá ára hixárogerēghirānañga édja Ēgi tcéráp édja hania'hiagúres'ájē. Ēgi jigē k'a'djú-íja hidja édja hán'djinógirānañga nihairānañga ruksūñksúntcirega k'á'djēra robāñxdjt cibrē hires'ájē.

"Ēgi jigē má'wodja hok'íratc 'úinejē, hañk'ē tca't'ín 'úí'nanis'ájē. 'Uañkctgēdē aná'tclīxdjt ná'djironidjá'wina, c'úñgi curuxúruikdjanēna,' higatřejē. Ēgi ná'wānañga nihānañga máñgerēgi niñaxó'canūna. 'Hiskēgadja hak'a'tcāñkdjīñgadja, yarēna, éna. 'Ninucdjōñkdjanēna' hlīgēna."

Ēgi jigē mañk'áp'í'na djānañga hip'érēzgi haná'tclīxdjt wawik'úānañga rucdjá'wñkdjē; ānañga wa'ú'djēna. Howajára hinucdjāna'e wak'á'tcañk'ē howajára hinucdjāñguni, yarēna.

Ēgi jigē hagárēja nañák'ú ha'déjē. Uañgja hak'idjági uñk

¹ *Tērcēp* in Winnebago; but I am not certain whether there is a prairie-turnip.

² *Ma'wōdja*. Although literally the word probably means "shells," its meaning here is quite different. It refers to places where blessings, such as food, etc., are stored for the faster. However, this passage is not quite clear to me.

³ Here the account of how Thunder-Cloud obtained his shamanistic powers ends.

⁴ This is another fasting-experience of Thunder-Cloud.

"He was pleasant to behold, dressed in a suit of white buckskin," he said. "My friend, not through mere chance have I come to you," he said to him. "The deeds you have done in the past is the reason for which I now am truly going to bless you," he said to him. "It must be he whom they call our nephew,"¹ he thought. "Whatever you will say, if you only say it, those who have closed their ears to it will be confounded; whereas those who listen to you will live.² Just as he whom we call our nephew (the Hare) led back into the fold the bad spirits to whom re-incarnation was denied, so will you bring back those who now doubt your teachings," he said to him.

A person can become re-incarnated if he fasts, they say; and if one fasts very much the spirits will certainly bless him with (certain powers). "Then if at any time you die, you will come back again," he said to him. Once when he (Thunder-Cloud) died, those (different spirits) (who had blessed him) told his ghost that it (the ghost) could go back. If he did well, he was to become human again, he was told. Back as a human being he would come and live, they used to say.

Then, at another time, those who are called cannibals blessed him. These cannibals are living across the sea. They can't be very holy, for it is said they are cannibals. Like human beings they are, and very much like us do they speak, it is said. Holy they are thought to

skaijónéjê. "Horuxúdjera k'árahieskiñxdjîjê wáxuskaràrik'i hik'ik'ájan-añga," wagejê. "Hitcak'áro hañk'afja^a jěskánñkdjònégê éskê hiránidjîna^a," higéjê. "Wocgañja^a p'îc'úncura hicgê dejěskê na^adjironídjana^a," higéjê. "Hitcú^acge gik'arádjirera wadjegúni," hirejê. "Djagúicekdjanera hiecgíji, djánañga hañk'ê hanánixgúnigi jê aná^atcî^a honañásewekdjanèna^a, égi djánañga hana^anfxgúnigi jêéji ni-á^abirekdjanèna^a. Hitcú^acgê gik'arádjirera wáxop'ini cicigera djánañga wairecgúnina hana^asgábera djasgê wawagtigigi jěskê waragtigkdjanèna^a djánañga k'ibánñgigigi," higéjê.

Égi jigê uañkclgak'íha^a ánañgrê hijá^a ha^adágina^adjanañga rok'ónóxdjî^a ha^adaginá^adjera, higicana^a waxop'ini warádjirera hijá^a na^adjodjá^anañga. "Hagáréja^a cdjegíji, égi rak'írikdjanèna^a," higegí. Uañkdjega hagáréja^a t'egíji nañyíragera warádjirê na^adjodjá^anihera édjá ginána^a giji jêé waxop'ini waradjirénóñk'a waganá^ajê. Jigê p'îhi uañkclk c'íñkdjégi hakdjá uañkclgerégi hak'íri uañkclk'î^anà^ajê aífrecanúna^a.

Égi jigê uañgerútgcgê wigáfrégi jěskê na^adjodjaf^anejê uañgerútgcgenóñk'a dedjó^a agédja. Waja^a wak'a^atcáñkdjî^a wagánañkcê uañgerútgcgenóñk'a. Uañkclk wagánañkcê uañkclk hiyá^aúanāñgwirê hicgê jěskéxdjî^anejê,

¹ Ceremonial name for Hare.

² For the last ten years, or thereabouts, Thunder-Cloud has preached fiercely against the new religious sect known as the "Peyote" or "Mescal-Eaters." "Those who will not hear" are the adherents of the new sect; "those who listen" are the pagans.

Thunder-Cloud is one of the principal members of the Medicine Dance, and it is therefore quite in place that the Hare, the mythical founder of the Medicine Dance, should appear to him, and command him to take strict measures against the innovators. According to some people, Thunder-Cloud even claims that he is the Hare re-incarnated.

be, these cannibals, they who, nevertheless, ate human beings, as it is told.¹

4. THUNDER-CLOUD AS A SHAMAN

Before I joined the Peyote sect,² all these things (that I have been recounting) I believed to be absolutely true. Not any of it is true (I now know); it is all a falsehood and deception.

Ever since I was a small child, that man Thunder-Cloud had been my brother-in-law. I knew him well. What he once did (I knew). He was a holy man (shaman); and whenever a person was about to die, they would send for him and he would do what was necessary. That is what he used to tell us; and I believed that it was all true.

In those days he was a poisoner (i.e., a bad shaman); and he used to travel at dead of night,³ they say. That is what he was going to do, he said. At night, at about eleven o'clock, he got ready. He was going to poison a family by the name of B —, he said. We were all listening; in the house we were lying. Then outside, some noise he was making. We were afraid of him, because we thought he was a poisoner. He would say that he was in control of our household. Nothing could they (my people) accomplish (without consulting him); for we knew he was a poisoner, and were afraid of him on that account. He came from among the spirits; he was a re-incarnated man: and if we displeased him, he would poison us. So, whatever he said, we did for him. That way it was.

hft'et'éracgê hfwik'iskafrejê airecanúna^a. Wak'a^atcáñk hirejê, uáñgrutcgê ánañgrê uañgrútcwigê wánañkcê.

K'eni mañk'a^ahádjêni waja^a mejšeskágerê hiskêxdj^ajê yárecanuna^a. Hañk'ê nñgtskanñgádja^a; haná^atclñxdj^a wofcdjòñk'ek'ádja^a.

Thunder-Cloud, uáñk jêê hixónúñfñgrèdja^a hitcá^ahagê yáp'erezdlña^a. Djagú-ija^anèna^a hagâréja^a wa'úna^a. Wak'a^atcáñkdjegê djadjóna uañkctgertja^a t'ékjdê higfrêgi jêskê ná^ajê. Méjšeskê hlñgáwicanúna^a, higejê yarecanúna^a.

Hagâréja^a wa'úna^a wak'á^awañx ha^ahi-orádjê ánañgerê. Jêskê hírek-djanèjê éna^a. Ha^ahêrêgi êdjáxdj^a 11 o'clock wa'ú^a rek'árohóna^a uañkcík honihéja^a B — wigafre^a, jêê édja wak'á^awañxcekdjanejê éna^a. Hanáñ-xgú^a hañgwína^a; tciédja hamñgwi-ánañga. Hahí tcañgerêgi waja^a γayak hinóñkcana^a. Wak'á^awañxk'ê hiraná^añwíñgi nañk'êwekdjâwigê. Ê wátciwi-édja eruk'ónóna^a herekdjegê djagúrija^a egíji. Hañk'agá hñuc'ágñññkdjâwigê howacéra wak'a^awañxk'êja^a wa'ú^adjegê nañk'a-wawína^a. Waxop'lni warádjirédja howádjí wa'ú^adjegê uañkctgak'fhai^aja^a waja^anija^a hañk'ê eri-agigíwintñgi hñk'áwajikdjónâwigê. Êskê djagúrija^a egíji hagi'úñkdjawi. Jêskéna^a.

¹ Every now and then the narrator cannot refrain from making fun of the older beliefs, and this is especially the case when he speaks of mythological figures such as the cannibals.

² Literally, "before I ate medicine."

³ That is, he was a wizard.

He had been married to my eldest sister, and now he wished to marry the second eldest, he said. Where he had been, there where Earth-Maker dwells, there his wife (my eldest sister) lived. But now he claimed that the second sister resembled his wife.¹ "She must be the one I left behind when I came," he thought. Up above to Earth-Maker's village he went to see his wife (i.e., his first wife). She was still there, he noticed. "How is this? I thought I saw you among human beings again, (and that is why) I came to see if you were still here," he said. And the woman, answering, said, "Why, where was I to go? Here you left me when you went away, and here I have remained up to the present time. What kind of a woman is she whom you mean, (i.e., the one who resembles me?)" said the woman. "Bring her here to me," she said.

Thus spoke my sister. The second one it was whom he said resembled his wife living above; and for that reason he wished to marry her, he said. A shaman, a bad shaman (poisoner), he was both; and for that reason they let him marry her, because they were afraid that, if they didn't permit him, he would poison them. They let him marry her because he was a shaman. Thus he married two women, he used to say.

"Up above, where Earth-Maker lives, is the place I came from, and there Earth-Maker said to me that I was to bring back four men (Indians), and I was to look them over, so that they were men of virtue. Not a quick-tempered man, nor one of changeable ideas, did he mean, but a really virtuous man, (a man of conservative tendencies), — that

Hinûngwâtcbêra xedéra k'onôñkdjá nunigê jigê xêdénû^abra k'onafñkdjê, éna^a. Nîngi-owâdjigi édja ma^aûna hómînañgêdjja édja tcigi hitcáwi^ahigi édjanañkcê. Hinûngwâtcbêra hinû^abédjerêdjega hitcáwi^ahira 'uáñgrêgi náñkcê, horuyúdjera hik'iskêxdjî^ajê, éjê. "Djaskêgâdjja^a djagú hat^aûda hun^a yaréra," hiregtji. 'uáñgrêgi mǎ^aûnominôñgêdjja hitcáwina k'aralcdja hije gâdjja. Higú^adêê hidjanañkcê, wagéjê. "Uañkcigêdjja hahî-ánitcagê djaskegâdjja^a yarégê, ni^acdjak'irîna^a," higejê. "Hatcá^awa^adekê? Égi hina^at^aû cara cererâ higú^aîngi ha^aûnañk'âdjja^a higejê. Hinûngenôñk'a wêjê, "Uañkcik djagúija^a waragégiji?" — "Hanîñk'irî-âdjê," éjê.

Êskê hinûngwâtcbêra hinû^abédjadjega ewagadjéna^a 'uáñgrêgi hijaf^a-tcawehgi hik'iskêxdjî^ajê horuyúdjera; êskê k'anafñkdjê, éna^a. Wak'a^a-tcáñgi-a^a wak'a^awañkk'êja^a wandôñk'édjeni k'ônôkgigîrena^a nôñk'áwaîregê hañk'ê gi^aûpanickê wak'a^awaiñxdjanêgê. K'ônôkgigîrena^a wak'a^a-tcáñgi-a^a wa^aû^adjegê. Êskê hinûngêra nû^ap k'ônôñkcana^a wes^aájê.

"uáñgrêgi mǎ^aûna hominôñgênôñk'i édja wawadjîna^a égi mǎ^aûna waigéna^a, uañkcikêra djop'wi haniáñgikdjê hîñgêna^a, wódo^ayudjânañga uañkcik wana^at^ap^a. Hañk'ê wana^at^a-agi, wána^at^apûnâpa, jêskê wagánijê,

¹ It was frequently believed that the resemblance of some living person, especially of some young person, to an older person who has died, meant that the younger one was the re-incarnation of the older one. For this reason, in adopting a child to replace one that had died, parents always tried to find some one who closely resembled the deceased.

kind he told me to take back to him." Thus four men there were whom he was to take back to Earth-Maker, he used to say.

For all these things, I used to love my brother-in-law. Never did I show any disrespect to him.¹ Whatever he asked me (to do), I always did; whatever work he asked me to do, I did. Never was I angry at him for the things he did. Zealously and painstakingly did I perform all actions in my association with him; for if (as a result of this) he loved me and blessed me, then I would surely be one of the four men that he was to take back with him to Earth-Maker. I wished whole-heartedly to be like him; and in my association with him I always thought of this, and did everything to the best of my ability. With Earth-Maker I wished to be; and as (I saw) my brother-in-law very scrupulous in his dealings with him, so I, too, acted accordingly.

Now that I am a Peyote follower, I know Earth-Maker (God);² and what his Son accomplished for us only when he took upon himself human shape, that (also) I know. I know that if I do what Earth-Maker's (God's) Son told me to do, then, up above, I shall see Earth-Maker (God). I was always wishing that my brother-in-law would take me back to Earth-Maker as one of the men he was talking about; but now I know there was no foundation to what he said. I know now that he lied about all that he said. Most assuredly he would not get back to Earth-Maker (God), — he who stood around and lied, he who had two wives. He was lying about Earth-Maker (God). Not to Earth-Maker would he return, we were saying. My brother-in-law was married to my eldest sister, and she believed

uáñkctk p'íñxdjìñ jéskê hanñgicjê." Êskê djop'íwi ma^súna édja howáni k'erekdjanèjê, es⁴ájê.

Êskê hitcú^hhara wagixédëcanúna^a. Hañk'ê dajtdjèni-ànañga; djagúra hijlñgéga. Hañk'ê hiquc^agenina^a wajá^anija^a wocéreja^a 'úi^acigi djaskégi hagi^aunána^a. Êgi hoc^aik p'íñxdjìñ waja^a 'úñgáckê hañk'agá wac^agenina^a. Haizóxdjìñ hak'íju uáñkclga^aina^a, woigixédëgi na^adjññgidjañgi uáñkclgëra djop'íwi mā^súña édja howanñk'erekdjònega. Énaññxdjìñ nêja^a 'úiñejèjê, yarégê hok'icagó^aña p'íñxdjìñ hána^a. Mā^súña édja howaré ruágúñgê hitcú^hhara hana^adjihñanina^a hiskê wadjejê, yarégê.

Mañk'á^a hadjgádjā mā^súña yap'erêz hadjidjéna^a; mā^súña hinñgra écana^a uáñkclk nañyítrak ni-á^ap híruurukdjera yáp'erezsóna^a. Mā^s-unñññgëra édjagúera ha^aúñgicána^a. 'uañgërégi mā^súña hatcanána^a, yap'erézsona^a. Hitcá^ahara mā^súña uáñkcik yowáñik'erékdjòñê ádjega édjinnñk'ecëjèjê ru-agúá^andjega, hoskëxdjìñ wádjera yap'erézsona^a. Djagu ádjega haná^atclñxdjìñ ret^aúñk' wádjera yap'erézsona^a. Éxdjìñ^añéckê hañk'ê mā^súña édja gininas^aárê, hinúñk nú^ap k'ónóñk, rét^aúñk na^ajñgi. Mā^súña regit^aúñk na^ajñgi. Hañk'ê mā^súña édja ginína^as^aárê déjéskê hihawína^a. Hitca^ahara hak'íju hitcáwina xédénóñk'a higú^a, hiskê wes^aárê. Hiranáñk-

¹ That is, although, being his brother-in-law, he stood to him in the joking-relationship, which permitted him to play jokes upon him with impunity, he never did it.

² Wherever Earth-Maker corresponds to God, I have added the word "God."

him. So she thought. That he was lying, she did not know; she thought he was telling the truth.

5. HOW I JOINED THE MEDICINE DANCE

I was about thirteen years, and over, when they told me that they would make me a member of the Medicine Dance. I liked it very much. Some people don't at all like it when they are asked (to join) the Medicine Dance. I, however, liked it very much. The Medicine Dance I am going to join, they told me. Very much did my parents desire me to do it, and so I did it. If I wished to lead a holy life, (that is what I should do), they told me.

Then, when everything was in readiness for my initiation into the Medicine Dance, we moved on to the place where the ceremony was to take place. At night, they were to sing at the Medicine Dance; and they (my relatives) were to join in the singing with them. There they also preached to me.¹ They told me that the custom (the Medicine Dance) was a good thing. I did not think, even then, that those who were to initiate me into the Medicine Dance would kill me when they shot at me. Never had there been such a life (perfect), they said, as the one I was going to live, now that I was about to join the Medicine Dance. Never, at any time, could I have thought of such a life. Those who are about to make me join the Medicine Dance (told me) that the Indians, when they hear of it, will expect me to do great things; that the Indians will speak well of me, and like me. That is all I can (now) think of (concerning that matter).

cANA^a. Ret'ûnkjdjêra hañk'ê hip'êrêzeninôñkcûna^a; higû^a hodâ hiskêwê hîrana^ai^anâñkcana^a.

Mañk'erêp'ônaijânañga dani-â^acANA^a haniqêgi mañk'â^aû^a hîñgigîrekjdjê hîñgafrêna^a. Haip'îñxdji^ana^a. Hodâckê, mañk'â^aû^a wâwirok'it'âlrega hañk'ê 'û^añanis'âjê airera. Dêéji haip'îñxdji^ana^a. Mañk'â^aû^a hârogâ 'ûñkdjanê hîñgafrera. Êgi hickê c'âgwahara 'û^aroigigûñxdji^ana^a, ha^a-ûânañga. Uâñkcîgo^añga p'îâ^aû^ajêjê hirafrêna^a.

Hagârêja^a mañk'â^a 'ûñgigîrekjdjanêra, jêdjûñga hatcîndja hêrekjdjônêra êdja wâixanawîna^a. Mañk'â^aû^a ha^ahêgi na^awaf^añekdjônêra êdjorok hahî nai^awaf^añekdjônêra 'ui^añêna^a. Êdja hoîk'u^ai^añêna^a. Wocgô^a p'î^ajônêna^a hîñgânañkcana^a. Hañk'êcgê mañk'â^aû^a hîñgigî k'ârohoîrega hîñgu-djirânañga t'êwiñekdjônêga, jêâga p'ewinîna^a. Hañk'ê jigâgâckê uâñkcîgo^añja^a herejê ânañgêra uâñkcîga^aîñkdjônêgê mañk'â^aû^a yâk'ârohôra. Hañk'ê uâñkcîgo^aîñnôñk'a hagâ p'ewinîna^a. Mañk'â^aû^a hîñgigîk'ârohoîrega uâñkcîgêrêgi naiñxgû^ai^añegi jêdja waja^a xêdêja^a ha^a'ûi^a yak'ârohôga; uâñkcîgêrêgi hîpatcâñgîrekjdjê hîñgip'i^añekdjê. Jêgûñk'îra p'ewîna^a.

¹ The Medicine Dance is full of speeches admonishing the young men and women who belong to the society to adhere to the teachings of the society and of their ancestors.

Now these who are about to make me join the Medicine Dance are preparing to show me the shell,¹ and (for this purpose) they are taking me to the brush.² There they (the elders) preached to me. I was not in the least bit frightened as (after this) they prepared to shoot me (with the sacred shell). Indeed, I was not in the least bit worried about it; nor did I think to myself, "I wonder how it is going to be." Then, those who already belonged to the Medicine Dance, those whom I had dreamed of (all this time, shot me). When they shot me, I didn't die. That thought was in my mind; but when they shot me, (as a matter of fact) I didn't even lose consciousness. Almost immediately I knew how to do it, (i.e., shoot). They liked it very much. Everything they told me to do I did immediately, nor was I backward about anything. The medicine-men liked it. Never had any one learned as quickly as I had done, they were saying; that augurs well for him. Now I thought (then) that it (the Medicine Dance) was true.

When we returned (i.e., from the brush), I entered the lodge. Not in any direction did I look. Not once did I speak; not once did I move around; not once did I change my position. Just as they told me to sit, that way I remained sitting. As many Indians as were gathered in the lodge, all of them I failed to notice. Not once did I by chance permit my glance to wander from side to side. I was doing everything exactly (as I was told). The medicine-men liked it.

Whenever, thereafter, a Medicine Dance was given, I attended it. Whenever I went in at night, I remained there until it was all over,

Algi mañká^á hñgigikárahofrega ma^dja^ggigirékdjegi, gixára howéni-analrena^a. Égi édja hññikit^aafrena^a. Hañk'écké náñyidanina^a, hñgudjikároholrega. Égi jigé hañkécké háhuhunina^a; égi jigé djasgéxdjtñkdjégi hañk'écké yaránina^a. Tconfnè mañka^aúnañgré jéské 'yahá^adega. Hñgúdjirega hañk'é tcanfcanúna^a. Jéé tca^a p'ewi^ana^a. Howaréra, hañk'é wána^añna hixáwani-à^adjikaranina^a, hñgudjiréra. Higúána wadupñx-dji^ana^a. Gip'fna^a rohó^añainèna^a. Djagúxdj^a 'úñcirera, jegú^a higúána wagi^aúna^a, hañk'é radjádja hak'fñina^a. Mañk'ána gip'f^añéna^a. Hañk'agé hijá^a jéskánigadja^a xapgéñfñk' warup'fñxdjtñgàdja^a; wajtñgé p'tñgàdja^a hñgafrena^a. Higúá^ana hiskeraná^ana^a.

Hagíwira tcfra walk'awawira. Hañk'agá nñkè wodu^yudjñina^a, hañk'agá jigé yat^añina^a, hañk'agá jigé runá^adjina^a nagenina^a, hañk'agá p'f^ahañk'ik^aanagenina^a. Djáské mñañk' hñgigftrera, jégú^a haináñgéra jégúna^a. Hañk'é uañkclgéra djánañga stoigické yapérezEnina^a. Hñk'aga hik'fñú djá^añgéra hik'idjá^añegi watcádjik'aránina^a. Jégúá^aunañk'ú^a waicpcana^a. Mañk'ána gip'f^añéna^a.

Égi jigé máñka^a 'úñgéra hagdja hidjorogá^aúñga. Ha^ahérégi wak'éwega hañk'aga yahñabEninañk'ú^a horucdjóna hérécónúna^a. Égi jigé há^añrégi

¹ The sacred shell of the Medicine Dance; the *migs* of the corresponding society among the Chippewa, Menominee, etc.

² That is, the "Brush Ceremony," the details of which are described in my paper on the Medicine Dance.

not going out once. And during the day ceremony, not once did I permit my glance to wander outside. Never did I permit myself to lie down from fatigue; nor did I permit my glances to wander outside because there was much noise there, or because some people were doing funny things. Not even within the tent did I glance. Indeed, I never allowed my glances to wander (in any direction). All the holy things I was told to do I did. This is a holy ceremony, and I was bashful in its presence.

If at any time any of my leaders (in the Medicine Dance) wished to give a Medicine Dance, I would stay at his house together with those who had been invited. I would do all the work for him, sing the Medicine Dance songs, etc. All the different things he was supposed to do, all that I would do for him.¹

When his wife cooked, I carried the water for her, I made the fire, and helped her with the dishes. And all the work she liked to have done in the house I did for her.

All the clothes I possessed I gave to him. Money I gave to him; and the food he needed I procured for him. Whenever he gave a feast, in addition to what he cooked, I would put a special pail of food on the fire for him. When he ate it, he was thankful.

"My son, what do you think I possess, that you are doing all this for me?" But I continued; and when I killed a medium-sized buck, I made a feast in his honor, and all the clothing he needed, I gave him.

hok'awairēcge, hañk'agá tcañgédja wodúytc rehánicanúná. Égi jigé hañk'agá hintcgénañk'a, hawá'ú^a hamlñga h^lbénlna^a, hañk'agá jigé tcañkerégi woyéxdj^m hiránañga waxdjáxdj^mhíra na^adjegácké, hñk'aga hagidjóduyudjénlna^a, hñk'agá hidjóduyudjénlna^a. Hañk'agá tciró-gañgré égi djánpéra hihiná^p hanicanúná. Wogtzoekdj^m djagúxdj^m 'ú^aciréra jejskéxdj^m hána^a. Wócka^a wak'antcáñgija^a heregédjtni, haic'ákdjina^a.

Égi x'ókēwatcābera djadjóna hīja^a mañk'á'ú^a hogirágirega jédjafñxdj^m p'á x'oke-atcābera hotci-édja hahí ha'úánañga. Mañk'á^a na^awáñkdjega, woréra haná^atcl^m hagi^aú^acanuna^a. Woréra djánañga 'úñkdjónega haná^a-tclñxdj^m hagi^aú^acanuna^a.

Égi jigé x'oke-átcabéra hitcáwina warudj 'ú^acké niáñgakúánañga. Égi jigé p'ētc wagit'ú^ana^ajiánañga égi wáské k'icéréracké hidjá gidjidecanúná. Égi tci-édja woréra djánañga 'u^anogú^adjera haná^atclñxdj^m hagi^aú^acanuna^a.

Égi jigé wañni^a djánañga haniá^adjega wagip'áyukcanúná. Higúañga^aracké jigé júra wák'ú^acanúná. Égi jigé hagañracké worúdjera djagú rúitcegi hagi^aú^acanúná. Égi jigé wagigógi djagú ohañkdjéra jigé éxdj^m ruitcéra i^atcbénñk' neyérjia^a haglk'eré-ánañga, dutc hágigiánañga. K'urútcga wainá^apcanuna^a.

"Hisúñk'áxdj^m djagu hiraína^a c'ingádja^a wainagíc'unádejê?" Hagá-réja^a jigé jéské hagiñna^a, tcaxédé xónúntñgija^a t'ehára, tca p'ñxdj^mja^a

¹ Of course, he is doing all this with the object of obtaining information from one of the leaders of the Dance, so that at his death he would, perhaps, be permitted to fill his place.

Then I also gave him a gun, a costly repeating-rifle, the one I used in hunting. All these things I offered him. Then I gave him an eagle, so that he could make a medicine-pouch out of it. Money I also gave him, and gourds. Thus I acted, feasting him, and offering him gifts all the time. I worked for him all the time.

(One day) he said to me, "My son, you have been treating me very well. Even my very brothers never treated me as you have been doing. I thank you. All my kindred hate you, but don't pay any attention to them. You are from a different family; and I am teaching you various things, they are saying. They want me to stop instructing you. My father left this affair (the Medicine Dance) for me to take care of. I am in complete control of it. Not one of these people (i.e., my kindred) has ever done anything for me in their life. My ancestors said that you are my relative for what you have done. I cannot teach them (my relatives) the details of this ceremony, as I would have done, had they acted correctly. (My knowledge) of this ceremony belongs to you, for you have paid for it. My remote ancestors told their descendants, as it has passed down from mouth to mouth to us, that whosoever pays careful attention to (all that pertains to this ceremony), that whosoever has a good memory, — he is the one to whom it should be taught. Thus they spoke.

"My son, you alone have been good to me," he said. "This ceremony you will learn. Our son, He-who-stands-on-a-Cloud, and you have been kind to me. Both of you will live a long life. Never divide this ceremony in two. Never keep anything separate, but do

heréra, jêê woháñgi*úánañga, égi wafniña hiná^a hagi*úánañga. Égi hijúk' rohá^adjadjox tcexijá^a nañk'ík'ara ya*úá'hira hágit*ú^adèna^a. Égi jigé tcáxcép' ponáñgija^a dani-óju hik*úñkdjegê. Jêê júra hirasá hagigína^a. Égi jigé p'èyíja^a p'íá*úñxdjít^a ánañga júra hirasá hagigína^a, p'èyénfúk'a. Jéjêskê hagigína^a, wogigó hok'áhi wajt^a hí^ahagit*ú^adecanúna^a. Égi jigé wagidádjegê.

Éskê waigéna^a édja, "Hisúñk'áxdjít^a p'inagigína^a, wak'inú^apdjinañeckê hañk'íja^a jêskê híñgigína^a. P'inagigína^a. Égi wak'inú^abèra haná^atc^a nfk'iwasalnera. Hañk'è wanáñxguniñe. Uañkctk idja^ahí ranigádja^a. Wajá^a nñgígú^azádjegê híñgaírañga. Roígíyinañkcana^a. Nunigé djá-djiga wocgó^a dèê hirak'ára hit'únak'eréra. Ne yak'úruk'ónána^a. Hañk'íja^a hága wajtñgí^auni na^aji-ánañga. Uañkckik'xédoixgāñgrê híñgígú^a-zwirê ne wáji^a ñawina híñgaírégi wája^a wahága hawá^aú^a. Hañk'è wagigú^as duxúrgēnina^a djagúrija^a hegaígi*únegadja^a wocgó^a wagigú^azikdjejê. Wocgó^a dèê nécana^a hácurucérētccana^a. Wocgó^a dèê c'ag nāna^adjo-djal^asgera godjáxdjowadji hirok'írak' hadjírēgi hijá^a harucéredjunañga, wiwéwina p'ínanác'íñgi gigú^azadjê. Híñgairéna^a.

"Hisúñgēdjít^a nécana^a p'inagigína^a," híñgéna^a. "Wocgó^a dèê hira-p'érēzikdjōnārē. Híñgíhira mañíwi-ana^ajíñga écana^a na^atcké watcina^a. Hak'ík'íju uañkctk' c'í^a cérēkdjōnāwirē. Wocgó^a dèê hañk'è k'irutcé howáñiñawini-āndjê. Niñkê k'irútce rák'ere-wlgi ha-éhiwiánañga. Hijá^a-

the two of you counsel about everything. If one of you knows anything, tell it to the other. Two people are necessary to make the ceremony truly efficacious (for either one). Never dislike one another.

"My younger brother, you are going to be a chief. No one else pays attention to this ceremony. You alone are doing it. If at any time I should leave your presence, when I am about to go, I know that you, oh, my son and brother, I will leave behind me, peacefully travelling along. Thus I will think as I am about to depart. Thus my ancestors told me."

Thus in trying to obtain information,¹ I made myself pitiable. I tried to be blessed. I performed all kinds of work. Even woman's work I did. Thus I kept myself in a pitiable condition, and for that reason my brother-in-law blessed me. He blessed me with the ceremony of his ancestors. He told it to no one else but to me; and if any one else, at the present time, tells you that he knows the ceremony as performed by our band, he is not telling you the truth. Up to the present time, this ceremony was an Indian ceremony, and not a second time will I tell it to (a member) of the white race.²

This ceremony moulded me. I paid the most careful attention to it; I worshipped it in the best way I knew how. I was careful about everything in my life. I never drank. A (holy) life it was that I sought. Most earnestly did I pray to be re-incarnated. That is what I yearned for. If I do everything this ceremony enjoins upon me, well, I will return to Earth-Maker, they told me. This is what

skê wacawîguni hîrârâwigîji êdja hogit'â^abiadjê. Nûp'îwi dêê homañ-k'îcdja^a c'ûñkdjônâwirê. Hânk'aga k'îwâsa^awiniândjê.

"Êgi hisûñgêdjî^a nêcâna^a tcowêra ninékdjonena^a. Hañk'îja^a wocgô^a dêê harucéredjônîna^a. Nêcâna^a ninéna^a. Hagârêja^a nîñk'arat'û^adê hadjik'érêgi, hisûñkhâra, hinîñk'âra, racgûñtxdjî^a; wat'û^adâ hugâdjî^a yâra-dahekdanèna^a, hîñgaîfrena^a, uânkcîk'êdoixgâñgerê."

Êgi yâp'erez ná^aina^a, ûána^adjodjal^askê wa'ûna^a ná^adjogidjal^añê nâñkik'îna^a. Worêra yak'ûna^a. Hinûñk' wôre hagerêckê, hirasâ haniâ^a ûana^a. Êgi ûána^adjodjal^a skêxdjî^a hak'ik'âranina^a hiské na^adjê hini^ahâra na^adjû^adjâ^ana^a. Wocgô^a dêê uânkcîk' xêdoixgâñgêre ná^adjiroidjâna^a. Hañkê hijâ^a wajâ^anîja^a hogirâgênina^a nêcâna^a 'ûinèna^a; honihê êgi waski-ók'erê hanîwînegi mêtêskênegi hijâ^a yap'êrezsôna^a, wocgô^a dêê egtji, hoské wêkdjanèna^a. Jedjâna^a wocgô^a dêê uânkcîgêrêgi maîñxedera howârekdjônârê, ép'a wocgô^a dêê hañk'ê hinû^abôhô^aña he-ehânikdjône, jêsgéja^a heréna^a.

Wocgô^a dêê ewai^aûna^a. Haizôxdjîña haizâra djâskê p'î^ahanâna^a jêske hâna^a. Hoixgo^axgô^anîna^a hirak'âra ha'ûna^a. Êgi hañk'ê wadatcgînîna^a. Uânkcîga^aî^a roágûñgê. Ênafîñxdjî^aña. Uânkcîgak'îha^a hanijêjê. Jêjêskê rogûñxdjî^aja^a. 'ûinèna^a mañk'ô'ûañgêrê p'î^ahâgi má^aûna^a êdja hagik-

¹ My informant is speaking of himself again.

² He is referring to the description of the Medicine Dance that he told me.

I wished. I was doing well as a medicine-man, and every one loved me. This ceremony was made with love.

I knew all the songs. Indeed, the leader of the dance would make me sing the songs for him. As many medicine-men as there were, they all liked me. I was not overbearing, but modestly did I comport myself right along. All the medicine-men told me that I was doing very well, and they offered thanks in my behalf.

djône hñgafrera. Jêê roágũñxdjina^a gadjá^a. Mañk'anixêdera p'f'há-djegê haná^atcf^a wołgixedèrena^a. Wocgô^a dêê hfwoxêdê 'uinéna^a.

Êgi ná^awa^a yáp'erezãnañga. X'óke-atcábëra hahí waigí'û^a canùna^a, nécana^a na^awaiñgígcianùna^a. Mañk'áni xêdënañk'a djanañgáka haná^a-tcfñxdj^a hñgip'inèna^a. Êgi jigê hañk'ê hirok'ônô hak'inína^a, hoicłpdj^a worudjśedi hak'łk'uranlna^a. Haná^atcf^a mañk'ániņa p'f'hádjeje hñgałre-canùna^a. Wa-łñginá^abirecanùna^a.

SANTA FÉ, N. MEX.

SOME CATAWBA TEXTS AND FOLK-LORE

BY F. G. SPECK

DURING a recent visit to the Cherokee Indians in the mountains of western North Carolina, I became acquainted with Mrs. Samson Owl, a Catawba woman, who is married to a Cherokee. From her I obtained the following short tales in the Catawba language. Few remarks are necessary. In the incidents themselves we recognize some widespread American motives, while in the language a number of features appear cognate with other Siouan languages, to which stock Catawba belongs. There are a half-dozen or so persons of Catawba blood living among, and mixed with, the Cherokee; but Mrs. Owl is the only one there who speaks the Catawba language. These tales, she stated, are but fragments of longer stories that she had heard when a child, but had since forgotten.

PHONETIC KEY

- $\begin{matrix} p \\ b \end{matrix} \}$.bilabial stops, intermediate in sonancy. Generally a true surd when initial.
 v . . . bilabial spirant, weakly sonantized.
 $\begin{matrix} t \\ d \end{matrix} \}$.alveolar dental stops, the degree of sonancy depending upon surrounding vowels.
 s . . . apical alveolar surd spirant.
 r . . . weak linguo-apical alveolar trill (similar to Spanish r).
 c . . . like English sh , not a common sound.
 tc . . . alveolar affricative (like English ch in *much*).
 ts . . . apical affricative.
 $\begin{matrix} k \\ g \end{matrix} \}$.palatal stops. The sonant g is rare except when preceding r or n .
 x . . . soft palatal spirant surd.
 $\begin{matrix} n \\ m \end{matrix} \}$.as in English.
 \tilde{n} . . . palatal n .
 $\begin{matrix} dy \\ ny \\ tcy \\ ky \\ ky \end{matrix} \}$.series of consonants weakly palatalized, probably due to effect of being followed by anterior vowels u and i .
 $'$. . . aspiration following stop.
 $^$. . . glottal stop, fairly strong.
 h . . . a clear open breathing.

- w, y* . . . semi-vowels.
a, i, o . . . short vowels.
ā, ī, ō . . . corresponding long closed vowels.
aⁿ, eⁿ, iⁿ, oⁿ, uⁿ . . . nasalized, long when marked *āⁿ*, etc.
u . . . open vowel, often with slight umlaut tinge, especially when final.
ū . . . long closed vowel (like English *oo* in *moon*).
e . . . short open vowel.
ē . . . long closed corresponding vowel (like *a* in English *may*).
ē . . . long open corresponding vowel.
E . . . short obscure vowel.
A . . . somewhat longer, open vowel (like English *u* in *sun*).
ā . . . long closed *a*, as in English *fall*.
ai, ae, au . . . are not true diphthongs, being heard more as glides.
 ' . . . denotes vowels followed by aspiration.
 Doubling lengthens both consonants and vowels, though this feature is uncommon.

Mrs. Owl's pronunciation is quite rapid.

Accentuation, denoted by ', is very important in Catawba. It denotes stress rather than pitch. On account of difficulties of typography it has been placed *following* vowels with diacritical marks; otherwise, *over* the vowel.

Concerning these short texts, I might say, that, realizing my inability to cope with the difficulties of morphology during my limited time, I took particular pains with the transcription, going over each text several times with Mrs. Owl. Occasionally the same word will be noticed with some variations. These minor differences I have preserved, in recording them as they were heard, instead of trying to harmonize them.

In the translations the sections enclosed in parentheses are insertions. Mrs. Owl, unfortunately, did not prove to be a very good interpreter, consequently many of the finer points are lost. Difficult phonetic permutations, irregularities and complexities of mode and tense in the Catawba verb, which is furthermore divided into some different classes, render analysis often very difficult. So the accompanying notes cover only what was easily accessible to me during my limited time.

The references in the interlinear matter are to notes at the end of each tale.

I. RABBIT FAILS TO IMITATE HIS HOST, THE BEAR

Numé ⁿ kī ⁿ t ¹	utá ²	dápehwa ⁿ kī ⁿ t ³	utko ⁿ yá ⁴	"Sugnámahodé ⁴
The Bear	said	(to the) Rabbit,	he told him,	"Come to my house
kuri ⁵ kiwitcáude."	Úniát ⁶	urérehohyé ⁿ ."	Úniát ⁷	darasákutcē ⁸ hiyat ⁸
to spend the day."	And	he did go.	Then	along towards noontime
numé ⁿ kī ⁿ t	núyā ⁿ hī ⁿ rihatī ⁿ rie."	Úniát ⁹	depáwītē ⁿ u ⁿ rá	owótcīya
the Bear	commenced to cook dinner.	And	an awl	using.

hítcepŋkŋp'hatŋrie.¹⁰ Únĭát' nŷaŋŋ térahotŋ'rie.¹¹ Nŷaŋ'-
his heel he stuck. And grease came out. (Into the dinner)
mutcé'ntŋ'rie.¹² Únik'¹³ nŷaŋ'ntŋ'rie. Únĭát' dépahwá'ki' utá',
he poured the grease. And they dined. And the Rabbit said,
"Yá'pponihē'rĭmu'thodé'¹⁴ súgnamahóde kréwĭtcaude."¹⁵ Únĭát'
"On a certain day come to my house, come stay all day." And
uréreho.¹⁶ Darásareyát dápehwá'ki'nt nŷa'herĭhati'rie.
he went. Along towards noon the Rabbit dinner commenced to cook.
Oweta' depáwĭtéu'ra ówetca' hŋtcepitki'p'hayát nŷaŋŋ
Imitating an awl he used, his heel he stuck, grease
(the Bear),
pái'hati'rie.¹⁷ Unik' hĭ'npawarú'p'hatcimē'kanwáretŋ'rie.¹⁸
none came. And his foot pain so much that he died.

The Bear spoke to the Rabbit, saying, "Come to my house to spend the day." And along towards noontime the Bear commenced to cook dinner. Then, using an awl, he stuck his heel with it. And grease came forth. Then he poured the grease into the dinner. And they dined. Then the Rabbit said, "On a certain day come over to my house and stay all day." And so (the Bear) went. Along towards noontime the Rabbit commenced to cook dinner. In imitating the Bear, he used an awl, and stuck his heel with it. But no grease at all came forth. And his foot pained him so badly that it killed him.

NOTES

1. *numéⁿ* BEAR; *-kí^t* article demonstrative, with subjective element *-i*.
2. Stem *ut*- SPEAK.
3. *dapehwaⁿ* RABBIT; *-kí^t*, evidently *-t* is an error.
4. *sugná^t* MY HOUSE (*suk* HOUSE, *-na^t* MY); *hode* imperative COME. The Catawba house or camp, as remembered by Mrs. Owl, was an affair built of hewn boards leaned from the ground to a ridge-pole supported upon two uprights. The boards were arranged with their joints overlapping. The enclosure was left open at the ends, a piece of cloth or the like forming a curtain at the rear. A fire was kept in the centre. Its height was about eight feet or so, and its width and length from twelve to fifteen feet.
5. *kurí^t*- variant of stem, *kré⁻(re)* STAY; *Wúcdwa* NIGHT; *-de* imperative. Literally, "Stay till night."
6. Introductory conjunction.
7. *urére* HE GOES; *-re* predicative or verbal element; *hohyeⁿ* affirmative.
8. *darasd(re)* HALF; literally HALF NOON.
9. *núya^(re)* TO COOK FOOD; *hí^ri* or *hé^ri* common as a verbal noun-ending; *hati^rrie* WENT TO DO SO AND SO. The verbal endings *-tí^rrie*, *tí^rrie*, and variants representing tense and modal forms, are characteristic. It may also be that these are quotatives, IT IS SAID, derivations of *-ta* or *-da*, stem TO SPEAK (cf. *ulá^t* HE SAID, *niddsere* I SPEAK).

10. *hiłcepił* HEEL; *hi-* a body-part prefix; *kíp'(ha)* STICK, PIERCE.
 11. *terá-*, *terá-* OUT FROM, OUTSIDE.
 12. *núyañk* GREASE; *mutcé(re)* stem TO POUR. The expression may also be *núya* FOOD [in] HE POURED IT.
 13. Introductory conjunctive.
 14. *yáponi(héri)* SOME DAY (*yap* DAY); the *p* is lengthened for rhetorical effect; *-mut* locative temporal, AT, WHEN.
 15. Variant of 5.
 16. *-ho* emphatic, affirmative particle.
 17. *pái'ha(re)* NOTHING; *pa-* ANY; *ha(re)* negative element.
 18. *hí'pa* FOOT; *wárup* PAIN (grab); *hacó(re)* intensive, SO BAD; *-ka* modal; *wári(re)* TO DIE.

2. THE 'POSSUM OUTWITS THE DEER AND THE WOLF ¹

PásEm¹ yéderesú² kápowáñkí³ hí'tcwa⁴kó⁵were.⁴ Wí'dabóye
 'Possum persimmon-tree under (was) sitting resting. Deer
 máhore.⁵ "Hí'tcwa⁶dó⁷?" — "Depě'ñkeperé⁶ na⁸kā'nide!"⁷ —
 came along. "Is it (persimmon) — "One is lying there, eat and see
 good?" (he asked.) underneath, (for yourself)!" —
 "Táintceyimwiyadó⁸?"⁸ — "Sakhapki⁹ yá'tci'rikhériho¹⁰ yaphasé-
 "How do you get them to eat?" — "Uphill you run, (against the)
 patcíkáiyet¹¹ nit'hém sahō're¹² onfk mahawá'sihore¹³
 wood bump the all (persimmons) will come and we shall both eat
 top of your head, down, plenty,
 Enhawá'sihóre." Orére¹⁴ ó¹⁵tcihé¹⁶ onfk dukhebé¹⁵ dukhawárihe¹⁶.¹⁶
 we shall have He went bumped and fell down down dead.
 plenty." (?) running, (against it.)
 PásEm sí¹⁷padí'rahe¹⁷ mówa¹⁸kí'khórehé¹⁸. Tá'sisúrie¹⁹ hasá²⁰hatí'rie
 'Possum went for a knife, singing as he went along. A Wolf stepped out (and)
 túrehíndya.²⁰ "Tcapátsesa²¹ namówanstē'he²¹." — "Hí'yápteru-
 asked the reason "Nothing at all! I was just merely "I will snap off your
 (for singing). singing." — head!"
 náyeda²² — "Wí'dewe²² dā'nikū'tse²³." — "Atci'grēt hánaha-
 (said Wolf.) — "A dead beast I have found." — "Go on, let us go
 ní'here."²³ Uníát' nó²⁴wa²⁵tehatí'rie tá'sisúrie dí'ra²⁶hatí'rire.
 and see it!" And he started, turning back; the Wolf went with him.
 (said Wolf.)
 Wí'dwe kpíkí'mūnā'yēt²⁴ tcúkha sé²⁷hekíthatí'rie atcē²⁸kítha²⁹.²⁵
 The dead when they arrived at he bit a a piece he tore off, a little piece
 meat, the place, hole (?),
 káyehuk hí³⁰tmo³¹túkhatí'rire.²⁶ "Kórahadahí'moná²⁷di²⁸ ipakē'
 he threw in his ('Possum's) face, "Go on, roast and eat it! Quails
 (and) he fell down.

¹ The first incident of this tale corresponds to a story common among the Creek Indians, Compare F. G. Speck, *The Creek Indians of Tashigi Town, Memoirs of American Anthropological Association*, vol. II, No. 2, p. 156.

pí'kiti²⁸ igyá'nimotu²⁹ 'Wi³⁰si hauré tci'rikserekán.'³¹
 flying up // When you hear them, 'Wi³⁰si is coming, } I have a notion
 (you say), to run away.' "

Pásem³² wé³³kíhá³⁴ratí³⁵ríre yapkó³⁶'kokití³⁷ríre. Ipaké píkití³⁸ihi-
 The 'Possum, crying, went off, wood he broke up. Quails flew up with
 tí³⁹ríre moruká⁴⁰'hiti⁴¹ríre. "Tánini⁴²'?" Uníat⁴³ hí⁴⁴'hathi⁴⁵ríre tá⁴⁶'sisúrie
 a whirr, They came and alighted "What's the And he told about the Wolf,
 // (near). matter?"
 (they asked.)

hánitciki⁴⁷'nye. Uníat⁴⁸ píkkíhá⁴⁹ratí⁵⁰ríre⁵¹ tí⁵²í! Tá⁵³'sisúrie aki⁵⁴'na⁵⁵-
 how this he had Then they flew up again and // Wolf where he
 done. went off, was

káhi⁵⁶tí⁵⁷ríre. Uníat⁵⁸ tá⁵⁹'sisúrie⁶⁰kí⁶¹'nt mī⁶²'cruwatcí⁶³'rík⁶⁴'hati⁶⁵ríre. Uníat⁶⁶
 they alighted. Then the Wolf got frightened and ran off. And
 epaké⁶⁷'kí⁶⁸t Agréi⁶⁹'na⁷⁰ hí⁷¹'a⁷²kacití⁷³ríre. Uníat⁷⁴ agré⁷⁵ dekó⁷⁶'ra
 the quails some of them scaffold made. And some remained,

wí⁷⁷'dyoki⁷⁸'na⁷⁹ kái⁸⁰'kái⁸¹'panatí⁸²ríre. Ní⁸³'t'emp mū⁸⁴'í⁸⁵yuítí⁸⁶ríre hí⁸⁷yá⁸⁸-
 the meat they cut up all. Each one took a piece of it, to the

kacití⁸⁹'mona⁹⁰ wí⁹¹'dyoki⁹²'na koní⁹³ hápkáye. Pásem⁹⁴kí⁹⁵'nt hapkái⁹⁶'tí⁹⁷ríre
 scaffold they went, the meat all up (they put). The 'Possum up they put him

hápkí⁹⁸ wa⁹⁹'kó¹⁰⁰wamúsa¹⁰¹'tcúko¹⁰²'tí¹⁰³ríre. Wí¹⁰⁴'tcáwareyá¹⁰⁵t tá¹⁰⁶'sisúrie
 way on top, he was exceedingly glad. In the evening Wolf

dú¹⁰⁷hotí¹⁰⁸ríre wí¹⁰⁹'dwekepikí¹¹⁰'na múraká¹¹¹'niti¹¹²ríre. Uníat¹¹³ pá¹¹⁴'eháhe¹¹⁵.
 came back, dead beast to where he went to look for it. And there was none.
 it was

Akí¹¹⁶'rakré mówahaká¹¹⁷'niti¹¹⁸ríre kú¹¹⁹rí¹²⁰'yip iyá¹²¹'suratí¹²²ríre. Uníat¹²³
 Round about he went looking for it, by chance (at the) edge of the And
 water.

pásem hí¹²⁴'ndayámúwa¹²⁵'ká¹²⁶'niti¹²⁷ríre. Uníat¹²⁸ yamuhí¹²⁹'wa¹³⁰'hátiríe¹³¹
 'Possum shadow in the water he saw. Then into the water he jumped,

u¹³²'pí¹³³'tce¹³⁴'hamí¹³⁵'hati¹³⁶ríre. Uníat¹³⁷ hapá¹³⁸'wa¹³⁹'hadúgrehati¹⁴⁰ríre. Uníat¹⁴¹
 he dove in (and) came out. And he jumped out on the bank, Then
 looked back again.

búrukwa¹⁴²'hí¹⁴³'ya¹⁴⁴. Uníat¹⁴⁵ búrukyá¹⁴⁶'muhí¹⁴⁷wá¹⁴⁸'hahe, u¹⁴⁹'pí¹⁵⁰'tce¹⁵¹'hamí¹⁵²'-
 back again he jumped. And back into the water he jumped, he dove and

há¹⁵³'hiya. Yápha¹⁵⁴ krémo¹⁵⁵'bé¹⁵⁶'bé¹⁵⁷ haká¹⁵⁸'nihe¹⁵⁹. Uníat¹⁶⁰ Pásem¹⁶¹
 came out. Among leaves there he bit (among them) And 'Possum
 (floating) to see.

hápkí¹⁶²wá¹⁶³ ha¹⁶⁴'há¹⁶⁵hacú¹⁶⁶kéwa¹⁶⁷'tí¹⁶⁸ríre. Anipúk¹⁶⁹ hí¹⁷⁰tcépa¹⁷¹'húktcé¹⁷²'hak.¹⁷³
 above sitting laughed so hard sitting (there). And then his slobber fell down.

Yá¹⁷⁴'niti¹⁷⁵ríre¹⁷⁶ hákát¹⁷⁷ hávrí¹⁷⁸háma¹⁷⁹ wí¹⁸⁰'dyo mahatí¹⁸¹ríre: "Atcé¹⁸²'
 (It fell) the now he looked up, meat he begged: "A little
 water into, piece

hukáí¹⁸³hat¹⁸⁴ tcá¹⁸⁵'dawáre¹⁸⁶ tsúk¹⁸⁷hahá¹⁸⁸'au¹⁸⁹. Uníat¹⁹⁰ "Hatcé¹⁹¹'ra¹⁹²'
 throw down, I will eat it and and we will laugh Then "A little bigger
 pretend I am dead, together." (he begged), piece

hukái⁵⁸ hakwarúphamahí⁵⁸ rakidatúkha." ⁵⁸ Képítki Atkáníha
throw down, I will grab it and fall down He fell down a little while
(pretending)." (when this was done), (he lay),

káho⁵⁹ wahatí⁵⁹ rie. "Dúgraha atcé⁵⁹ raha ní⁵⁹ tdawáriyí⁵⁹ Entsák-
he got up. "Again a little bigger piece, I will say I am dead surely.

gawahahá⁶⁰ aure ⁶⁰ tarúmíráha ⁶⁰ hukái⁶⁰ hagwarúpha hí⁶⁰ raki⁶⁰ dahan. "—
and we will laugh; (but) a great big throw down, I'll grab it and lay down
piece (pretending)."

"Himbā⁶¹ aki⁶¹ re." ⁶¹ Hámopítki átkanítí⁶¹ rie. Uníát⁶¹ burúkahó⁶¹ wa⁶¹
"Oh, yes! that's it!" He fell down, lay a while. Then again he rose,
(said Wolf.)

kahwá⁶² tha, "Hukát tarohé⁶² rí ní⁶² t tándawáriyí hí⁶² tsakhá-
got up, (and "Now the great big I will eat, and pretend for certain
said,) piece to die,

há⁶³ áu⁶³ t." Uníát⁶³ há⁶³ pípatkí⁶³ a ⁶³ wókatarápera⁶³ há hávré⁶³ ha.
we will laugh! Then chunk big bony jointed piece (he when he
showed the Wolf) looked up.

"Hánitukédó." Uníát⁶⁴ "Himbā⁶⁴ á ma⁶⁴ kí⁶⁴ ríre!" Uníát⁶⁴ húkiká⁶⁴ e-
"Is this enough And (he "Yes, indeed, it's enough!" Then he threw
for you?" said),

hayát warúpháma kúrukha hí⁶⁵ rakidáhatí⁶⁵ rie. Uníát⁶⁵
it down, he (Wolf) grabbed it, he swallowed it, and fell down. And

urí⁶⁶ ríwáriet⁶⁶ dúgerekáho⁶⁶ hwa⁶⁶ hatí⁶⁶ rie.
really he died, (never) again he got up.

'Possum was sitting beneath a persimmon-tree, resting and eating persimmons. The Deer came along, and asked him, "Are they good?" — "There is one lying there, try it yourself and see!" said the 'Possum. "How do you get them down?" asked the Deer, (after he had tried one and found it to his liking.) "You run up the hill and down, bumping your head against the tree; then they will all come down and we shall both have plenty to eat," said the 'Possum. Then the Deer went up the hill, and bumped his head against the tree, and he fell down dead. Now, the 'Possum went for a knife to cut him up with, singing as he went along. A Wolf heard him, and stepped out and asked him what he was singing about. "Nothing at all!" said the 'Possum, "I was just merely singing." — "I will snap off your head if you don't tell me," said the Wolf. "I have found a dead beast," said the 'Possum. "Well, go on and let us see it!" said the Wolf. They started back, the Wolf going along. Now, when they arrived where the dead beast was, the Wolf tore off a little piece (from the guts), and threw it into the 'Possum's face, so that he fell down. "Go roast that and eat it!" he said. "When you hear the noise of a flock of quails rising up, tíi, you say, 'Wí⁶⁷ si is coming, I guess I will run off.'" (He told the 'Possum to say this, in order to frighten away anybody who might be met with, who would aid him.) Then the 'Possum went

away crying. (As he went along,) he broke some wood. This startled some Quails, who flew up with a roar, *tī!* They came and alighted near him. "What's the matter?" they asked. Then he told them all about what the Wolf had done to him. And they arose again and flew off. They went to where the Wolf was, and alighted near him. The noise frightened the Wolf, and he ran away, (leaving the meat.) Then some of the quails made a scaffold, while some remained and cut up the meat. Each one took a piece of it and went to the scaffold, until they had it all up there. Then they also put the 'Possum there on top. He was very glad. In the evening the Wolf came back to where the dead beast was, to look for it; but none was there. He searched all about. By chance he happened near the edge of the water (where the scaffold had been made, above the river); and he saw the 'Possum's shadow in the water. He jumped in and dove, (but got nothing.) Then he climbed out on the bank again, and looked around. Then he jumped back into the water. He dove and came out. He bit among the floating leaves to see where the shadow was. The 'Possum sitting up above laughed so hard that his slobber fell down. (Since then opossums have always had this habit of grinning and slobbering.) It dripped into the water, and the Wolf looked up. He begged a little meat of the 'Possum. Said he, "Throw me down a little piece! I'll eat it and pretend I am dead, then we can laugh about it." (The 'Possum threw him a little piece.) "Throw me down a bigger piece, and I'll grab it and fall down," said the Wolf. (When 'Possum threw him another piece,) he fell down, lay a little while, then got up. "Now throw me a still bigger piece, and I'll say I am dead for certain, and we will laugh," said he. "Throw me down a great big piece, and I'll fall down," said he. (The 'Possum held out a big piece, and asked him if that would do.) "Oh, yes! that's enough," said the Wolf. Then he rose again, and again said, "Now throw down that great big piece, and I'll pretend to die for certain when I eat it, and we will laugh." Now the 'Possum held out a big bony joint, (and asked him if that would do.) "Oh, yes! certainly," said Wolf. Then he threw it down, the Wolf grabbed it, swallowed it, and fell down. And he really did die, never to rise again.

NOTES

1. Mrs. Owl used this corruption of the English "opossum" all through her story. It was the only word she had for the animal.
2. *yederé*² PERSIMMON; *ĩsú*² TREE.
3. *kápá*²- UNDER; -*Añk*- SITTING OR STANDING IN POSITION.
4. -*tcwa*^a- stem TO REST.
5. *ma*- demonstrative THAT; -*óre* stem TO COME; verb very irregular.
6. *depě*^a ONE; *kápá(ere)* UNDER; -*re* predicative element.
7. *yá(re)* stem EAT; *ká'nĩ* stem SEE; -*de* imperative.

8. *Idin-, tan-*, interrogative prefix HOW? -*dó*^s 2d person, interrogative.
9. *sak* MOUNTAIN, HILL; *kápkí* UP.
10. *ya*, 2d person pronoun; *lcí'rik(héri)* stem RUN; -*ho* emphatic.
11. *yap* TREE.
12. *sa* DOWNWARD, -*ore* COMES.
13. -*ha-* 1st person plural pronoun, subject.
14. *orére* TO RUN; TO GO.
15. *duk-* DOWN ON THE GROUND.
16. *duk-* DOWN; *wári(re)* TO DIE.
17. *sí'pa* KNIFE.
18. *mówa*^a SINGING.
19. *lú'sí* DOG; *súrie* WILD.
20. *hí*^a ABOUT SOMETHING.
21. *na-*, 1st person subject, intransitive; -*stehe*^a limitative.
22. *wit* BEAST; *wé'ye* DEAD.
23. *hanaure* WE SHALL GO; *há'ní're* WE SHALL SEE.
24. *kepí'ki* THEN WHERE.
25. *atcí'^(re)* LITTLE.
26. *hí'ni* FACE.
27. *kórahá* GO ON; *himú^(re)* TO ROAST; (y)(n)*á'di* EAT, imperative.
28. *píkí'i* stem FLY UP; *tíí* onomatopoeic, representing the whirr of fluttering birds.
29. *iní* stem HEAR; *matú^t, motú^t*, locative used as temporal; *yá-* possibly for *ya-* 2d person pronoun.
30. *Wí'si* a fierce monster in Catawba mythology, whom Wolf tells 'Possum to blame for the noise, so as to frighten away a possible helper.
31. *lcí'rik* stem RUN; -*sere* 1st person subjective pronoun.
32. -*ti* subjective case-ending. The use of this, however, is not always consistent.
33. *wé^(hare)* TO CRY.
34. *yap* WOOD; *ko'ko(re)* TO BREAK.
35. *haní't* demonstrative THIS.
36. -*kk-* doubled for rhetorical effect.
37. *mí'cru* stem TO BE FRIGHTENED; *lcí'rik-* stem RUN.
38. *agrē'* SOME, A FEW.
39. *hí'a^t, hí'ya^t*, SCAFFOLD, — an affair like a cache, erected upon poles, to preserve household effects, etc.; common among all the South-eastern tribes.
40. *wídyo* MEAT; literally, BEAST FLESH.
41. *kái*^a stem TO CUT, reduplicated; *í'pana* ALL.
42. *musáre* TO BE GLAD (*námusáre* I AM GLAD).
43. -*ká'ní-* stem TO SEE.
44. *yá'ye* WATER.
45. *hí'nda* SHADOW; *ya^(n)* WATER; *múwa*^a LYING IN; *ká'ní* SEE.
46. *wá^(here)* TO JUMP.
47. *hapá'wa*^a JUMP OUT; *dúgre* BACK.
48. *búruk* OVER AGAIN.
49. *yáp* TREE, WOOD.

50. *krémo*^a THERE; *bé*(here) TO BITE, reduplicated; *kā'nī* SEE.
 51. *há*(here) TO LAUGH, reduplicated; (*ha*)*ico* intensive; *kéwa*^a SITTING THERE.
 52. Introductory conjunctive.
 53. *hítcepá*^a SLOBBER; *hukicé*^a(here) TO DROP DOWN.
 54. *yá*^a WATER.
 55. *háv*(ere) TO LOOK AT.
 56. *máh*(ere) TO ASK.
 57. *hukóí*^a THROW DOWN; *deicá*^a(re) I EAT; *dawáre* I DIE.
 58. *warúp*(ere) TO GRAB.
 59. *Entsák* SURELY, FOR CERTAIN.
 60. *-teró* BIG.
 61. *himbá'* YES! rhetorically emphasized.
 62. *patkí'*^a(re) BIG.
 63. *urí'rí'*, *orére* WENT; *wári*(re) TO DIE.

3. THE PIG OUTWITS THE WOLF

Tá^asisúrie wí'tkERA^a hínú^a útko^ayá^a, "Yáponihérímuthóde
 Wolf invited Pig, he said to him, "Upon a certain day, come
 Únik' túrí^ayá^a tcoyí hadrádí're^a úník' hanatóre." Úníát'
 and apple ripe a lot are over there, and we will go get Then
 some."

urērihóhe^a. Wí'tkERÁ^a hínukí'^{nt} hódye. Uníát' tá^asisúriekí'^{nt}
 he went, indeed. The invited one the Pig came. Then the Wolf
 utá^a, "Detbē'tcátcuntare." Uníát' wí'tkERÁ^akí'^{nt} utá^a tá^asisúriekí'^{nt}
 said, "I have already been there!" Then the invited one said (to the) Wolf,
 útko^ayá^a, "Yápanihérímuthóde." Uníát' ureríyápkuse^a moráya-
 he told him, "Upon a certain day come." And he went (when) did
 that day

thohé^a. Uníát' wí'tkERÁ^akí'^{nt} utá^a, "Débē'tcátcuntaré." Uníát'
 come. And the inviter said, "I have already been there." Then
 tá^asisúriekí'^{nt} utá^a, "Yápanimúthóde." Uníát' uré'rí yápkusēmōrá'yat
 the Wolf said, "On a certain day come." And he went (when) the day came;
 urērehohé^a. Uníát' tá^asisúriekí'^{nt} utá^a, "Detbē'tcátcuntaré."
 he went, indeed. And the Wolf said, "I have already been there."
 Uníát' wí'tkERÁ^akí'^{nt} utá^a, "Yápaniramúthóde." Uníát' huká't
 Then the invited one said, "On a certain day come." And now

tá^asisúriekí'^{nt} ē'hahé^a. Únikā'n yápkuse'morā'yat morā'hye^a.
 the Wolf did not like it. And so (when) the day came, he went.
 Súksa'há.^a "Ehē'm! Hukā'tyīntcārahā'yá."^a Uníát'
 He stepped into "Ehēm'! Now I shall have to eat you!" And
 the house.

wí'tkERÁ^akí'^{nt} utá^a, "Ya^apEsá^ahasā're^a hukwa^aatcérekā'de hukahā'
 the inviter said, "Do be seated a little while, just now
 nūya^ahérísatcére. Uník' datcá^anawápá^asutkáre^a úník' kuñká^a.
 I am engaged in cooking. And I will eat a big mess, and so

ditrómiráyihĩn'k⁹ kuñka⁸ yá^awapá^ayúre."¹⁰ Uníát' túsEpa^asé⁸
 I shall be bigger, and so you will have a And a cooking-pot
 big mess."

patkí'¹¹ kusáyat yá^aye pa^ahákusá¹² hárotcutrí'ye.¹³ Uníát'
 big standing (with) water was full, boiling hard. And
 wí'tkERA^a hĩnukí'^at tera^arERA^ahati'rie. Ké^ahiyat tciríkhéri
 the inviter Pig went outside. After a while running
 suksáhati'rie Tá^asisúrieki^a útko^ayá⁸, "Ye^a tci^acoyí^aha^aáure."¹⁴
 he entered the The Wolf he told him, "People a whole lot are coming!"
 house.

Uníát' tá^asisúrieki^a'nt utá⁸, "Tá^a'tcárú?" Uníát' wítkERÁ^a'ki'^at
 And the Wolf said, "Where (shall I go)?" And the inviter

utá⁸, "Hā^a'wekaénā^a'ire."¹⁵ TúSEpá^ase patkí'^a yá^aye pá^akusá
 said, "I will hide you!" The cooking-pot big (with) full standing,
 water

hárotcókusatí'rie hákpa^ahéhé¹⁶ sakpá^ahákusáhye^a. Uníát' ítus hī⁸
 boiling hard standing, the lid over it was standing. And (a) pot-hook
 wotcyÁ túSEpá^aseki'^a húketcóhye^a. Uníát' dugré^aha
 using, (took the cooking-pot, he set it down. Then he looked back,
 it off the fire)

utá⁸, 'Hánthóde háukā^a'ē'nāi're." Uníát' sEWā^a'ñkhemoráhye^a.¹⁷
 said, "Here come, I will hide you." And he rose and went.

Uníát' hákpa^aheki'^a kÁraphÁ.¹⁸ Tá^asisúrieki^a wEP^a'ha^a'
 Then the lid he slipped off. The Wolf he grabbed
 túsEpa^asé⁸ tukā^a'ehÁ⁸. Hákpa^aheki'^a sakpá^ahahyé^a Uní^a'k'
 (in the) cooking-pot he put him in it. The lid he put over (the And
 pot) pot).

wárihé^a.
 he (the Wolf)
 died.

The Wolf invited the Pig, saying, "Upon a certain day come to visit me. Over there (where I live) are a lot of ripe apples, and we will get them." Then he did go. The Pig who was invited came (to the Wolf's house), and the Wolf said, "I have already been there (and back again)." (But he had not been there at all.) Then the guest said to the Wolf, "Upon a certain day come (and visit me)." And when that day came, he went. Then the host (the Pig) said, "I have already been there." (He lied, as the Wolf had at the first.) Then the Wolf said again, "On a certain day come (and visit me)." And when that day came, (the Pig) went. And the Wolf said, "I have already been there." Then the guest said, "On a certain day come (and visit me)." But now the Wolf was angry. And so when that day came, he went. He entered the house. "Ahem! Now I shall have to eat you up (instead)." Then the host said, "Do be seated a little while! Just

at present I am cooking. And I will eat a big mess so that I shall be bigger; and (when you eat me,) you will have a big meal." And a big cooking-pot was standing near, full of hard-boiling water. Then the host, the Pig, went outside. Pretty soon he returned, running. He cried to the Wolf, "A crowd of people are coming this way." Now the Wolf said, "Where, indeed, (shall I go)?" And the host said, "I will hide you!" The big pot was standing near by, full of hard-boiling water, and the lid was over it. Taking a pot-hook, he (the Pig) took the pot off the fire and put it on the floor. Looking back (over his shoulder,) he shouted, "Here, come quick! I will hide you!" And the Wolf jumped up and went towards him. And (the Pig) slipped the lid off (the pot). Then he grabbed the Wolf and shoved him into the pot, and put the lid on top. And the Wolf died.

NOTES

1. *turi*² FRUIT, APPLE; *i'ya* RIPE.
2. *hadihi*² THERE, demonstrative.
3. *yáp* DAY; *-kusá(re)* TO STAND.
4. *ma* demonstrative; *or(ere)* TO COME; *hókye*^a affirmative.
5. *suk* HOUSE.
6. *huká't* NOW; *yintca*^a- I EAT YOU.
7. *ya^apésá*² CHAIR, SEAT.
8. *datcá*^a I EAT; *wapá^a*² A GREAT DEAL OF SOMETHING.
9. *dí*- I; *tro(teró)* BIG; *míráyi* MORE.
10. *-yúre* 2d person subjective pronoun.
11. *itús* POT. The Catawba still make clay pots, some with lids for cooking.
12. *pá^ahoka* adjective FULL; *kusá* STANDING.
13. *háro(re)* TO BOIL; *tcu(re)* INTENSIVE.
14. *tcóyi* A GREAT MANY.
15. *háwékái* HIDE.
16. *hákpa^a* LID OF A POT.
17. *séwáñk* TO GET UP.
18. *-rap-* stem TO CATCH HOLD OF (*warup* PAIN, BITE).

4. HOW THE GHOSTS WERE HEARD DANCING¹

Istc'ná ¹	udniyá ²	ówehé ²	h'músneráha	terañkó ²	isáhe ²
My mother	told me	(that) she	(and) my father	were standing	outdoors
witcaurére	depé ²	hátkuhá	hákutcí ²	Uníat ²	i'swa ^a hiák ⁵
evening	one	after	sunset.	And	river across
yényé ² se ^a bé ⁶	korandákímatú ⁷	ye ^a pá ⁸	ituskéhekā ² e ⁹	tcók	
people ancient	where they had lived at	somebody	drum was beating	very much	

¹ This short narrative refers to an old village-site on the southeastern bank of the Catawba River, not far from the present Catawba village. It is not unlikely that the singing and dancing might have been also attributed to a class of wood-nymphs or fairies in Catawba folk-lore, known as *yéswi*² ("people wild"), who were believed to inhabit the dense forests.

inEhé^{n.10} Onikán¹¹ hukā't i'nīkimuntút¹² hī'yeⁿpaⁿeháhe^{n.12}
 heard it. And then now even where they heard it there was nobody (there).

My mother told me that she and my father were standing outside the door one evening just after sunset. And from across the river, where there used to be an ancient Indian village, they could hear somebody drumming very hard (and people dancing and singing). But there was nobody over there, where all the noise came from.

NOTES

1. *icīlci-nÁ*^t MOTHER MY, usual form in vocabulary.
2. *ut-* stem; *nīyÁ*^t incorp. subj. obj.
3. *owÁ*^t independent 3d personal form.
4. *terá-* OUT; *-Añk-* TO BE SITTING OR STANDING.
5. *iswá*ⁿ RIVER; *-híák* ACROSS, OVER.
6. *yéⁿye* substantive PEOPLE; duplicated *ye* MAN; *seⁿbě'* ANCIENT.
7. *kóre(re)* (THEY) WENT; *ákí* WHERE; *matú*^t locative AT.
8. *yeⁿpÁ* MAN; *-pa* SOME.
9. *úús-* POT; literally, POT DRUM.
10. *i'n-* stem.
11. Introductory conjunction.
12. *in-* HEAR; *-ki* locative demonstrative; *muntú-* form of *matú*, locative.
13. *yeⁿ* PERSON; *paⁿehá-* ANY NOT (cf. Note 17, p. 322).

GENERAL FOLK-LORE NOTES

Yéⁿ weyÁⁿ yere DEAD PEOPLE'S ROAD, the Rainbow (*yéⁿ yeⁿ* MAN; *wěⁿya* DEAD).
nyúⁿtišewáⁿpere SUN CHANGING (*nyúⁿti* SUN, *šewáⁿp(ere)* TO CHANGE), the change in the phases of the moon believed to be caused by the sun.
Wáriwe ONE WHO NEVER DIES, the chief deity believed in by the Catawba, corresponding to God.
Wíⁿsi the name of a fierce creature in mythology.
yésúrie PEOPLE WILD (*ye* PERSON, *súrie* WILD). These are the dwarf fairies who dwell in the woods.
híⁿ vārīmodú^t WHERE IT OPENS UP (*híⁿvare* TO OPEN OR WIDEN OUT, *-matú^t*, *(-modú^t)* locative WHERE). This is the sky world or heaven, where *Wáriwe* dwells, also the home of the dead.
wápitnutúsésa^t STAR WITH TAIL (*wápitnú^t* STAR), COMET. This is believed to be a sign of coming war. Mrs. Owl remembers how her father, just before the Civil War, saw a big comet in the north, and pronounced it a sign of what later actually came to pass.

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NO-TONGUE, A MANDAN TALE

BY GEORGE F. WILL

THIS story was told by James Holding Eagle, a young Mandan Indian, who learned it from his mother, Scattered-Corn Woman, one of the few living full-blood Mandans. It is what he called a "four-nights' story;" that is, one which takes for the telling four long winter evenings, when the young people gather around the old lady after the evening work is done.

He says that it is a Mandan story which has been told among them for many years. We find, however, the same story in both the Arikara and Pawnee myths of Dorsey, only in fragmentary form, or broken up into several short tales. The story as here given is about half of the whole tale, although it forms an almost complete story in itself. The remainder of the story tells of No-Tongue's deeds and renown, acquired among his people in the village. It has not as yet been taken down.

At a certain village headed by a certain chief there once lived a man and his wife and their two children, — the elder a girl; the other one (some two years younger), about seven or eight years old, a boy. The woman used to leave the village and go into the woods to do her work of preparing and dressing hides. One day the man followed her to a lonely spot in the woods, and killed her. He cut off one leg, and hid the rest of the body. The leg he smeared with the hair and blood of a deer, then he built a fire and cooked it.

After a while, the two children came that way, and their father gave them their mother's flesh to eat. Then he left them and went back to the village. After a while, the children also returned to the village. There they found themselves avoided by all. Their father had given out the report that they had killed their mother and eaten her flesh.

The chief soon called a council to decide what should be done with the children. After some debate, it was determined that they should be taken by the police out into the woods and lost. So the next day the police took the two children a long ways into the woods, and left them there without food. The children wandered around for several days, living on berries and such roots as they could find. Then, finally, they made their way back to the village again. Once more the children were taken far into the woods and abandoned by the police; but after much suffering, they returned once again to the village.

Then a council was again called; and it was decided, at their father's urgent plea, to lose the children once more, and then to leave the

village, and move inland for a long stay. So once more the children were taken far into the woods and left; and that night all the inhabitants of the village packed up their belongings and went away.

The boy and girl wandered around for many days, barely subsisting on berries and roots. Then, at last, hungry and tired, they got back to the village, only to find it deserted, with no food to be found. They cried about the village for some time, and at last found the trail which their people had left. This trail they followed for several days, and finally, exhausted and almost dead with hunger, came to the tepees of their people. It was evening, and they ventured to enter an old and much worn tepee on the outskirts of the camp. Within was a poor old woman. When she saw them, though she recognized who they were, she felt sorry, and asked them in and gave them food.

Then she told them that she would hide them for a day or so, but that all the people were against them, and they must go away. She told them to go back to the village on the river-bank, and told them how to find her house. In the house, she said, was a cache; and she gave directions for finding it. In the cache were corn, beans, squashes, and fat, with dishes, robes, and such utensils as were needed for sewing and cooking. In some way, however, the presence of the children in the camp was suspected; and the police were sent around to search every tepee. When they came to the old woman's house, she sat by the door. They asked her if the children were inside, and she did not answer. Then they entered, and found them.

The chief and the head men debated for a long time as to what should be done with the boy and girl this time; and finally it was decided to send them back to the old village with the police, and give orders to have them killed there. So, on the following day, the police took the two and went back. But when they came to the village, they felt sorry for them and did not want to kill them. So they rolled the two children tightly in a large heavy hide, and bound it firmly round the middle with a thong. The bundle thus made they placed on the very edge of a high, steep bank, at the base of which were many stones. To the bundle they fastened another cord, which they tied to a stake, so that, if the bundle rolled off, it would hang suspended over the edge of the bank.

Thus they left the children, who could do nothing to help themselves, and who were so placed that the slightest stirring might cause them to go over the edge. The boy and girl cried almost continuously, stopping only now and then to caution each other against struggling or moving. A long time they lay thus, weeping, and wondering what they had done to deserve such a fate. Then by and by they heard a crying from the direction of the village. At first they thought that it was people; but as it came nearer, they recognized it as the howling of a dog.

It was a very old dog, whose teeth were nearly worn out; and she was very weak. The dog came up, and began to chew on the thong which fastened the children to the stake. She chewed for a long time, crying, and resting occasionally; and all the time the children were fearful, lest they be pushed over the edge. Finally the dog began to chew on the thong which bound the hide, and the children were still more fearful. But, as the dog chewed, she pulled on the bundle, and gradually drew it back from the edge of the bluff. At last she broke the thong, and the hide loosened. The little girl was able to get out, and help the little boy out. .

Then they started back to the village to look for the old woman's house; and as they went along, the old dog (which they had thankfully petted and caressed) followed them. They had no trouble in finding the old woman's house, and they found the cache just as she had described it. From it they got robes, utensils, and food enough to last them for some time; and the old dog was not forgotten.

For a long time they lived thus in the old woman's house, going out in the daytime to gather roots and berries, and returning at night. After a time, however, the weather began to grow colder; and the girl suggested that they go down into the bottom-land and build themselves a winter house in the woods. So they went down, and built a very little house, — just big enough for themselves and the dog. They built it just like the earth lodges, with a frame of poles covered with grass and then with earth; and in it they were snug and warm.

By this time, however, their food taken from the cache was gone, and they began to be very hungry. All the berries were dried up; and they could not dig roots, because the ground was frozen and the snow was coming. So they had to live entirely on the berries from the wild roses. They lived thus for some time. Every day, as they went out to gather rose-berries, they noticed how thick the rabbits were: so one day the little boy told his sister to make him a bow. The next day the sister worked at the bow, and finally succeeded in making a small one which he could handle. Then the little boy went out with his bow, and practised a great deal. Finally, on the first day, he managed to kill one rabbit, which he took home to his sister. She dressed the rabbit, and saved the skin. After this, the boy kept on hunting with his bow, and soon became a good hunter, and would bring in a number of rabbits every day.

Thus they lived along comfortably for some time, together with the old dog. One day the boy got close to a wolf on the edge of the bank, and managed to kill it. He dragged it home, and they made a robe from its hide.

One day, after thinking for a long time, the girl told her brother that she thought he ought to go up on the hill and fast and pray, as

the warriors do. In that way, they might get many good things, and good spirits would come to him. The boy did not understand what she meant at first; but she explained it to him, and he agreed to go. They had plenty of rabbits on hand, so that he did not need to hunt.

So the sister took the rabbit-skins and made him warm mittens and other warm things to wear, for it was very cold. Then she told him to remember whatever appeared to him, and, if he was asked for anything, he must at once give it. So, after dressing warm, he went up on a high hill before sunrise, and stood there all day, fasting and praying. Meanwhile the sister sat at home in the house. She was sorry for her brother, all alone and cold on the hill, and he was so little. And she cried all day.

When he came back at night, she asked him if he had seen anything; but he said that he had not. The next day he went again, very early, as before, and stood on the hill all day; and his sister staid at home and cried. That night, when his sister asked him if he had seen anything, he said that he had. He said that two men came to him out of the air, just as the sun was coming up. One of them asked him for something; but he did not just understand him, and, before he could answer, the man said to his companion, "He does not want to give it." And they disappeared before he could answer. As they went away, they sang a song.

The next morning the little boy prepared to go up on the hill again. His sister told him, if the men came again, to quickly give them what they asked for. So he went up on the hill, and again the men came just as the sun was rising. One man asked him for his tongue. The little boy took his knife with one hand, and tried to pull out his tongue with the other. But it always slipped from his fingers, and he could not hold it. And again the two men disappeared. As they went, they sang the same song.

When the boy told his sister what had happened, she got a little stick and made it very sharp. In the morning, when the little boy was ready to go up on the hill, she gave him the stick, and told him to stick it through his tongue when the men came, and then he could pull it out and cut it off easily. So the little boy went up on the hill; and his sister cried and cried at the thought of her poor little brother having to cut off his tongue. The men came once more, just at sunrise; and one of them again asked the little boy for his tongue. He pierced his tongue with the sharp stick, and thus was able to pull it out. He cut it off and handed it to the man. Then the man said, "That is a brave man! No one can get the best of him." And he said to the boy, "I will make you a great hunter and warrior, and you will be very powerful." Then the two men went away as before, singing the same song.

The little boy went back to his sister, crying, and with the blood running out of his mouth and over his clothes. His sister cried more than ever when she saw him. But she washed him up, and made him as comfortable as she could. He felt very bad for several days, but after that he was all right again.

One night there came two strange persons to their lodge, and the boy asked his sister to wait on them. After eating, these men went out without saying a word to them. Then the boy began to hunt again, and one day, on the edge of a high bluff, he met two men. They spoke to him, and said that they were the two men who came to his lodge one night, and they said they had a nice meal. They told him that they had been killed under that bluff, and that they made their home there now; that they knew all the hardships which he and his sister had endured; and that they were the ones who helped them get through all this hardship. They continued to talk to the boy, saying they knew that two persons had come to him when he was on the hill. The one that had promised to make him powerful was the Sun, they said, the other one was the Moon. The Sun would do all that he had promised; but No-Tongue must be very careful, for the Sun wanted him to die young. The Moon, they said, would help him, and keep him from being killed.

Then the two men said they would continue to help No-Tongue (for such he was henceforth called) and his sister. They told him that they would get all the spirits together, and make a big buffalo corral. They said he must go out and pick out a place for the corral on the next day, and then come and show them where it was. After this, the two men went away.

On the following day, No-Tongue went out and picked a place for a corral in a deep coulee, ending in a sort of pocket. Then he took the men to see the place. They told him that he and his sister must stay in the house the next day while the spirits built the corral. So the next day the boy and the girl staid in the house. Toward evening, the two men came to them, and told them that the corral was done. But they said that the scaffolds for the meat were to be built the next day, in the woods around the house, and that they must neither go out nor look out.

On the following day, then, the two remained shut up in the house again. And all day they heard a great clamor, — chopping and hammering, and the sound of many voices, laughing, joking, and giving directions to one another. At night they went out, and saw new meat-scaffolds in every direction as far as they could see. Then the two men came again, and told the children that the first drive would be made on the next day, and that a drive would be made on each day for four days. During this time, the children must remain inside;

but each night some of the choicest meat would be placed at their door. Also there would be a white buffalo each day in the herd, and the skin would be placed each night at the door. The rest of the meat would be placed on the scaffolds. The two men said that all the birds were going to help them drive the buffalo into the corral.

For the next four days the children remained inside, as they had been told. Each day they heard a great noise of birds and the tramping and bellowing of the trapped herds; and each night choice pieces of meat were placed at the door, where they could reach them from within.

On the fifth day, the children came out of the lodge and found the scaffolds everywhere covered with meat, ready cut up, and hung up out of reach of the wolves. At their door they found the four white buffalo-skins. They talked over for a long time what they should do with these skins. Finally they decided to save three of them to give to the chief of their people. The other one they gave to the old dog who had saved their lives, and had since been so faithful to them. They fixed up a nice soft bed of it for her.

Soon the two men came again to the children. They told No-Tongue that his people were starving, and that they were going to try to come to their old village on the river again. They told the children to prepare everything, and get ready to receive their people and divide the meat among them.

Meanwhile the people out on the prairie broke camp, and started to move back. They were nearly starved, and had to travel very slowly on account of the old people, the women, and the children, who were hardly able to walk. The chief decided to send a party ahead to try and find some food: so nine of the young men were picked, and they went on ahead as fast as they could. The young men came to the village after a long, hard march. The two men had told the children of their coming, and the children had everything ready to receive them. The young men came to the edge of the bank, and saw the smoke from the children's house. They wondered who it could be, living there in the woods. They feared it might be enemies; but they were so hungry that they decided to go and find out anyhow. So they started out, and soon came to the children's house. It was now night. The children invited them in, and gave them the food prepared. The two men had given No-Tongue full instructions as to what he should do and what was going to happen all the time.

On the following day, the children gave the young men what pemmican they could carry to take back to the rest of the people.

They travelled fast, and got the pemmican back to their people as quick as they could. All were nearly starved, yet the pemmican magically increased as it was used up, until every one was fully fed.

After being thus refreshed, and having heard the young men's story of the abundance of food at the children's camp, the people pressed on rapidly.

The two men kept No-Tongue warned as to the movements of the people, and told him what to do when they came. So the two children, at the suggestion of the men, prepared a great pot of soup for their father, when he should come to their house. At last the people arrived and the children received them. Then No-Tongue divided the scaffolds of meat, giving an allotted portion to each household. To the chief he also gave the three white-buffalo robes.

After this, the father came to the house of the children. To him they gave the soup, and kept urging him to eat, until he had finished it all. In his half-starved condition, the effects were deadly. The father began to be sick before he left their house, and he died before he could get back to the place where the people were camped.

For several days the people were busy taking care of their meat. Then they moved back to the old village on the bluff. The chief was very good to No-Tongue, and wished him to marry his daughter and take his own house, saying that he would build himself a new one. Shortly after the people moved back to the village, No-Tongue and his sister moved back also, taking with them the faithful old dog.

No-Tongue caused it to be announced that he wished to find out to whom the old dog belonged. Then he led her out into the open place in the village, and all the old women assembled there. They each took their turn, calling to the dog and talking to her; but she lay drowsing, and paid no attention to any of them. Finally all had tried, but one very poor old woman. She declared she did not believe that it could be her dog; for her dog was so old that it must have died long ago. However, her friends persuaded her to try. She went out and spoke to the dog from quite a distance, and the dog paid no attention. Then she approached nearer and called, and the dog roused up. Still nearer she went, and kept calling. The dog stood up, and, as the old woman approached, ran to her with every sign of gladness and recognition. So to this old woman, No-Tongue gave the white-buffalo robe which had been allotted to the old dog.

BISMARCK, N. DAK.

PARAGUAY NATIVE POETRY

BY RUDOLPH SCHULLER

IN very few parts of South America does the native poetry offer so interesting and great a field for philological and folkloristic studies as in the Republic of Paraguay, where, notwithstanding the conquerors' introduction of the Spanish language three centuries and a half ago, the Paraguayos still continue to think and feel in Guaraní. This is the only language spoken in their homes and among themselves. Spanish continues to be an acquired speech,¹ and is mostly spoken by the higher classes; while the lower classes, the great majority of the Paraguay nation, always and everywhere use their own language.

The influence of the Guaraní may be noted in all manifestations of the social and political² life of the Paraguayos, especially in spontaneous intellectual productions of the Paraguay "trovatore," a great factor in that country, and one that unquestionably furnishes the most interesting materials for the study of the Paraguay mind.

To this class of materials also belong the following verses, mostly improvisations, which I have copied from an unpublished original manuscript³ in the Library of the British Museum in London.

The accents given by the different authors of the verses are not very regular. However, they correspond more or less accurately to those employed by Father Ruiz de Montoya.⁴

- (. nasal.
-) nasal and guttural (palatal?).
- ~ long.
- ÿ, the special sound of the Guaraní tongue, as in *Mon-da-ÿ*, signifying in this combination "water" or "river;" similar to that of the Mapuche language described by Dr. Lenz.⁵
- ` or ´ word-accent.

¹ Dr. Manuel Domínguez, a learned Paraguayano, says, "It is not our language; it is a borrowed language."

² The Guaraní tongue, however, is sometimes used by members of Parliament, especially in lively debates, where they use strong language and forget the proprieties of the situation.

³ Cod. Add. 27, 601, folio, 276 ff., letter nineteenth century. Purchased of Mr. Ouseley, March 23, 1867. Not mentioned by Count of Vifiaza, *Bibliografía Española de Lenguas Indígenas de América* (Madrid, Rivadeneyra, 1892). See Don Pascual Gayangos, *Catalogue of the Spanish MSS.*, etc., vol. ii, pp. 534-536.

⁴ *Guaraní Grammar* (Madrid, Sanchez, 1640), reprinted by Dr. Platzmann (Leipzig, Teubner, 1876), and in the same year reproduced by Viscount [of Porto Seguro (F. A. de Varnhagen)] in Vienna.

⁵ *Estudios Araucanos*, Santiago de Chile (Cervantes, 1895), pp. 6-7.

GUARANÍ

SPANISH

Fol. 263.

nde menda rire caârù,
ahasá nde rōgue rībīl;
nde mè rechavo ocarù,
ambuaci hae aŋe mondī.

apahè ñemomboriahù,
nde rorītei rechavo;
añete nderecha gauvo,
nde menda rire caârù.

cherehè remaêmīrī,
che pīa rorī mirī;
haete hoà pōrāmi,
ahasa nde rōguērībī.

nde guipīy hae nderù,
ñaïmoã ymbopayepī
anga pīhīupe oyahu,
nde mè rechavo ocarù.

Cherete poriahu orirī
che pīa yepe osūsū
cheremimbota rupī ayù,
ambua cī hae aŋemondī.

nde ño ñote mbae yāra,
ygnacia ñeegirù;
ndeýrāco aŋe pīrī
amonde aōhū charà.

Guīrami cuehe ea ārù,
Opurahéy tuñeēpoi,
che señoira omombeuā,
che hegū he saraimahà.

Mitāmi Jesus cheyara,
Co ára pipè nungà;
ýbāpe rehoraè,
Mitami Jesus oreýāra.

Guīra curahī Mimbī,
curahī recei omaè ndībaé
lot rembirecó tabī,
Oyerobá guacīcue màë.

después de tu casamiento,
yo me pasé por tu puerta;
al ver tu esposo en la mesa,
me dá susto y sentimiento.

con tristeza me lamento,
viendo tan alegre estaba;
pues mucho menos echaba,
después de tu casamiento.

cuando me diera una vista,
se alegra mi corazón;
y por la buena (o)casión,
yo me pasé por tu puerta.

Tu padre y tu hermanita
parece que envenenado
de contento está bañado
al ver tu esposo en la mesa.

Temblando mi triste cuerpo,
se muere mi corazón;
por causa de la ocasión
me da susto y sentimiento.

Vos sola dueña adsoto (?)
Doña Ignacia Lenguasa;
todavía no me pasa
vestir fresada de luto.

Pajarito que ayer tarde
cantaba con un silbido,
anunciando que mi dama,
que de mí ya se ha olvidado.

Mi señor Niño Jesús,
como si fuera este día;
tu subistes en los cielos,
Nuestro Señor niño Jesus.

Pájaro del sol silvano,
que siempre mira al sol;
como la muger de Lot,
no vuelva mirar en vano.

Fols. 264-265.

Primera.

Suena el clarín muy sonoro
haé o publica ne nacimiento.
haé entero los firmamentos.
se alegraron de tal modo

venir palomita unjan con
 el valor de un real maihatamo
 Alo jornal ehopepe cada maña
 na porque tubiha nejamamá
 matiepa la meil nacion del
 Paraguay la Asuncion
 primera Diosa y matrona
 peina la guapa lenon
 Master de nuestra nacion.

Fol. 267.

Mi bien por ti lloré
 Con toda mi triste vida
 Eres mi dueña querida
 Cochemo acava y hare
 Co aycha ache charire
 Mi afligido pecho y daña
 de lagrimas mil maña
 Iñe haã ayco catu
 ndeyebaarican(o)
 para verme las campaña
 Será por alguna tierra
 todito un cocido
 biendome p^r si perdido
 Ababe ndache rayhuvey
 Cherehe ndiya êvey
 lo primero mis amigo
 sera me contemplo y digo
 hã haã coagagueive
 ayco haguã . . . ichive
 decodo(ma?)
 tampoco planta ni yerva
 alegria ni tristeza
 no soy este que nombrado
 no soy la luz de las fera.

*
* *
*

Fol. 268-268v.

"Versos" del Jovencito Espíndola.¹

Y como soy fiel Christiano
 Curusgiá añe pëřũ
 úpebaecó ña deřru
 ha haé co el ortelano
 este jardín soberano
 ña nde yru maragatu
 ycatuco yahaêtũ
 porque ñande defende
 êbape ñande reroíque
 por la señal de la cruz.

¹ Perhaps "Espíndola."

En la(s) pilas del Bautismo
 Curusuco ñande apôcpê
 hahe upegui ña noheêpê
 esa seña ñande mismo
 Cristianoco yñamigo
 diremos o patendape
 habende quena cheaconpañama
 nde dñbe aycosebe
 haého paybaibaguiaba
 En todos tiempos lñbrame.

En la cruz madero santo
 Jesus omanó hague
 quince pies y yibate
 nueve á la trabesaños
 haé upebarehe cada años
 ña nohe por Recompensa
 cadenas ó mo pey firmesa
 mbahepo chirenbiapoque
 Chetenta yebêramo que
 no quiero que a mi me bense
 y Dios manda mucho bien
 ñandebe por q.º así quiere
 ha echo heyahabe ñandebe
 arma con que se defender
 ñabense hagua lusifer
 La Cruz oyapo el abance
 oyucabene y pahape
 Dios o premetirupé
 Chetentaite y guiais
 El mundo demonio y carne.

*
 * *

Es mosa bella asucena
 ha chama áyna cheape
 porqº deseos (?) en el alma
 hay chasemí nderendape

hestaiteye oycoporaba
 sin pasar ninguna pena
 hahe che ayaheo s
 Es mosa bella asucena

Yo quisiera ser dichoso
 ha yechamibo nderendape
 pero como no la puedes
 ha chama ayna cheape

E yorae nde al con mi
 y presteme buestras alaz

ubien Chererahami
porq.º deseos en el alma.

A todos los pajarillos
hahe noy yena Cheápe
porque deseos con ancias
hay Chasemi nderendape

*
* *
*

Escuchen señora mia.
Teco áse cherenbiosa
en este sitio lugares
Tesaêpe anga ayecha.

Los dolores y tormento
ndicatuy ambobeñ
acordandome de tí
Cheresâe peangâ ayahu.

Desausiada mi vida
nderecabo checorayo
oyendo los imposible
Cheresâe mante otororo

Si en mi lamento lloro
hay chande reheê
entres mi lamento digo
ybais ñande terehê.

Con esto mas no dices
haguyemangâ añeê
porque para mi tormentos
Che mandu haramo ñiderehe.

finiz coronatír opus.

*"Soy el Jobencito Espídola."*¹

*
* *
*

Fol. 269.

Mi pensamiento discurre
el modo como olvidarte
pero mi afecto se opone
dictándome para amarte

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* *
*

Fol. 270.

Para D. Carolina.

Que noche tan placentera
y es triunfo muy glorioso

¹ "March, 1857, Asuncion; from Saturnineco," note of Mr. W. C. Ouseley.

es este completo plaucible
Que refiero es puro gozo.

"Given me by Carolina Gill; specimen of native poetry. Asuncion, Febr. 1853.
W. C. Ouseley."

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* *
*

Fol. 271.

SPANISH-GUARANÍ.

Los pajarillos que vuelan
Siempre tiene vn dormitorio
Yo como un desamparado
donde quiera me acomodo
Yo he sufrido desdicha no ygnoro
Soy un pobrecito que estoy hecho a todo.

Guin gulramimi obebeba
Siempre o guereco o que ha
che a abe penaiha
oime hape munte anacomoda
Che guantaba opadesdicha dachembotabeiri
Che boriahumí ainbahecho opabape.

Cantando dulces recreos
Los amantes se desvelan
a mi me atormenta el alma
los pajarillos que vuelan
Cantando se iban tirando saetas
que a mi carazon venian derecho

Apurahu para ayechu
o paraejuba oyedeweta
che che agape o atormenta
o pa gulramimi o bebeba
ô purahei o yuapi o hobo tuñ
co che corazon me oubo derecho

Solo un consuelo me quedo
Como publico notorio
por mas que uno desdichado
Siempre tiene un dormitorio
Mas no sé yo dónde podré hallar
Socorro solo a mi me pone
En un contra viclaro.

Petel consueloñi o pítachebe
opaba renbicuahape
por mas que vno yporiajuasí
Siemper o guereco o queha

mas daycuay che mamopa ayohu
 Zocorro che año che moy
 á gosa! hagianme.

No ay quien se duela de mi
 pues nacl tan desgraciado
 Sufriré las impiedades
 Yo como un desamparado
 Ay de mi tan y felisado(?)
 nacer y vivir tan desconsolado.

depori o penabachehe
 plpo á nace tan desgraciado
 ta guantamunte y piedalba cherehe
 che a babe penailha
 plpo dache Zuerteitey
 a nace ha aycobe tan desconsolado.

Yo por aliviar mis penas
 Siempre procuro algún modo
 Y viéndome ya perdido
 donde quieras me acomodo

che alivia hagua che pena
 a hecocea de algun modo
 aychamarama perdido
 oymehape mante anacomoda.

Razón será que yo llore solo
 desprecios y arrojios
 por un bien que adoro.

Razonnipo cheño ayaheo
 che desprecia hache menbo
 petel prenda adorabarehe

* *
 * *

Fol. 272.

Como pajarillo preso
 Me aprisionó vuestro amor
 Y el no poderte gozar
 Me da muerte con rigor.

Lloraré mi infeliz suerte
 Y el destino que profeso
 Que estoy sin juzgar mi gloria
 Como pajarillo preso.

Trino de brillable hermosura
 Me condujo á este dolor
 Desde la primera vista
 Me aprisionó vuestro amor.

Si el tiempo me proporciona
Un rato contigo hablar
Al punto ya me trastorno
El no poderte gozar.

Querer y verte de lejos
Es el tormento mayor
Y este mismo sentimiento
Me da muerte con rigor.

*
* * *

Fol. 153.

Sheraîndëu morotimi
Adyoho depetighpôre
Adyeniwe Ahupi hangwa
Adhuhune netonconav

Mi hermanita blanca,
Encontré con tus pisadas lindas;
Agachándome alzarlas
Me encontré con agujeras de piques

Mamache mandó
San Francisco tudyá
Chetopá quartelero
Tobé haichupe

Ni Madre me mandó
A San Francisco viejo;
Un soldado me encontró
Yo le dijo, no quiero — no!

Neporâ pottigh
Me quita el placer
Vocondewawtëugh
Sheraîndeu porami
Iporâ deropea
Pero che rodesea.

Eres linda como las flores
Me quitas el placer,
Un complacer valas
Me linda hermanita;
(Tienes) lindos parparos
Aunque sea pecado
Quiro estos parparos.

*
* * *

Tia gua aimi couapohi cava tu . . . (?)
Tia vieja, cintura delgada como
la abispa de la Iglesia

*
* * *

- (*) Caramba che vida mia
Maraté pico nico
La gente nico gei
Mokoi dayeco roycó.
- (†) Emombëu ponâ teua chehe
Mabapá oreoay gubé
Taye cheretirante nache
Che nico che poria gube
- Mi hermanita blanquita,
 Todos dicen que eres linda
 Pero estás muy desnuda,
 Siéntate á hilar.
- (*) Caramba! vida mia
¿Qué te ha sucedido?
La gente dice
Que somos dos.
- (†) Cuéntame bien
A quien quieres más;
Yo me retiraré, sí
Yo, porque say más pobre.

Fol. 154 v. (by different hand).

Chereindimi mamó pa reho?
¿Ahh! acabípe mama che mondó?
Con cuidadito ñote ehico
ahi uma guera (gũira?) de pehix
Hupiguante hõze aipo guera
hoyupi ira ramó
hoñemboenyuspe
Ibaico alpo guera guatá.

¿Mi querida a donde vas?
¿Me voy al monte mi madre me manda
Ten cuidado
Por no que os tomar los pájaros
A pois rato salieron los pájaros
Montaron en ella
Jesus que mal andar tenfan.

(London, Nov. 26, 1853.)

*

*

*

Che reĩndëu mi mamopareho
Ah hacabëu mamache mondo
Con cuidadito ñote ehico
 hõnse aipo gũira
Hoyupĩ ira ramo
hoñembo eũ tehucu
Iberico (?) gũira guatá.

Fol. 158.

Shereĩndỹ Maria Rosa
nerendapa adyupotava
Che montera amocaũỹ.

Adonde te vas hermanita
Por venir á verte Rosa María
Mi montera te he perdido.

"Asunción, Mayo de 1855."

*
* * *

Mamopareho teleỹ
Aha salario mboipỹri
Mbaechapa rehasane
Loberto¹ vacaretame.

*
* * *

Ya vemos todo patente
Y así puede discurrir
Porque claro está aquí
{ Pehendumi kenahaute
{ Ahecha ñandereliente
{ Oĩgame toda la gente
{ Se ve nosotros mismos.

*
* * *

Iponave paloma
Maichatamo areco
Iaulami memoambotỹ
Por no hon taguato

Qué linda es esa paloma
Cómo podré yo cogerla
En una jaula encerrarla
Por no que la lleva el gavilán.

Con la guitarra

San Miguel, Febr. 1855.

Mi bien por ti lloré
En toda mi triste vida
Eres mi dueña querida.

1 { Coche mo aca vai hare
2 { Coi cha aye cha rire.

¹ Roberto; r = l or l = r, is frequently changed by the Spanish-speaking Paraguayo.

Mi afligido pecho daña
De lagrima mil maña.

3 { Añe ahã ai cocatu
4 { Nde ÿba ari catu.

*
* *
*

1. Co che mo aca vai hare
Trad. lit.: Este yo me cabeza malo ha hecho.
Trad. free: Tu que me has trastornado la cabeza.

2. Coicha ayecha ire
Trad. lit.: Después (de) verme estado.
Trad. free: Después de verme en este estado.

"Written by Bernardo Jara, Asunción, Jan. 1857."

Un cura en su soledad
No pasa ningún quebranto
Y yo que padezco tanto
En lo mejor de mi edad.

En un triste desvelo
apadecé este martirio
a vivir en un gran delirio
ndarecoy ningun consuelo
el tiempo tengo en duelo
para mis penas aliviar
(haé?) àhè la muerte impenzar
Chereya y catu hagueycha
ndopadecei chene cheicha
vn cuervo en su soledad.

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* *
*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
December 12, 1912.

TRADITIONAL BALLADS IN NEBRASKA¹

BY LOUISE POUND

FOR some years the present writer has tried to recover what she could, and to learn what she could, of traditional balladry in her home State; this without formal effort or systematic canvass, but as occasion offered. In large part the reports and contributions of students and friends who happened to be interested have been relied upon.² The results attained thus far are by no means comparable with those of collectors like Mr. Phillips Barry for the New England coast, Professor Hubert Shearin for the Cumberland Mountain region, Professor H. M. Belden for Missouri, or Professor J. A. Lomax for the Southwest; but, on the other hand, they have not been wholly inconsiderable, nor are they without their interest. Nebraska is not a very old State; and its population is somewhat heterogeneous, derived from varying sources. It has, so far as I have yet discovered, no very old or stable communities, no isolated inbred communities, among which balladry best thrives, like those in the Cumberland Mountains, or like many in the Ozarks. All in all, texts of some three dozen pieces have been recovered by this time, many of course not complete; of some, only a stanza or two. In the case of several, numerous varying texts have come to hand; in the case of others, but a single version.³ It is to be noted at the outset that but few of the pieces to be enumerated, though recovered in Nebraska, were learned in Nebraska by those recalling them. Almost without exception, they were brought from elsewhere, — from Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana. Herein there is difference from the more indigenous material gathered by Professor Shearin in Kentucky and Tennessee, by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, or by Professor Lomax in the Southwest. In almost every case, too, they were taken down from the mouths of older people. The younger generation, having more and more limitless reading-

¹ From a paper read before the Ethnology and Folk-Lore Section of the Nebraska Academy of Sciences, at its annual meeting, May 10, 1912. An introduction dealt with present-day interest in the collection of traditional ballads; and the concluding part, with some generalizations from the material outlined, its possible bearing on certain disputed points in ballad criticism.

² Special acknowledgment is due to Miss Edna Fulton, Miss Sarah Harrington, Miss Jeanne Allen, Miss Amy Shellman, Miss Elsie Cather, Professor H. C. House, and other contributors.

³ Since this article was written, the Nebraska collection has received additions, until, at the present time (1913), it numbers several hundred pieces.

matter at command, cares relatively little for committing to memory traditional verse. It is better at securing material from its parents or grandparents than at furnishing it at first-hand.

For the suggestions made to collectors and contributors, I am indebted to those formulated and sent out by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society.¹

Let me now attempt to classify roughly, and to sketch in outline, some of the traditional ballads recovered in Nebraska.

I. ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

The most interesting group includes wanderers from the Old World, — songs brought from England or Scotland, which have lived by oral transmission on the lips of pioneers and emigrants. They may easily be identified by comparison with their parallels, as printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" (1765), or in later and fuller ballad collections, like Professor Child's five-volume "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" (1882-98).

An especially well-known ballad of this type is "Barbara Allen's Cruelty" (Child, 84). There are many Nebraska variants of this ballad. All tell the familiar story of Barbara's heartlessness, Sweet William's death of a broken heart, and her death of remorse.

It was in the merry month of May
When the green buds were a-swelling,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbary Allen.

Most of the versions agree in closing with the familiar brier-rose motive, usually associated with the ballad next cited.

Another special favorite is "Lord Lovel" (Child, 75). Bidding farewell to Lady Nancy Bell (Anciebel, etc.), Lord Lovel goes on a journey.

"Oh where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

In some versions, as pointed out, the close crosses with that of "Barbary Allen."

The ballad "The House Carpenter" seems to be a New-World representative of "James Harris" (Child, 243), sometimes called "The Demon Lover." The one text recovered was brought to Nebraska from Aledo, Ill. It is printed on pp. 360, 361.

¹ *A Partial List of Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*. Printed by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, 1907. Reprinted, 1910.

"Black Jack Daly," or "The Gipsy Laddie" (Child, 200) entices a lady from her husband and child by his singing. Only one stanza could be recalled by the contributor, who learned the piece in Nodoway County, Missouri; but that stanza is sufficient to establish connection with the well-known British ballad.

The gipsy come tripping over the plain,
The gipsy he sung bravely;
He sung till he made the wild woods ring
To charm the heart of a lady.

A version has been published by Professor Belden in this Journal (vol. xix, pp. 294-295).

In the ballad "Lord Bakeman" (Bacon, Bateman, — Young Beichan in Child, 53), the hero is rescued from his Turkish prison by his captor's daughter. She follows him, seven years later, to his own country, arrives on the eve of his wedding to another, and herself becomes his bride. With this piece seems to be identical the "Lord Bayham" of a manuscript book of ballads coming to Nebraska from Indiana.

The Turks they had one only daughter,
She was as fair as fair could be;
She stole the keys of her father's prison
And vowed Lord Bayham she would set free.

Another emigrant from the Old World is the familiar ballad known variously as "Lord Randal," "Lord Ronald," etc. (Child, 12). Professor Child makes a study of fifteen or more variants of this ballad, and Mr. Phillips Barry has found it widely current on the Atlantic coast. The identity of the Western variant, brought by the contributor from a railway camp in Colorado, is unmistakable. All the conventional features of the British "Lord Randal" — the poison, the legacy, the iteration, the dialogue — are present, though modified to suit New-World circumstances. This text has been printed in "Modern Language Notes," vol. xvii, 1 (January, 1902).

Identical in story and structure with "The Twa Brothers" (Child, 49) is the ballad "Two Little Boys," brought to Nebraska from Nodoway County, Missouri, by its contributor. In setting or background, and in expression, this piece has departed pretty far from its Old-World original; yet there can be little doubt as regards its pedigree. It is printed in full on pp. 361, 362.

Except for "Lord Randal" and "The Twa Brothers," most of these English or Scottish popular ballads have, as yet at least, suffered few essential modifications in their new home. What changes they show are mostly in the way of substituting the known for the unknown,

as in the case of folk-etymologizing explanation of unfamiliar or archaic words. An example is the change of "St. Pancras' church," of the British version, to "St. Patrick's church," in the ballad "Barbary Allen."

There are also a few importations from Ireland which have reached Nebraska. One instance at least may be cited, — the ballad of "William Reilly," or "The Colleen Bawn," the text of which was brought by the contributor from Indiana. This ballad appears to have originated in County Ulster, Ireland. It tells the story of a young farmer who eloped with the daughter of his wealthy master, was caught, imprisoned on a charge of theft, but finally escaped with his Colleen Bawn.

Her father full of anger most scornfully did frown
Saying, "Here are your wages, now, sir, depart from this town."
Increasing still his anger, he bade me quick begone,
"For none but a rich squire shall wed my Coolen Bawn."

The foregoing are instances enough to confront us unmistakably with the fact of the emigration to America, and the presence, even in the mid-West, of many of the traditional songs of our Old-World ancestors.

The next group of ballads recovered in Nebraska testifies to somewhat the same phenomenon, but their origin and history are more obscure. Perhaps they may most conveniently be classified as

II. SENTIMENTAL AND OTHER PIECES OF BRITISH ORIGIN

Although they are not so well known as the preceding group, the following pieces have considerable currency. Some of them have often been reported by other collectors. The first five are from a manuscript book of ballads, dating from before the war, which was brought to Nebraska from Indiana. Save in the case of the popular singing-games included, but a single text of each piece was recovered.

In "The Drowsy Sleeper," or "The Bedroom Window" the lover under the window urges the maiden to ask her mother, then her father, if she may marry him.

"Arouse, arouse, ye drowsy sleepers,
Arouse, arouse, 'tis almost day" —

The maiden refuses his urging, and asks him to leave; to which he responds, —

"I wish I was down in some lonesome valley,
Where I could neither see nor hear,
My food it should be grief and sorrow,
My drink, it would be the briny tear."¹

¹ [Compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, pp. 260-261; Belden, *Herrig's Archiv*, vol. cxix, pp. 430-431.]

In "The Rich Young Farmer," a rich young farmer is sent away by his true-love's parents. He returns in disguise, finds her mourning for him, and they are happily re-united.

"The Lover's Return," or "The Banks of Clowdy," has a theme somewhat similar. It is printed on pp. 362, 363.

"The Prentice Boy" (*Cupid's Garden*) tells of a young man, banished by his true-love's father, who wins a fortune of twenty thousand pounds in a lottery. He returns to England, finds his true-love waiting, and they are married. Printed on pp. 363, 364.

"The Death of a Romish Lady" tells the story of a lady who became a convert to Protestantism, possessed a Bible, and would not "bow to idols." For this her cruel mother had her brought before priests and burned.¹

There lived a Romish lady
Brought up in proper array,
Her mother oft times told her
She must the priest obey.

"Mary O' the Wild Moor" tells how Mary returns with her child one winter's night to her father's door. He does not hear her call, and in the morning finds her dead, though the child is alive.

'Twas on a cold winter's night,
When the wind blew across the wild moor,
That Mary came wandering home with her child,
Till she came to her dear father's door.

"O father, dear father," she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms it will perish and die,
By the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."²

In the spirited ballad "Father Grumble," which was learned by the contributor in Kansas, Father and Mother Grumble exchange tasks for the day, and the former comes to grief. This is printed on pp. 365, 366.

Here may be classed, for convenience, the familiar and widely current song, or singing-game, —

King William was King James's son,
And all the royal race was run.

¹ [Versions have been printed by Miss Dorothy J. Robinson (*Home Mission Monthly*, New York, December, 1908, vol. xxiii, pp. 28-29) and Professor Lomax (*The North Carolina Booklet*, Raleigh, N. C., July, 1911, vol. xi, pp. 41-42). — G. L. K.]

² [See Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, pp. 77-78. There are broadside copies in the Harvard College Library, 25242.4, II, 59; 25242.17, II, 130, IV, 17; 25241.29, I, 140. — G. L. K.]

This is more a song, or singing-game, than a ballad; but it is plainly an English importation. It sounds as though it derived from about 1688, when William of Orange succeeded James the Second, but such may not be the case.¹

Here also may be entered for convenience the familiar singing-game, —

London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.

Some songs of Old-World origin existing alongside these pieces, learned orally and handed down in oral tradition, are "Poor Babes in the Woods," —

"O my dears don't you know how a long time ago,
There were two little children, their names I don't know,
Were stolen away one bright summer day,
And lost in the woods, yes lost far away?" —

and the Irish "Shamus O'Brien," —

"O Shamus O'Brien I'm loving you yet,
And my heart is still trusting and kind."

The following quaint little song, entitled "Lavender," was contributed as "learned from a lady by my aunt, about 1866, who taught it to my mother, who taught it to me:" —

When the sun comes over the hill
And the little birds they sing so cheerily,
I my little basket fill,
And trudge along to the village merrily;
Light my bosom, light my heart,
I can smile at Cupid's dart,
I keep myself, my sister, brother,
And only care to sell my lavender;
Ladies try it, gentlemen buy it,
Come, come, buy my lavender.

Especially well known is the vivacious piece, in dialogue form, in which "Billy Boy" responds to questions as to his courting: —

"O where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
O where have you been, charming Billy?"
"I have been for a wife,
She's the treasure of my life,
She's a young thing but can't leave her mother."

¹ [Compare Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, 1884, pp. 73-75.]

He is asked whether she can make a cherry-pie, a feather bed, a loaf of bread, can milk a "muly cow," etc., and gives humorous replies.¹

III. AMERICAN BALLADS

Collection of these has begun relatively recently, and perhaps it is better to attempt no very exact classification of them at present. For the most part, they are associated with American political and social history. How wide may be their diffusion is not yet fully determined. The following have been recovered in Nebraska: —

"The Texas Rangers" treats of a fight between Texans and Indians.

Come all you Texas Rangers wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some trouble which happened unto me.

.

Our Captain he informed us, perhaps he thought 'twas right,
Before we reached the station he was sure we'd have to fight.²

"Young Charlotte" tells how Charlotte was frozen to death at her lover's side when going to a Christmas ball.³

"Such a dreadful night I never saw,
The reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte faintly then replied: —
"I am exceeding cold."

He cracked his whip, he urged his steed,
Much faster than before,
And thus five other dreary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles: — "How fast the freezing ice
Is gathering on my brow!"
And Charlotte still more faintly said: —
"I'm growing warmer now."

There is genuine literary quality in "The Lone Prairie," which has attained wide oral diffusion.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at close of day.

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¹ [For this favorite song see Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th and 6th eds., pp. 226-227; the same, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, pp. 259-260; Rimbault, *A Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes*, pp. 34-35; Baring Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, 1895, pp. 36-39; cf. Baring Gould and Sheppard, *A Garland of Country Song*, 1895, p. 83. For the Scottish "My Boy Tammie" (or "Tammy's Courting"), by Hector Macneill, see [Peter Ross] *The Songs of Scotland*, 3d ed., 1893, p. 308; Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, pp. 260-261. — G. L. K.]

² See Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 44-46.

³ Compare Barry, this *Journal*, vol. xx, pp. 367-373; vol. xxv, pp. 158-168.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
O bury me not on the lone prairie."¹

It has often been pointed out that this is an adaptation of a seamen's song, sometimes known as "The Sailor's Request," —

"O bury me not in the deep deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll o'er me," —

which is accessible in printed form. All sense of its origin was of course long since lost by those singing it.

Of "The Cowboy,"² the contributor could recall fragments only, —

As I rode down by Tom Sherman's old barroom,
Tom Sherman's old barroom, so early one day,
Oh who should I spy there but a handsome young cowboy,
All dressed in white linen, all dressed for the grave.

.

O bear the news gently to my gray-headed mother,
O bear the news gently to my sisters so dear,
In yon grassy graveyard go throw the sod o'er me

.

"The Stepmother" tells of the feelings of a girl whose father has newly remarried, —

The marriage rite is over, and oh I turn aside
To keep the guests from seeing the tears I cannot hide.
I wreath my face in smiles and lead my little brother
To greet my father's chosen, but I cannot call her mother.

.

They've taken my mother's picture from its accustomed place,
And hung beside my father's a fairer younger face,
I know my father gives her the love he bore another,
But if she were an angel I could not call her mother.

.

"The Model Church" is the title of a piece in which an old man describes to his wife his finding of the "model church."

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door.
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor.
He must have been a Christian¹ man,
For he led me right through
The crowded aisles of that grand church
To find a pleasant pew.

¹ Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 3-8; see Barry, this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 372, note 2.

² [Lomax, pp. 74-76; this *Journal*, vol. xii, p. 250; vol. xxii, pp. 258-259; vol. xxv, pp. 153-154; cf. Barry, *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 341, note 2.]

"The Dying Californian," sometimes called "The Dying Brother's Farewell," gives the speech of a dying man to his brother. It consists of messages to his father, mother, and wife, —

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

The model for this piece was evidently the "I am dying, Egypt, dying," of William Haines Lytle's well-known poem, "Antony to Cleopatra."

"The Death of James A. Garfield" was reported by the contributor as "sung by school-children at Cambridge, Nebraska," —

My name is Charles Guiteau,
My name I'll never deny;
I left my aged parents
In sorrow for to die,
For the killing of James A. Garfield
Upon the scaffold high.

Two partial texts of a ballad entitled "Jesse James" were recovered. The first version was learned from the singing of a farm hand. The second was brought to Nebraska from Illinois.

Little Robert Ford was one of the gang,
And how his heart did crave;
For he ate of Jesse's bread,
And he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid poor Jesse James in his grave.

The well-known ballads "The Days of Forty-Nine"¹ and "Betsy from Pike," are, I have been told, known in Nebraska; but I have been unable to secure texts. Nor have I found versions of certain Civil War ballads, and various religious and comic or humorous songs, such as have been found elsewhere. One contributor reported knowledge of "The Little Old Sod Shanty," of which Professor Lomax gives a complete version,² —

The hinges are of leather, and the windows have no glass,
While the board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry coyote as he slinks up through the grass,
Round the little old sod shanty on my claim.

But he was unable to provide even a partial text.

¹ Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 9-11.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 187-189. For the history of this piece, see a forthcoming note, by the present author, in *Modern Language Notes*, 1914.

Favorite songs on ranches are "Juanita" and "Lorena," well known over Nebraska, and having well-authenticated origins, the work of known composers. To these songs may be added, for some communities, "Swinging in the Lane," or "Rosie Nell," "Beautiful Bird of Spring," the moralizing "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," and that old favorite, "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Thy Flight." All these have been handed down and diffused by oral tradition, and thus far have suffered little modification.

SELECTED TEXTS IN FULL

Texts of the following pieces, having special interest, are printed entire.

THE HOUSE CARPENTER (Child, No. 243)

(Reported by S. J. Mason of Lincoln, Neb., as learned from oral tradition at Aledo, Mercer County, Illinois.)¹

1. "Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met," says he,
"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.
2. "I could have married a king's daughter fair,
And she fain would have married me,
But I refused her crowns of gold,
And it's all for the sake of thee."
3. "If you could have married a king's daughter fair,
I think 'twould have been your plan,
For I have marry-ed a house carpenter,
And I think him a nice young man."
4. "If you'll forsake your house carpenter,
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of Italy."
5. She called her babe unto her knee,
And kisses gave it three,
Saying, "Stay at home, you pretty little babe,
Keep your father's company."
6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Most glorious to behold,
And as they sailed the ports all round,
She shone like the glittering gold.
7. They had not aboard the ship two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
When the fair lady began for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

¹ See also this *Journal*, vol. xviii, pp. 207-229; vol. xix, pp. 295-297; vol. xx, pp. 257-258; *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xix, p. 230.

8. "O, is it for my gold that you weep,
Or is it for my store,
Or is it for your house carpenter,
Whom you ne'er shall see no more?"
9. "It is not for your gold that I weep,
Nor neither for your store,
But I do mourn for the pretty little babe
That I left on the other shore."
10. They had not been on board three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
When this gallant ship she sprang a leak,
And she sank for to rise no more.
11. A curse, a curse to that young man,
And a curse to the seaman's life,
A-robbing of the house carpenter
And a-stealing away his wife!

TWO LITTLE BOYS (Child, No. 49)

(Reported by Mrs. Eliza E. Shelman, as sung in Nodaway County, Missouri, twenty or thirty years ago. Contributed by her daughter, Miss Amy Shellman, 1908.)

1. Two little boys going to school,
Two little boys they be;
Two little boys going to school
To learn their A B C.
2. "O, will you toss a ball with me,
Or will you throw a stone?
Or will you wrestle along with me
On the road as we go home?"
3. "I will not toss a ball with you,
Nor will I throw a stone,
But I will wrestle along with you,
On the road as we go home."
4. They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
They wrestled around and around,
And a little penknife run through John's pocket,
And he received a deadly wound.
5. "Take off, take off my fine cotton shirt,
And tear it from gore to gore,
And bind it around that bloody bloody wound,
That it may bleed no more."
6. So I took off his fine cotton shirt,
And tore it from gore to gore,
And bound it around that bloody bloody wound,
So it would bleed no more.

7. "O what shall I tell your mother, John,
If she inquires for you?"
"O, tell her I've gone to the royal school
My books to bring home."
8. "O what shall I tell your sister, John,
If she inquires for you?"
"O, tell her I've gone down to the city,
Some friends for to see."
9. "O, what shall I tell your true love, John,
If she inquires for you?"
"O, tell her I'm dead and lying in my grave,
Way out in Idaho."

THE LOVER'S RETURN

The following song is from a manuscript book of ballads brought to Nebraska from Indiana, and belonging to Miss Edna Fulton, of Lincoln, Neb. It is printed as it stands in the manuscript, except for the numbering of the stanzas.

[The piece is a version of the well-known "Banks of Claudy," for which see F. Kidson, "Traditional Tunes," 1891, pp. 88-90; Christie, "Traditional Ballad Airs," vol. ii, pp. 70-71; *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vol. i, pp. 19-20, vol. iii, pp. 287-289; Robert Ford, "Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland," 2d series, 1901, pp. 211-213. The Harvard College Library has several broadside copies in the collection numbered 25242.17 (II, 13; IV, 33, 125; V, 50; VII, 191; IX, 20; XI, 146). "The Banks of Clady" in the Boswell Chapbooks (Harvard College), XXVIII, 30, XXIX, 36, and in Harvard broadside 25242.4, I, 204, is a different song. — G. L. K.]

THE LOVER'S RETURN

1. It was on one munday morning in may
Down by a flowery garden I chanced for to stray
I over heard a fair mind with sorrow to complain
All on the banks of clowdy I am told she doth remain.
2. I stepped away unto her I took her with surprise
She owned she did not now me for I was in disguise
Oh my handsom fair maid my joy and hearts delight
How far have you to ramble this dark and rainy night
3. Kind sir away to clowdy would you be pleased to show
Be kind unto a fair miss for there I haf to go
I am on the search for a young man and Ione is his name
All on the banks of clowdy I am told he doth remain.
4. It's on the banks of clowdy on which you boldly stand
For dont you beleive young Ione for he will not meet you
O dont you believe young Ione for he is a faulse young man
So stay with me in the green groves no danger need fear.

5. If Ione he was here this night he would keep me from all harm
But he is in the field of battle dressed in his uniform
He is in the field of Battle his foes he doth defy
He is like the kings of honor he is in the wars to try
6. It has been six months or better since Ione left the shore
A sailing the wide ocian where raging billows rore
A sailing the wide ocian with horror and great gain
The ship has been recked as I have been told all on the cost of Spain.
7. When she heard this dreadful she sunk into dispair
A ringing of her hands and a taring of her hair
Saying if Ione he is drowned no other will I take
In some lonesome grove or vally I will die for his sake.
8. When he beheld her royalty he could no longer stand
He flew into her arms crying Betsy I am the man
I am your royal true love the cause of all your pain
And since we have met on clowdy's banks we never shall part again.

THE PRENTICE BOY

From a manuscript book of ballads brought to Nebraska from Indiana. Dated in the manuscript "1844." In the manuscript the stanzas are not divided or numbered. [The text is almost identical with that in "The Forget-Me-Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 197-198. There is a copy in "The Cheerful Songster," pp. 7-8, among the Boswell Chap-books (XVII, No. 17) in the Harvard College Library. The same library has a Pitts broadside of the song (25242.2, fol. 96). "The Constant Pair or the Pretty Prentice Boy" is a different piece (Harvard College Library broadside, 25242.17, II, 91, V, 158; 25242.2, fols. 150, 250; 25242.10.5, fol. 67). — G. L. K.]

THE PRENTICE BOY

1. As low in Cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk
I heard two loyal lovers most sweetly for to talk
It was a briske yong lady and her prentice boy
And in private they were courting and he was all her joy
2. He said dear honord lady I am your prentice boy
How ever can I thinke a fair lady to enjoy
His cheeks as red as roses his humor kind and free
She said dear youth if ever I wed I'll surely mary thee.
3. But when her parents came this for to understand
They did this young man banish to some foreign land.
While she lay broken hearted lamenting she did cry
For my honest charming prentice a maid I'll live and die
4. This young man to a merchant a waiting man was bound
And by his good behaviour good fortune there he found
He soon became his butler which prompted him to faim
And for his careful conduct the steward he became

5. For a ticket in a lottery his money he put down
And there he gained a prize of twenty thousand pound
With store of gold and silver he packed up his close indeed
And to England returned to his true love with speed
6. He offered kind embraces but she flew from his arms
No lord duke or nobleman shall ever endure my charms
The love of gold is cursed great riches I decry
For my honest charming prentice a maid I'll live and die
7. He said dear honord lady I have been in your arms
This is the ring you gave me for toying in your charms
You vowed if ever you married your love I should enjoy
Your father did me banish I was your prentice boy
8. When she beheld his features she flew into his arms
With kisses out of measure she did enjoy his charms
Then so through Cupid's garden a road to church they found
And there in virtuous pleasure in hymen's band was bound.

FATHER GRUMBLE

(Reported in 1912 by Miss Jeanne Allen, as learned at Seneca, Kansas.)

[An English version was printed by Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes of England*, Percy Society, 1842, pp. 32-33).¹ His text, however, does not give the old man a name, and the present copy, which calls him "Father Grumble," is valuable as attaching the piece more closely to the Scottish "John Grumlie." Allan Cunningham appears to have been the first person to print "John Grumlie" (*Songs of Scotland*, 1825, vol. ii, pp. 123-125).² He declared it to be "an old song and a favorite among the peasantry of Nithsdale." His copy, he averred, was from the recitation of George Duff, of Dumfries. The authorship has often been ascribed to Cunningham himself,³ but there seems to be no good reason to doubt that he found the song in traditional circulation. The English text, which does not appear to have been derived from Cunningham's printed text, is evidence of his *bona fides* in the matter. The theme is also well known in folk-lore.⁴

Besides "John Grumlie" and its English parallel, there are at least three poems on this subject, — (1) a fragment of a "Ballad of a

¹ [2d ed., pp. 43-45; 5th and 6th eds., pp. 150-151.]

² [Often reprinted. See Alexander Whitelaw, *Book of Scottish Song*, 1855, p. 464; Peter Ross, *Songs of Scotland*, 1871, p. 441 (3d ed., 1893, p. 441); J. Clark Murray, *Ballads and Songs of Scotland*, 1874, pp. 94-95; John D. Ross, *Celebrated Songs of Scotland*, New York, 1887, pp. 289-290; J. S. Blackie, *Scottish Song*, 1889, pp. 113-115; Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, 2d series, 1901, pp. 46-49.]

³ [For example, by Ebworth, *Roxburgh Ballads*, vii, 187.]

⁴ ["Manden som skulde stelle hjemme," Asbjørnsen and Moe, *Norske Folkesættyr*, No. 43, 2d ed., 1852, pp. 264-267; translated by Dasent, "The Husband who was to Mind the House" (*Popular Tales from the Norse*, No. 39, 2d ed., 1859, pp. 310-312).]

Tyrannical Husband," preserved in a manuscript of the time of Henry VII in the Chetham Library, Manchester, and printed by Halliwell (*Reliquia Antiqua*, II, 196-199);¹ (2) "The Wyf of Auchtermwchty," in the Bannatyne Manuscript, fols. 120 b-121 b (Hunterian Club edition, pp. 342-345);² (3) "The Woman to the Plow, And the Man to the Hen-Roost; Or, a fine way to cure a Cot-Queen," a broadside ballad entered June 22, 1629, and preserved in the Roxburghe, Pepys, and other collections (*Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, VII, 185-187);³ (4) "The Churlish Husband turn'd Nurse," of which there are two nineteenth-century broadsides ("C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York") in the Harvard College Library (25242.2, fol. 113; 25242.10.5, fol. 201). No. 4 begins,—

Tis of an ancient farmer you'll hear without delay,
And he went out unto his plough upon a stormy day
The wind & rain did beat so hard he could no longer stay
But home he came like one stark mad and to his wife did say.⁴

— G. L. K.]

FATHER GRUMBLE

1. Father Grumble he did say,
As sure as the moss round a tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three, three,
Than his wife could do in three.
2. Then Mother Grumble she did say,
"O what's the row now?
You can stay in the house and work,
And I will follow the plow, plow,
And I will follow the plow.
3. "But don't forget the jar of cream
That stands within the frame, frame;
And don't forget the fat in the pot,
Or it will all go into flame, flame;
And don't forget the fat in the pot,
Or it will all go into flame.

¹ [Reprinted, in modernized spelling, by Harland (*Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, 1865, pp. 1-8; ed. 1882, pp. 1-7).]

² [First printed (with some changes) by Allan Ramsay (*The Ever Green*, 1724, I, 137-143). See also Laing, *Select Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of Scotland*, 1822, No. 20; the same, ed. by John Small, 1885, pp. 337-343; Hurd, *Scots Songs*, 2d ed., 1776, II, 125-130 (ed. 1791, II, 237-241); Pinkerton, *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, II, 97-103; John Gilchrist, *A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads*, 1814, I, 322-326; Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, VIII, (1858), 116-121; Robert Ford, *Auld Scots Ballants*, 1889, pp. 143-148; *Scottish Ballad Poetry*, Abbotsford Series, ed. by G. Eyre-Todd, 1893, pp. 259-264.]

³ [Roxburghe, II, 534; Pepys, IV, 100; Euing, 397, 398; Crawford, No. 185 (see the Crawford Catalogue, p. 68).]

⁴ [This piece is also among the Roxburghe "slip-songs," III, 536 (see Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii, 186).]

4. "Don't forget the muley-cow,
For fear she will go dry, dry;
And don't forget the little pigs
That lie within the sty, sty;
And don't forget the little pigs
That lie within the sty.
5. "Don't forget the speckled hen,
For fear she'll lay astray, astray;
And don't forget the skein of yarn
That I spin every day, day;
And don't forget the skein of yarn
That I spin every day."
6. He went to churn the jar of cream
That stood within the frame, frame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all went into flame, flame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all went into flame.
7. He went to milk the muley-cow,
For fear she would go dry, dry;
She reared, she kicked, she faunched, she flinched,
She hit him over the eye, eye;
She reared, she kicked, she faunched, she flinched,
She hit him over the eye.
8. He went to watch the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray, astray;
And he forgot the skein of yarn
That she spun every day;
And he forgot the skein of yarn
That she spun every day.
9. Old Father Grumble coming in
And looking very sad, sad,
Old Mother Grumble clapped her hands
And said that she was very glad, glad;
Old Mother Grumble clapped her hands
And said that she was very glad.

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ANDREW LANG AS MAN OF LETTERS AND FOLK-LORIST

BY JOSEPH JACOBS

ANDREW LANG was a born man of letters; that is to say, he envisaged life through literature. Whatever he experienced, whatever he read or thought about, recalled to his mind something that he had read and retained in his tenacious memory. If he were writing or speaking of golf, he would be reminded of Sam Weller or Adam o'Gordon. Scraps of the old Scotch ballads would recur to his mind when he was writing about the suffragettes. If he were talking of the old ballads themselves, he would be reminded of the aborigine's song of triumph in Charles Reade's "It is Never too Late to Mend," or Allan Breck's Gaelic song in Stevenson's "Kidnapped." He had, too, the literary man's wide curiosity about things literary, and more than the ordinary literary man's power of reproducing the literary effects of others: hence the impression he left of remarkable versatility and omniscience. He could illustrate his criticisms by his anthropology; he could illuminate his folk-lore by his literature.

With it all, he was a poet throughout: he had the sensitive soul, the ready response of the "maker," and, above all, the deft command of the appropriate word. His mind was steeped in the poetry of the past, and gave out, as it were, a reflected iridescence: hence the lightness of his touch even when speaking of the graver things; and hence the brightness of his humor, which was the envy of his fellow men of letters.

Hence too, and curiously enough, his comparative failure as a creative man of letters. The poet or the novelist, however much he may be imbued with the work of his predecessors, must receive his ultimate inspiration from the facts of life itself. Andrew Lang, in his poetry, in his novels, drew inspiration from his reading. This was obviously the case in his most ambitious poetic effort, "Helen of Troy." It was true also of his novels, in most of which, as if conscious of his failing, he enlisted the collaboration of some friend with greater powers of imagination, as Mr. Mason in "Parson Kelly," or Sir Rider Haggard in "The World's Desire." It was characteristic of him that his most successful efforts in verse were the imitations of old French metres, which, together with Mr. Austin Dobson, he introduced into Victorian literature. He set, for the time, the fashion of the *ballade*; and, of all his verses, some of his *ballades*, and the noble sonnet which prefaced his translation of the "Odyssey," are alone likely to live. He was himself fully conscious of his limitations, as was shown by the preface to his "Grass of Parnassus."

Though Andrew Lang thus failed to reach the highest heights in the more imaginative forms of literature, he was supreme in that region where literature and journalism meet. For many years his leaders in the "Daily News" were the brightest and most charming things in English journalism. His touch was unmistakable. He could deal in the lightest way with topics of literature, of sport, or of history, which otherwise rarely reached the ordinary reader of a daily newspaper. Here his wide interests had full play, as well as his remarkable power of illustrating with apt literary parallels. He was not above using parallels that were not literary, at least in form; and he was never happier than when applying the sayings of Sarah Gamp or Silas Wegg to the events of the day.

It is probably his journalistic exploits that most helped to give the impression of his omniscience. In a way, it is true, he was the last of the generalists, of men who could write with something worth saying on almost all topics in which he was interested. But his interests were, after all, strangely restricted. Apart from purely literary ones, certain aspects of sport, — cricket, golf, and angling, — Scotch history, folk-lore, psychical research, the Maid of Orleans, Oxford, and Prince Charlie, almost exhaust the list. Science, or indeed anything quantitative, seemed repugnant to him; while he appears to have avoided all the forms of higher speculation, — philosophy, theology, or sociology. It was the incongruity of his favorite topics, with his apt application of his wide reading to them, that added to the impression of omniscience.

But if outside of literature his interests were somewhat sporadic, in the purely literary field his grasp was comprehensive in the extreme. He was master of three literatures, — Greek, French (chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), and English in all its wide extent. In all three his taste was pure and unerring; though, as might have been anticipated, his tendency was towards the classical rather than the romantic. His criticisms were written with an eye upon the object, and not to subserve any preconceived theory. Here his aversion to philosophical generalities served him in good stead. He discussed men of letters as a man of letters, and not in their relation to life. If something of depth was lost by this mode of treatment, much was gained by the direct appeal to the motives of literary art.

Andrew Lang's wide knowledge and keen appreciation of literature found an especially appropriate field in the many introductions he wrote for other men's books. A large proportion of the hundred and fifty items with which his name is credited in the British Museum Catalogue are of this nature. His lightness of touch gave a grace to his treatment which made his essays true introductions, which led the reader on easily to the acquaintance of the following pages. For a

time, indeed, no book of a friend — and he had many friends — seemed complete without one of Andrew Lang's "buttonhole" yet well-informed introductions. Of more serious value were his introduction and notes to his two favorite authors, Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. These were indeed labors of love, and did serious service to literature in reminding the world that a great novelist deserved as much and as minute attention as any other of the literary classics. He helped, besides, several contemporary novelists, like Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir Rider Haggard, with material for their work.

Perhaps he showed his power of literary appreciation to the fullest extent in the remarkable parodies which he gave in his "Letters to Dead Authors," in which he showed a marvellous power of reproducing the very accent and tone of his peers in the past. He could imitate authors as wide apart as Byron and FitzGerald, Sir Thomas Browne, or Charles Lamb, Montaigne or Villon. It was more than the mere power of verbal mimicry that Andrew Lang showed in these remarkable exploits. He played the "sedulous ape," to use Stevenson's phrase, with such success that he seemed to don for the time the very lineaments of his author's soul.

It was this power of mimicry (in an almost biological sense) that enabled Andrew Lang to put his stamp upon later Victorian literature in a manner which seems to have passed comparatively unobserved. In the many notices I have read of his literary career, little if any stress has been laid upon the influence his translations have had upon the whole translating activity of later Victorian literature. Yet, by his incomparable translations of Homer, of Theocritus, and of "Aucassin," he set the example of all recent translations from the classics. He did this in two ways. He translated Greek poetry into prose and into Elizabethan prose. He may have followed French models in "prosing" his verse originals; but the form of prose he adopted was all his own, and was admirably suited to his purpose. It was sufficiently archaic to give the antique tone of his originals, but not archaic enough to repel. He had been, perhaps, anticipated by William Morris in the adoption of Elizabethan as his medium. But Morris's versions from the Icelandic had a strange and un-English ring. I remember when Morris's "Old French Romances" appeared, to which I happened to contribute an introduction, Andrew Lang wrote a leader in the "Daily News," in which he mimicked inimitably the overstrained archaisms of Morris. In his own translations, Lang hit upon the happy medium between the over-archaic and banal modernity. He has been followed in all directions since the appearance of his "Odyssey;" and later Victorian literature will one of these days be as distinguished for its happy translations as was Elizabethan literature; and when this is recognized, Andrew Lang will come to his own.

But besides being known to the general public as the most versatile man of letters of his time, Andrew Lang also acquired fame as one of the pioneers of that rather indefinite section of knowledge known as folk-lore. It may well have been his interest in the *Realien* of Homer that brought him first to investigate the mind of primitive man. Some of the notes to the "Odyssey," as well as the introduction to his and Bolland's edition of Aristotle's "Politics," show an early interest in this direction; but, as with Dr. Frazer, it was the reading of Tylor's "Primitive Culture" which made him devote his most serious thinking for the last half of his life to anthropology and folk-lore. He thus came to join the band of founders of the Folk-Lore Society — Lawrence Gomme, Edward Clodd, Alfred Nutt, York Powell, and the rest — who were applying Tylor's method of "survivals" to those popular customs and superstitions to which Thoms had earlier given the name of "folk-lore." Lang himself was led to branch forth into the discussion of mythology, and certain branches of anthropology which came closest to the folk-lore field. Indeed, he became first known among serious thinkers by the brilliant manner in which he routed Max Müller from his overridden etymological views of mythology. He made also some of the earliest applications of the new lore about totems to the elucidation of primitive man and primitive ways of thinking. But others are to speak of his contributions on these high topics: I am to confine myself to his researches in the more restricted field of folk-lore, notably the folk-custom and the folk-tale.

Andrew Lang wrote but little on folk-custom. Though his earliest folk-lore book was entitled "Custom and Myth," only two of the essays ("The Bull-Roarer" and "Moly and Mandragora") dealt with customs *per se*. In these cases, and in others sporadically scattered throughout his works, he was mainly interested in parallels between savage and Greek customs, especially those that deal with classical ritual. Yet few as were his contributions in this direction, his influence has been considerable among classical archæologists; and the hints as thrown out were taken up by many classical scholars like Reinach, Miss Harrison, Dr. Rouse, Dr. Farnell, and others, who have used with happy results the comparative method thus initiated by Lang. Here his intimate knowledge both of Greek custom and savage life opened up the way to a novel method of research.

But it was in the application of Tylor's method of "survivals" to the investigation of the folk-tale that Andrew Lang performed his most valuable service to folk-lore. The most marked characteristic of the folk-tale, that indeed which forms its differentia from the ordinary anecdote or popular story, is the existence of incidents which can best be described as impossible, that is, to our minds. Men are changed into frogs, apple-pips speak, decapitated heads are replaced,

birds speak, a girl's mother is a sheep, and so on. Such seeming impossibilities occur in all collections of folk-tales; and it was the chief problem, in discussing them, to imagine how they could have arisen. The old etymological school of Kuhn and Max Müller saw in them either mistakes of language, or disguised sun, moon, and star myths. Andrew Lang dispersed the mists that surrounded these explanations. He caused the sun theory to set forever, and in its place brought forward an explanation which was at once acceptable as a *vera causa*. His explanation was both simple and adequate. These things, which seem to us impossibilities, are regarded among savages as usual and natural. Tylor had pointed out the savage tendency to regard all things as animate, and Lang applied the theory of animism to the folk-tale. In his admirable introduction to Grimm he analyzed the underlying ideas of such impossibilities as I have mentioned above, and showed that they existed among savages as living ideas, that they were applied to similar incidents in the ordinary tales told among grown-ups in savage society. He contended, therefore, that the similar incidents in the ordinary fairy-tales of European children had arisen when the mind of the European peasant was in the primitive or savage state; in other words, the fairy-tales now told among children are survivals of the same incidents told among their ancestors when their minds were in a savage or primitive state. Recent inquiries among Greek peasants have shown that they retain many customs, myths, and folk-tales tracing back to classical times; and this affords an empirical verification of Lang's theory, which conclusively clinches his argument.

I take this occasion to express the hope that Lang's admirable introductions to Grimm, Perrault, and "Cupid and Psyche," in which his theory of the irrational elements in folk-tales is expounded so lucidly and convincingly, may be collected together in a volume, and made more easily accessible to the students of the folk-tale. This would be a worthy monument of perhaps his most important contribution to folk-lore.

Lang was not so successful, in my opinion, in solving the other most striking problem connected with the folk-tale. The industry of European scholars since the Brothers Grimm has brought out innumerable parallels between folk-tales of different countries, often very far removed. For instance, we find a whole tale repeated in very much the same form from, say, India to the Shetlands; and it is one of the problems of folk-lore to decide as to the cause of these similarities in folk-tale structure. Lang was inclined, on the whole, to believe that the similarities in plot were due to the similar make-up of men's minds when in the savage or primitive stage. He was probably led to this conclusion by an erroneous application of his chief method with

regard to the origin of the separate incidents of a folk-tale. Where these were of savage character, he found parallels for each of them in different countries; and as it was obvious that they could not be derived from these different countries when connected together, he was necessarily led into the view that they had independently arisen. Personally, I consider that when a tale *as a whole* is found in its chief incidents repeated in different countries, the similarity is due rather to transmission than to the similarity of men's minds. The folk-tale, in its way, is a work of art, and a work of art must arise in a single man's mind. It is curious that Andrew Lang, with his strong literary tendency, should have overlooked this obvious fact. I had a rather protracted controversy with him on this question of the diffusion of folk-tales, and had the satisfaction of finding that, in the end, he had come around to my view, though, naturally enough, he contended that he had been, from the first, inclined towards it. However, this is not the place to revive the ashes of extinct controversies.

Andrew Lang did yet a further service to the cause of folk-lore by the long series of translations of fairy-tales which he published nearly every Christmas for the past twenty-five years. Under his direction, Mrs. Lang and a company of her lady friends translated, from almost all languages, the most striking and charming fairy-tales. "The Blue Fairy Book" and its followers, running through all the tints of the rainbow, have revived the vogue of the folk-tale among English-speaking children, and given a new *Cabinet des Fées*,⁶ rivalling its congener of the eighteenth century. It is no small contribution to give "stuff o' the imagination" to a whole generation of children; and Lang's name will be added to those of Perrault, Grimm, and Andersen, as one of the chief delights of the nursery library.

YONKERS, N. Y., 1913.

NOTES AND QUERIES

SOUTH CAROLINA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.—The South Carolina Folk-Lore Society was organized at a meeting held in Columbia, S. C., on Oct. 29, and has now a membership of fifty-five. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and the following officers chosen: *President*, Reed Smith, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.; *Vice-President*, Henry C. Davis, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.; *Secretary and Treasurer*, F. William Cappelmann, Law Range, Columbia, S. C. An executive council of twelve was also appointed. After the election of officers, the President delivered a short address, discussing folk-lore in general and ballads in particular; and Mr. Henry C. Davis spoke on folk-lore other than ballads, including signs, superstitions, various customs, games, calls for animals, etc. Plans for future work were outlined by the President, and the purposes of the Society set forth. The Society has published a bulletin containing suggestions in regard to the collection of folk-lore, and conducts a regular folk-lore column in the Sunday issues of leading daily newspapers of the State.

"GO TELL AUNT NANCY."—In the April-June number of this Journal, p. 130, footnote 1, relating to the song with the above title, the first words should read "Sung to the tune 'Greenville,'" instead of "Sung to the tune 'Ebenezer.'" — E. C. PERROW.

COUNTING THE APPLE-PIPS.—There is on Cape Cod, and may be elsewhere, for aught I know, a game of counting the apple-pips, which is very popular among the children. As they count them, they repeat the rhyme,—

One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say,
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away,
Six he loves,
Seven she loves,
Eight they both love,
Nine he comes,
Ten he tarries,
Eleven he courts,
Twelve he marries.

All over twelve pips are named the children of the married couple.¹ Although I was born and brought up in the apple county of England,—Kent,—I do not remember this game, nor do I remember another favorite trick, of little girls especially, with apple-pips; that is, to stick one on each

¹ In William Wells Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children*, No. 44, p. 109, will be found a somewhat different text. — Ed.

eyelid after giving them the name of a person of the other sex; the one that stays on longest is the one that loves her best. I am curious to know how widespread these games are.

CHARLES WELSH.

YONKERS, N. Y.

NEGRO HYMN.—The following negro hymn, collected by Mrs. Emma M. Backus at Grovetown, Ga., has not, I believe, been published in this form; that is, under the name "Ain't gwine grieve my God no more," and with these stanzas composing the hymn. A number of the stanzas have been published under different songs, and with different versions.¹

AIN'T GWINE GRIEVE MY GOD NO MORE

1. Hypocrite, hypocrite, God despise,²
His tongue so sharp he will tell lies;
Hypocrite, hypocrite, God despise,
His tongue so sharp he will tell lies.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
2. Oh, wait, let me tell you what the hypocrite do,
He won't serve God, and he won't let you;
Wait, let me tell you what the hypocrite do,
He won't serve God, and he won't let you.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
3. Stop, let me tell you what the hypocrite do,
He won't go to heaven, and he won't let you;
Stop, let me tell you what the hypocrite do,
He won't go to heaven, and he won't let you.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
4. Oh, if I had died the day when I was young,
I would not had this troubled race to run;³
Oh, if I had died the day when I was young,
I would not had this troubled race to run.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.

¹ Allen, *Slave Songs in the United States*; Pike, *The Jubilee Singers*; Fenner & Rathbun, *Cabin and Plantation Songs*; Lippincott's, vol. ii, pp. 617-623; *Century*, vol. xxxvi, p. 577; *Atlantic*, vol. xix, p. 685; *American Journal of Religious Psychology and Education*, vol. iii, pp. 265-365.

² Some slightly differing versions of "Hypocrite, hypocrite," etc., were common in the old "spirituals."

³ The version printed has,—

If I had er died when I wus young,
I wouldn't er had dis risk to run.

5. If you want to get to heaven,¹ let me tell you how,
Treat your neighbor like you ought to right here now;
If you want to get to heaven, let me tell you how,
Treat your neighbor like you ought to right here now.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
6. I don't want to stumble, I don't want to fall,
I want to get to heaven when the roll is called;²
I don't want to stumble, I don't want to fall,
I want to get to heaven when the roll is called.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
7. The Old Satan is mad, and I am glad,
And he missed that soul he thought he had;³
The Old Satan is mad, and I am glad,
And he missed that soul he thought he had.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
8. The Old Satan have him in a tight compress,
When the bugle blow he change his dress;
The Old Satan have him in a tight compress,
When the bugle blow he change his dress.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
9. The Old Satan wear an iron shoe,
If you don't mind, he gwine step on you;⁴
The Old Satan wear an iron shoe,
If you don't mind he gwine step on you.
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.

¹ Another version runs, —

If you want to get to heaven when you die,
Jes' stop yo' tongue from tellin' lies.

² A printed version reads, —

I'm goin' to heaven an' I don't want ter stop,
An' I don't want ter be no stumblin' block.

³ This stanza is quite common, with slight differences.

⁴ Two other versions of this stanza are common:

Ole Satan wear an iron shoe,
If you don't mind gwine er slip it on you.

Also

Ole Satan wear mighty loose ole shoe,
If you don't mind gwine slip it on you.

10. The Old Satan is a liar and a conger too,
 If you don't mind he gwine conger you;¹
 The Old Satan is a liar and a conger too,
 If you don't mind he gwine conger you.
 Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
 Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
11. When I was walking down in dead men's lane,
 Wrapt and tired² in my sin and shame,
 When I was walking down in dead men's lane,
 Wrapt and tired in my sin and shame,
 Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
 Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.
12. The very hour I thought I was lost,
 My dungeon shook and my chains fell off;³
 The very hour I thought I was lost,
 My dungeon shook and my chains fell off.
 Ain't gwine grieve my God no more,
 Ain't gwine grieve my God no more.

HOWARD W. ODUM.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

¹ Two printed versions of this stanza read, —

Ole Satan is a liar an' cunjurer, too,
 If you don't mind gwine conjur you.

Ole Satan's a liar an' conjurer too,
 If you don't mind he'll cut you in two.

The last line of the second of the above versions is also found thus:

If you don't mind he'll cut you through.

All these are common.

² Tired wearing an apron.³ Similar to this is found, —

Ole Satan thought he had me fas',
 I broke my chains an' am free at las'.

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LANCASTER, PA., AND NEW YORK

Published by the American Folk-Lore Society

G. E. STECHERT & CO., AGENTS

NEW YORK: 151-155 West 25th Street

PARIS: 76 rue de Rennes

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 57, 59 LONG ACRE

LEIPZIG: OTTO HARRASSOWITZ, QUERSTRASSE, 14

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SINGLE NUMBERS, \$1.00

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$3.00

Entered as second-class matter, July 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Lancaster, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE (Quarterly : Editor, Franz Boas), issued by the American Folk-Lore Society, is designed for the collection and publication of the folk-lore and mythology of the American Continent. The subscription price is three dollars per annum.

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